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THE WAR: THE NEW ISSUE.

Our object in this article will be to present to the American people—at least as widely as our humble labors may reach—the great Practical Issue, as it now stands, in regard to the further prosecution of the Mexican War. We laid the foundation for this, in our article in the last number of the Review, on “the President’s Message, and the War,” and to which we would invite our readers to recur. We think we cannot be mistaken in supposing that a crisis has come in our Mexican relations, which, of necessity, must force political men and political parties into an open and undisguised attitude on the one side or the other of the great issue which has now arisen in those relations.

According to our conception of the clear facts of the case, the President now offers to Congress and the country the project of a war to be prosecuted and maintained, from this time forward, for the following specific object—namely: To COMPEL MEXICO TO SUBMIT TO OUR APPROPRIATING PERMANENTLY TO OURSELVES, WITHOUT ANY

JUST CAUSE, AND WITHOUT AN EQUIVALENT, (IF THERE COULD BE AN EQUIVALENT FOR A FORCED DISMEMBERMENT,) CERTAIN LARGE DISTRICTS OF COUNTRY BELONGING TO THAT NATION, ALREADY CONQUERED BY OUR ARMS, AND HELD UNDER MILITARY OCCUPATION, AND WHICH ARE ACCURATELY DEFINED AND DESCRIBED FOR OUR BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THE ENTERPRISE TO WHICH WE ARE INVITED. It must be understood that the territory which he now proposes to take or secure, is more extensive than that which he demanded, as his ultimatum, in the conferences of Mr. Trist with the Mexican Commissioners in September last. In those conferences, the President informs us in his late Annual Message, “the boundary of the Rio Grande, and the cession to the United States of New Mexico and *Upper California*, constituted an ultimatum which our Commissioner was, *under no circumstances*, to yield.” The demand now embraces *both* the Californias. “Early after the commencement of the war,” says the Message, “New Mexico and the Califor-

nias were taken possession of by our forces." "These provinces are now in our undisputed possession, and have been for many months." "I am satisfied *that they should never be surrendered to Mexico.*" The present ultimatum of the President, then, embraces Lower as well as Upper California. And the whole territory, taken together, comprising parts of three Mexican States, the province of New Mexico and the two Californias, has an area of nearly 700,000 square miles. The whole area of the Mexican empire, since she has lost Texas, is, we believe, less than 1,500,000 square miles; so that the President proposes to take for the United States a little less than one half of the dominions remaining to that empire.

We desire to be understood as taking the ground distinctly, that from the period of the conferences with the Mexican Commissioners, we have, in effect, so far as Congress, or the country, is called on to become a party to it, a NEW WAR. It wants the formalities of a new war to make it such in legal contemplation, and nothing else. To every moral intent, so far as Congress or the country is concerned, it is a new war—the monstrous birth of that to which it has succeeded. The war which was carried on up to the period referred to, though the real designs of its author were undoubtedly veiled from the public eye, had certain professed objects in view, upon which all appeals to the country for its sanction and support were constantly based. Mexico had injured our citizens, and had not made reparation, as she was bound to do. "In vindicating our national honor," says the President, "we seek to obtain redress for the wrongs she has done us, and indemnity for our just demands against her." It was supposed, of course, that our national honor would be sufficiently vindicated, our wrongs redressed, and the whole end of the war obtained, when we had beaten her forces, with immense odds against us, in every field and fight through two campaigns, had brought her, by the extremity to which she was reduced, to give up her pretensions and complaints on account of the annexation of Texas to the United States, to propose a just and proper boundary between our State of Texas and her dominions, and to tender to our acceptance ample indemnity

for our claims. All this she did in the conferences with Mr. Trist. We take the President at his word, in what he has so often said, with the most solemn asseverations, up to that period, that the war was not waged for conquest, but for the redress of injuries, and for indemnity for our claims. And when concessions were offered by Mexico which fully met those objects of the war, the war of course ceased to be prosecuted *for those objects*. The goal was reached, and the enterprise could not be pushed an inch further in that direction. It is true, the submission of Mexico was not accepted; not because of any defect or deficiency in the concessions and indemnity offered, nor, as we have shown in our former article on this subject, because of any inadmissible claims on her part by which they were accompanied; but because, and only because, her submission did not go far enough to satisfy the *secret* purpose of the President in the war. But as a national war, the country had nothing to do with any secret purpose of the President in prosecuting it. So far as the nation was concerned, it was a war for such objects only as had been avowed, and were understood by the nation. The submission of Mexico fully met and covered these objects, or would have done so if it had been accepted. And when that submission was rejected because it stopped short of that extreme humiliation and sacrifice to which it had been the private purpose of the President to reduce that unhappy country, and when the war, after the conferences, was resumed, and prosecuted for the single purpose of bringing down Mexico to the point of that extreme humiliation and sacrifice, we say it was, in effect, a new war; a war to which neither Congress nor the country had as yet committed themselves, and a war to which it remains to be seen whether they *will* ever commit themselves.

We must recur to what took place at the conferences in September, referring the reader for further particulars and proofs, to our former article on this subject. Our army had fought its way up to the gates of the capital of Mexico. Here a parley was sounded; there was a pause in the war; and Commissioners of Peace came together to tender and receive terms of accommodation. The first thing to be

done was to hear the demands of the conquering party. The Project of a Treaty was presented. After consideration, a Counter-Project of a Treaty was offered on the part of Mexico. Then came the *Ultimatum* of the President ; and upon this, the conferences were broken off—the Mexican Commissioners finding this ultimatum inadmissible. It is important that we understand perfectly the substance and effect of this transaction. The first demands of the conqueror, according to the habit of diplomacy—generally, we think, a very bad habit—embraced more than was to be insisted on. The Project presented by Mr. Trist, proposed a line of boundary between the two countries, giving to the United States, besides Texas proper, 1st, the country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande ; 2d, the whole of New Mexico ; 3d, the whole of the two Californias. It asked also for certain privileges of transportation and transit across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. And, in consideration of these demands, if conceded, it proposed three things on the part of the United States : 1st, to renounce all claims for the expenses of the war ; 2d, to assume and pay the claims of our own citizens on Mexico ; 3d, to pay to Mexico such additional pecuniary compensation for the new territory acquired, as it might be worth, over and above the amount of the claims. The sum offered by Mr. Trist is stated to have been “from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars”—the demands of the Commissioner having been first lowered to the ultimatum of the President. This ultimatum excluded from his demands Lower California, and the right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. In these conferences, then, the final and ultimate demand of the President was that Mexico, besides giving up Texas proper, should cede to the United States, 1st, the country on the left bank of the lower Rio Grande ; 2d, New Mexico ; and 3d, Upper California. And for this he would make the stipulations and payments just mentioned.

Now, before this ultimatum was announced, the Mexican Commissioners had presented their Counter-Project of a Treaty ; and it is important that we understand precisely how far Mexico was willing, and offered, to go, in making conces-

sions to the demands of the President. Their plan of a Treaty proposed a boundary which yielded Texas proper to the United States ; stipulated to maintain the desert country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande in its uninhabited state, as a national frontier, equally secure and beneficial to both countries ; and ceded to the United States one-half of Upper California, including the port and bay of San Francisco. Upon this extension of our limits by the grant of Mexico—for the new territory acquired in California alone would have an area equal to that of four States like New York—it was required that the United States should assume and pay the claims of our citizens on Mexico, and should pay such further sum of money to Mexico, as the value of our acquisitions should render just. The country on the left bank of the lower Rio Grande and the territory of New Mexico, with the whole of Lower and a part of Upper California, the Commissioners refused to yield. The preservation of their country on the Rio Grande, and of New Mexico, with their loyal inhabitants, and the possessions and property belonging to them, to the Mexican nation, and under its jurisdiction, they declared to be a condition *sine qua non* of peace. “Mexico,” it was declared, “would not sell her citizens as a herd of cattle !” “Mexico would not put a price on the attachment of a citizen to the land that gave him birth !” Of course, the preservation of these countries to Mexico, was inconsistent with the ultimatum of the President. The conferences, therefore, were broken off, and the war was resumed.

It is essential, here, that we do not commit the error of supposing that the negotiations for peace failed on any other ground than that just stated. Nothing else had any influence or tendency towards this result. The President would not permit his Commissioner to make terms of peace with Mexico, because she would not yield so far at least to his demands, as to give Texas a boundary on the Rio Grande, and cede New Mexico to the United States, in addition to the cession of half of Upper California, which she offered to make. This was the sole cause why the conferences were broken off, and the war renewed. We have not forgotten, that two

or three inadmissible propositions of minor importance were inserted in the Counter-Project of the Mexican Commissioners; but we assert positively that they had no influence whatever in arresting the negotiations for peace. We appeal to the record in the case. We cannot be mistaken. In the last instructions given by the Mexican Government to the Commissioners of that power, dated the day before the Counter-Project was presented to Mr. Trist, it was solemnly declared: "In New Mexico, and the few leagues which intervene between the right bank of the Nueces and the left bank of the Bravo, lies the question of peace or war." Mexico presented no other ultimatum—no other condition *sine qua non* of peace, but this. She presented some claims—she offered some propositions—for the consideration and acceptance of the American Commissioner; but they were not to be insisted on. In reference to these, the Mexican Commissioners, after stating the point on which the conferences were broken off, expressly declare: "The *other points* touched upon in the Project appeared to us *easily settled*: such at least was the opinion we formed during the conferences." It is absurd to suppose that Mexico would have allowed the war to go on, some thousands more of her citizens to be sacrificed, her whole army to be cut up and dissipated, and her proud capital to be taken, merely on the claim which she set up to impose import duties over again on foreign goods which had once paid such duties to the "conqueror," or on that other claim of damages done to her citizens by the necessary progress of our arms in the war. The matter on which the parties separated—and the whole matter—was the ultimatum of the President, demanding the dismemberment of Mexico far beyond what the Government of that country would consent to.

There are one or two other points in this connection, about which it is essential we should not fall into error. One of them is this: that the United States had no claim of right—except only what might arise from conquest in war—to any part or portion of the territory which the President thus resolved to force from the unwilling hands of its proprietor and sovereign. And this remark is as true of the

country which he demanded, lying on the left bank of the Bravo, as it is of New Mexico, on both sides of that river, or of California. We are bold to say, that no man who has given himself the trouble to understand the facts, and who has any just perception of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, and between right and wrong, can doubt the truth of this position. We know the contrary has been asserted in high places—even by the President of the United States, over and over again, in the most solemn form—as well as by partisans and politicians of high and low degree, all over the land. Nevertheless, the truth is as we have stated it—resting on the plainest facts, open and read of all men, and which cannot be argued off from imperishable records. The question of title does not rest on argument. There is nothing in the case to argue about. Unless a man may give himself a valid title to his neighbor's property, *by making a deed of it to himself*, neither Texas nor the United States had the slightest claim of title, antecedent to this war, to the country on the left bank of the Rio Grande. The reader who has done us the honor to look into our previous articles in this Journal, in relation to the Mexican war, will not expect, or need, that we should say more on this matter, in this place.

Another point to be noticed here, and firmly fixed in our minds, is this: that the terms of peace offered by Mexico in the conferences with Mr. Trist, having reference to the original subjects of difference or quarrel between the two countries, did not leave an inch of just ground, so far as these subjects of dispute were concerned, for the United States to stand on in renewing and further prosecuting the war. The points of dispute were, 1st. The annexation of Texas to the United States, giving high offence to Mexico, and causing her to put herself in a threatening and war-like attitude. 2d. The question of a boundary between Texas and the Mexican dominions, which Congress, by the Act of Annexation, expressly reserved to be settled by negotiation. 3d. The pecuniary claims of our citizens, which the President has constantly insisted on as *the* cause for prosecuting the war on our part. Now the terms of peace offered by Mexico, em-

braced each of these points. In regard to the measure of annexation—so wounding to the pride of the Mexican nation, the source of her irritation and anger, and the primal cause, the *causa causans*, of the war—she proposed a line of demarkation between the two countries, which would have cut her off forever from the proper territory of Texas, with its boundary on the Nueces, and thus removed completely this matter as a subject of difference or dispute between the two powers. The course proposed to be taken was particularly judicious, inasmuch as it would have left the United States at liberty to look always to the Congressional Act of Annexation, with the assent of the Republic of Texas, as the true ground of our title; while, at the same time, Mexico might console her wounded pride with the belief, if she chose, that, at last, we were only quieted in our possession of that country by the generous cession which she consented to make. In regard to the question of boundary—which we must look at, all the while, as totally distinct from that of annexation—Mexico made an offer which, in its substance and effect, cannot fail to be regarded, by all just minds, as fairly meeting this question with a view to its proper adjustment. She did not propose to cede the country between the Nueces and the Bravo, but she offered to make the desert the actual boundary. What she insisted on was, that she would not abandon her citizens, having their property and rightful residence on the left bank of the latter river, in the State of Tamaulipas; and that a desert a hundred and twenty miles wide, was a safer and better frontier for both countries, than a narrow stream like the Rio Grande. It is perfectly manifest that she cared nothing for the unimportant territory on the right bank of the Nueces, and between that river and the desert, where Texas had some small settlements. A line of demarkation in the middle of the desert would, no doubt, have been perfectly acceptable to her. The offer she tendered made such a line in effect the boundary. Finally, in regard to the pecuniary claims of our citizens, Mexico offered the most ample indemnity, by tendering the cession of one half of Upper California, including the best bay and harbor she had on the Pacific.

In reference, then, to the original subjects of dispute or quarrel between the two countries, we repeat that the terms of peace offered by Mexico in September last, *did not leave an inch of just ground for the United States to stand on in renewing and prosecuting the war.* These terms were tendered, as we have every reason to say, in perfect good faith, and with an anxious desire to close the war and restore the relations of peace. No one can read the last letter of Instructions from the Minister, Pacheco, to the Mexican Commissioners, or that of the Commissioners to Mr. Trist, accompanying their Counter-Project of a Treaty, without being struck with the marked change of tone, so strikingly different from that which has always, heretofore, characterized the diplomatic correspondence of the Mexican authorities. There is an earnestness, a directness, a manifest sincerity, a nobleness of sentiment, and even a pathos, in the communications we refer to, which, especially if we take into the account the unhappy and distressing circumstances under which they were written, we venture to say, cannot be read by any just-minded person, enemy though he be, without exciting within him a strong feeling of sympathy, and a sentiment of disgust towards that cold-blooded, calculating policy of the President, which could spurn the submission Mexico offered to make, and turning haughtily away, deliberately proceed with his measures of blood and devastation to complete her degradation, and reduce her to the last stage of wretchedness and despair.

Let it, then, be distinctly observed, that when the war was renewed, after the conferences in September, Mexico had tendered her submission to every just demand which the United States had to make upon her, in reference to every original ground of difference between the two countries; and from that time, this nation cannot justly consider the war as prosecuted for any of those objects which, before that period, were regarded as lending a sufficient sanction to its operations. As a national war, as a war waged for national objects, it had already met its complete accomplishment, only that the President refused to make peace on the terms of submission to which the enemy had been brought. We say, with-

out a doubt, that as between us and Mexico, the sense of national justice and honor would have been satisfied, when Mexico had submitted to our annexation of Texas, had offered us the desert this side the Rio Grande as a frontier, and had tendered us ample indemnity for our pecuniary claims; and that the further demands on which the President insisted were altogether his own, in which he has never yet received, as we trust he never will receive, the countenance of Congress or the nation. The war having been begun, Congress made, and hitherto has continued to make, the necessary appropriations for carrying it on. It did not prescribe and limit its operations or its objects; but everything was done under the repeated and solemn pledges made by the President, that peace should be made as soon as terms could be obtained to satisfy the honor and justice of the country—pledges constantly accompanied with the most explicit disclaimers of any purpose to turn the war into one of conquest and dismemberment. We say, with perfect confidence in the indisputable truth of what we assert, that neither Congress nor the country entered into this war with any purpose of conquest and dismemberment. Conquest has not been the object, nor one of the objects, which Congress—the only war-making power in this country—has had in view. It never has been its purpose to demand, as a condition *sine qua non* of peace, that Mexico should cede to the United States the Californias, or New Mexico, or even the belt of country on the left bank of the Rio Grande, or any other territories whatever, properly belonging to her, unless it might be, at her own option, such moderate portion, convenient both to her and to us, as might suffice for indemnity for her indebtedness to our citizens. Congress has been a party to the war only to obtain a peace on just terms, having special reference to the particular matters in dispute between the two powers. It was no party to a war for the conquest and dismemberment of Mexico, such as the war became, expressly and exclusively, after the conferences in September, and which has made it, as we insist, virtually a new war, of which the President is the sole author, and thus far the sole prosecutor. The President was the sole author

of the war in the beginning; but Congress became a party to it by a formal recognition of it, and by furnishing the necessary supplies to carry it on. Still, however, there was a virtual limitation and restriction, in the employment of the means placed in the hands of the Executive by Congress for the war, in regard to the objects for which it should be prosecuted. And the President had no more right to undertake, after these objects had been attained, or were within his reach, to employ the means in his hands, and prosecute the war against Mexico, for other objects, not within the well understood designs of Congress, than he had to turn the arms of the United States entirely in some new direction, and find or make some new enemy to conquer, in some other quarter of the world. He knew that Congress had never authorized a war of conquest and dismemberment to be carried on against Mexico; and when he contrived and undertook to carry on such a war, he set himself above his office, and above the Constitution, and trampled every moral and every political obligation belonging to his station, wantonly beneath his feet.

The President, it seems, at the very time when he was giving Congress and the country to understand, by his repeated disclaimers, that he had no purpose of conquest in the conduct of the war, was all the while nourishing this design; and he gave his Commissioner, Mr. Trist, positive instructions not to make peace with Mexico, unless she would consent to dismemberment, exactly on his own terms. His ultimatum embraced territory, having an aggregate area of more than 625,000 square miles. For this territory he was willing to pay twenty millions of dollars, besides the amount of the indebtedness of Mexico to our citizens, which, by an exaggerated estimate, might be five millions. By his own computation, then, one fifth part of the territory he demanded as his ultimatum, or 125,000 square miles, was enough for indemnity—and much more than this was offered to him by Mexico for the sake of peace—and the residue, 500,000 square miles of Mexican territory, more than equal to ten States of the size of New-York or Pennsylvania, was demanded to be delivered up to the United States, on a forced sale, without any the remotest

reference to indemnity, or to anything else that had ever been set up or suggested as a cause or pretence for the war. And it was upon this precise demand of dismemberment, and because it was not submitted to by Mexico, that the war was resumed.

But there is a wide difference to be taken notice of here, between the terms of peace offered to Mexico by the President at the conferences in September, and the objects he proposes now to accomplish by the war, as explained in his late annual Message, since those terms were rejected. The contumacy of Mexico on that occasion effectually closed the door to the grace and clemency of the President. He has now greatly advanced his demands, which, in truth, partake very little of the *moderation* which characterized his ultimatum at the conferences. Then, with a boundary on the Rio Grande, and the territory of New Mexico, he was content to take only Upper California. Now, he must have Lower California also. Then, if Mexico had agreed with her adversary while she was in the way with him, he was content to bear his own expenses of the war, and pay her besides twenty millions of dollars for the territory he demanded, as the value of the cession, over and above indemnity. Now, he will have more territory still, and he will take possession avowedly as CONQUEROR, and there is no longer any talk or pretence of purchase and payment. On the 6th of September, 125,000 square miles of territory might have been enough to take in the name of indemnity for the claims of our citizens, if only Mexico had consented to sell us at the same time 500,000 square miles more, for twenty millions of dollars. But things have changed since that day; and now the President demands something less than 700,000 square miles of territory, wholly in the name of indemnity. In September, the United States would have paid their own expenses of the war; now, Mexico must pay them by indemnity in territory. See with what a just sense of truth, innocence and injury, and with what firmness of purpose and conscious dignity, this change in the policy and demands of the President is announced! --we quote from the late Message:—

"Since the *liberal* proposition of the United States was authorized to be made in April last,

large expenditures have been incurred, and the precious blood of many of our patriotic citizens has been shed in the prosecution of the war. This consideration, and the *obstinate perseverance* of Mexico in protracting the war, must influence the terms of peace which it may be deemed proper hereafter to accept. Our arms having been everywhere victorious, having subjected to our military occupation a large portion of the enemy's country, including his capital, and negotiations for peace having failed, the important questions arise—in what manner the war ought to be prosecuted? and what should be our future policy? I cannot doubt that we should secure and render available, the conquests which we have already made; and that, with this view, we should hold and occupy by our naval and military forces, all the ports, towns, cities and provinces now in our occupation, or which may hereafter fall into our possession." * * * * "Had the government of Mexico acceded to the *equitable and liberal* terms proposed, that mode of adjustment would have been preferred. Mexico having declined to do this, and failed to offer any other terms which could be accepted by the United States, the *national honor*, no less than the *public interests*, requires that the war should be prosecuted with increased energy and power, until a *just and satisfactory peace* can be obtained. In the mean time, as *Mexico refuses all indemnity!* we should adopt measures to indemnify ourselves, by *appropriating permanently* a portion of her territory. Early after the commencement of the war, New Mexico and the Californias were taken possession of by our forces. * * * * These provinces are now in our undisputed occupation, and have been so for many months. * * * * I am satisfied that *they should never be surrendered to Mexico*. Should Congress concur with me in this opinion, and that they should be retained by the United States *as indemnity!* I can perceive no good reason why the civil jurisdiction and laws of the United States should not at once be extended over them. *To wait for a treaty of peace, such as we are willing to make, by which our relations towards them would not be changed,* cannot be good policy. * * * * Should Congress, therefore, determine to hold these provinces permanently, and that they shall hereafter be considered as *constituent parts* of our own country, the early establishment of territorial governments over them, will be important. * * * * And I recommend that such territorial governments be established."

So much of the Message of the President as we have just quoted, may be read as setting forth the avowed and ostensible object of the war, since the conferences in September. We shall see, by and by, that even this avowed object, monstrous

and atrocious as it is, is by no means comprehensive enough to embrace the whole designs of the President. At least he entertains certain speculative purposes, which, if they should ever be realized, would make the design he has deigned to disclose appear tame indeed. But first let us endeavor to settle exactly in our minds the *avowed* object for which the war is now to be prosecuted, since the failure of the negotiations in September, and the terms upon which alone peace is to be made with Mexico—provided the President shall find himself sustained by Congress, as well in the object avowed by him as in the mode of conducting operations and the means of carrying them on.

The plain proposition presented by the President to Congress is this: That we now proceed at once to appropriate permanently to the United States, in full property and sovereignty, and never to be surrendered, the province of New Mexico and both the Californias, holding, besides, the country on the left bank of the Rio Grande, comprising parts of the three Mexican States of Tamaulipas, Coahuila and Chihuahua, for our State of Texas. This is the proposal. New Mexico and the Californias are the countries he refers to, as "the conquests which we have already made," and which we are now to "secure and render available." By a rule of the Law of Nations, perfectly well settled, the title which a conqueror acquires in war to real property, or territory, amounts to no more than a mere temporary right of possession, until confirmed by a treaty of peace. The title may be confirmed in either of two ways in a treaty: by an actual cession to the conqueror, or by the silence of the treaty in regard to the property or territory, the conqueror at the time holding the possession. This last is the rule of *uti possidetis*, and gives as valid and complete a title as actual cession. In one of these two modes every title to real or fixed property, begun in conquest, must be confirmed. Until such confirmation, the right is a mere usufruct; the conqueror cannot sell and give an absolute title; for, if it should happen, after all, in the chances of war, that peace should come—as come it must, some time or other—without bringing to the con-

queror confirmation of his title, the right of the original proprietor and sovereign, which is called his right or benefit of postliminy, becomes paramount, and the purchaser loses his title. When, therefore, the President proposes to Congress that the United States should proceed at once to appropriate to themselves, permanently, the provinces already conquered in war, in full property and sovereignty, and to establish provincial or territorial governments over them, he means to, and he does, in fact, lay down this fundamental position, as the unalterable basis on which our national policy in regard to this war shall rest, now and forever hereafter: That peace shall never be made with Mexico until she shall consent to give up all claim or pretension to these conquered countries. He proposes that we shall enter now, by anticipation, into that full and complete proprietorship and sovereignty, which we can only have in reality, by the law of nations, under a treaty of peace. "To wait for a treaty of peace," he says, "such as we are willing to make, *by which our relations towards them* [these territories] *would not be changed*, cannot be good policy." He proposes an ultimatum, a condition *sine qua non* of peace, not resting in the mere will of the President, or of the treaty-making power—the President and Senate—which possibly, some day or other, might be yielded, but resting in the solemn action of the whole government, and in the recorded will of the nation, and placed beyond the possibility of recall. He proposes to hazard everything, and dare everything, for this object of the war. In his desperation, on account of the mazes of perplexity into which this war of his own seeking and making has brought the country, he proposes to plunge headlong into the profound deep of measures, the bottom of which, or the end of which, neither his own nor any mortal eye may discover. The first conqueror of Mexico chose to cut off all possibility of retreat for his companions in arms, by destroying the ships which had brought them to its shores. The second conqueror of Mexico, more than three centuries in advance of the other in point of time—how much in advance of the other in point of civilization and Christian principle let history answer—proposes to imitate this example

and I adopt a measure which shall cut off this country from the possibility of retreat from this war, till Mexico shall submit to dismemberment to the extent of only a little less than one half of her empire. When the war would end, after such a measure should once be adopted, it is not within any man's wisdom to tell; it would end only, we believe, with the utter extinction of her national existence—or of ours. Of all the races of men on this globe, not one has exhibited such obstinacy of resistance, when they have had to fight for country and nationality; not one has shown a will so utterly incapable of being broken and subdued, by whatever calamity and oppression however long continued, and brought under the yoke or rule of a conqueror, as this same Gotho-Spanish race with which we are dealing in Mexico. That the President does not dare to hope for any ready submission of Mexico to his present ultimatum, though seeking to put it out of the power of this country to retreat from this position, is quite apparent from other parts of the Message. How he contemplates dealing with the case in such an event, is not left without some intelligent indication, which shows to our own mind, clearly enough, the desperate infatuation and madness of folly in which he is indulging.

The proposition of the President to Congress speaks, as we have said, of New Mexico and the Californias as “the conquests which we have already made;” and he asks Congress to proceed at once to render these conquests secure and available to the country, by measures which shall make it impossible for us ever to surrender them, except in the way in which we have acquired them—namely, as conquests, to some superior power. To this complexion, then, in the face of all the solemn disclaimers of the President, has this war come at last. It turns out to be a war of conquest. It was called a war for the vindication of our honor, and the redress of grievances. Mexico had failed to pay some three or five millions of dollars which she owed our citizens, and the war has been prosecuted to compel her to make payment. Under two allegations, both grossly and notoriously false in fact: first, that Mexico could never pay this debt in money, and, therefore, *must* give us

territory; and next, that she had refused to give us any indemnity whatever for the debt; the President now declares that we must regard certain vast territories of that power, already overrun by our arms, as conquests, and proceed to render them secure and available as such. The territories have been already conquered, and subdued by our arms, and are now held in our military occupation, and the object of the war henceforward must be, to secure these conquests, and render them permanent and available. At the conferences in September, an effort was made to turn this conquest into an apparent purchase. It failed, and now the transaction is acknowledged as a conquest. It was a conquest all the while, but it was intended to soften its features, by *forcing* Mexico to yield it in the way of a sale and for a consideration in money. The trick failed, and nothing was left but to call it by its right name.

It is true, the President still manifests his inveterate disposition to put a disguise on the transaction. In the same paper, and almost in the same breath, in which he refers to the territories taken and occupied by our forces as “conquests,” and calls upon Congress to secure and make them permanent *as such*, he ventures to quote his own language in a former Message, declaring that “the war has not been waged with a view to conquest,” but “with a view to obtain an honorable peace, and thereby secure ample indemnity for the expenses of the war, as well as to our much injured citizens who hold large pecuniary demands against Mexico.” And to this he now adds: “Such, in my judgment, continues to be the true policy, indeed, the only policy which will probably secure a permanent peace.” The juggle of indemnity is still kept up. The war has been waged for indemnity, and not for conquest; and in order to give the case some faint plausibility, he continues to intimate—in the face of demonstrable facts—that the war has been prosecuted to obtain indemnity “for the expenses of the war,” as well as for the claims of our citizens. He would have the country believe that the expenses of the war have constituted one of his demands against Mexico; that instead of claiming only a debt of three or five millions, he had claimed this,

and a hundred millions more as due from Mexico on account of the cost of the war. But not one word of this is true. He made no demand through Mr. Trist for these expenses. Mr. Trist expressly renounced any such claim or pretension in the Project of a Treaty he presented. The President was ready to stipulate for the payment of our citizens by our own government, and for the payment to Mexico of twenty millions more, if Mexico would sanction and confirm our conquest of New Mexico and Upper California, by a cession and a treaty of peace, and the country should pay its own expenses of the war. It is not true, then, that the war was waged to obtain indemnity for these expenses, and the President's own Project of a treaty tendered to Mexico, is proof positive to the contrary. There stands the luminous record of that transaction—the conferences in September—and there it will stand forever, to confound all attempts that have been made, or shall be made, to mistify and darken the true nature of this business. The only indemnity for which the war could be said, with any semblance of truth, to have been waged, was indemnity for a debt of three or five millions of dollars. No other indemnity was asked or sought for by the President; *and even this indemnity was tendered by Mexico, and was rejected by the President*—affording a clear demonstration that it was not indemnity at all, in any shape, not even indemnity for our just claims, which constituted the real object of the war from the beginning. The real object was the acquisition of territory. Hence, the expeditions so promptly set on foot, after the war broke out, to Santa Fé and to California, with orders which clearly indicated, from the very first, the settled purpose of the President, not merely that those provinces should be conquered and held by military occupation, as a means of inducing Mexico to come to just terms of accommodation with us, but that, being conquered, “they should never be surrendered to Mexico.” This was the design from the beginning, often boldly denied, all along attempted, awkwardly enough, to be disguised, and finally admitted and avowed. Up to the time of the conferences in September, the President flattered himself that Mexico, in her extremity and

distress, or somebody or other in Mexico, by a liberal appliance of the money of this nation, would be brought to act as a party to a compact, by which the acquisition of territory he had resolved to make, instead of standing before the country and the world as a naked conquest, should put on the semblance of a free bargain of sale and purchase. In this he was disappointed, because the government of that country would not consent “to sell Mexican citizens as a herd of cattle,” or “put a price on the attachment of men to the land that gave them birth.” And this has brought him to his confession and his final resolution. He now recommends to Congress to consider and adopt New Mexico and both the Californias, as CONQUESTS, which should never be surrendered, but forthwith secured and rendered permanent by complete and unequivocal acts of proprietorship and sovereignty. Since Mexico refused to give us “indemnity,” by *selling* us a portion of these countries for twenty millions of dollars, we must now “adopt measures to *indemnify* ourselves” by a permanent appropriation of the whole to our own use, without money and without price! In other words, and in more truthful language, he proposes that Congress shall adopt the war, as it presents itself to the country since his rejection of the overtures of peace by Mexico, and her offers of ample indemnity for our pecuniary claims, with the unalterable resolution to hold New Mexico and both the Californias—besides the country on the left bank of the lower Rio Grande—as conquered territory, and “constituent parts of our own country,” in defiance of Mexico, and without any compensation to her therefor, but in the abused name of indemnity, and never to make peace with her until she consents to this humiliation and dismemberment.

Here, then, is the great Practical Issue before Congress and the country. We regard it as a new issue, on which Congress must be deemed free to act, notwithstanding its committal to the support of the war previous to the presenting of this issue. We have said that the war, from the period of its renewal after the conferences in September, was in effect a new war: Not because there was not all the while a wicked purpose of conquest and

dismemberment towards Mexico on the part of the President, but because Congress was in no way to be deemed to have been committed to such a purpose. The war which Congress had recognized and adopted, and for the support of which it had voted supplies of men and money, was not, so far as Congress was a party to it, a war for conquest in any sense, but is to be deemed to have been prosecuted solely for the purpose of compelling Mexico to come to just terms of accommodation with us; to cease her hostility to us on account of the annexation of Texas; to agree to a just and proper boundary between Texas and her dominions; and to pay or secure to us, or give us full indemnity for, the demands of our citizens on her justice. It was a war, so far as Congress or the country was a party to it, which should have ceased from the hour that Mexico was brought to propose, or accede to, these terms of accommodation. That point was carried—that object of the war was fully gained, as we think we have demonstrated in our former article on the Message. Mexico was ready to give up Texas; to make the desert between the Nueces and the Rio Grande the boundary; and to give us one half of Upper California and the port of San Francisco, for indemnity for our claims. With this the war which Congress was waging against Mexico should have ceased. It was the fault of the President, and not of Mexico, that it did not cease. He set up new claims and pretensions, to which Congress was in no way a party. He demanded the dismemberment of that country—an object of the war to which Congress had given no sanction—which Mexico could not be purchased with money to submit to—and for which, on his own responsibility, he caused the war to be renewed and prosecuted. And this war it is—a war having now for its precise object the consummation of the President's avowed purpose of conquering and dismembering Mexico—in support of which the President invites and demands the co-operation of Congress.

What will Congress do on this momentous Issue? How will Whig Senators and a Whig House of Representatives answer the call and demand which the President now makes upon them? Will they

recognize and adopt this war for the conquest and dismemberment of Mexico? The Issue becomes a practical one, since the question must be met by official action. One way or the other it must be decided, and the decision must stand out before the country in official conduct. The object of the war is clearly set forth in the President's Message—to secure a boundary on the Rio Grande, the whole of New Mexico on both sides of that river, and the two Californias, by conquest; and, in general terms, the mode or plan of military operations, by which these conquests are to be secured, is set forth.

"I cannot doubt," says the President, "that we should secure and render available the conquests which we have already made; and that, with this view, we should hold and occupy, by our naval and military forces, all the ports, towns, cities and provinces now in our occupation, or which may hereafter fall into our possession. * * * Besides New Mexico and the Californias, there are other Mexican provinces which have been reduced to our possession by conquest. * * * They should continue to be held as a means of coercing Mexico to accede to just terms of peace. * * * What final disposition it may be proper to make of them must depend on the future progress of the war, and the course which Mexico may think proper hereafter to pursue."

The plan of military operations is to subjugate all Mexico—not, the President assures us, as an end, but as a means. "It has never been contemplated by me, as an *object* of the war, to make a permanent conquest of the Republic of Mexico, or to annihilate her separate existence as an independent nation." Still he recommends: 1st. That Congress shall permanently appropriate to the United States forthwith, and never to be surrendered, the provinces of New Mexico and the Californias—nearly one-half of the country within the territorial limits of the Mexican empire. 2d. That we should hold on to all the other provinces, ports, cities and places already in our occupation. 3d. That we should prosecute the war "with increased energy and power in the vital parts of the enemy's country,"—of course, to conquer as far as possible the remaining portions of that country, to be held as the rest, "as a means of coercing Mexico to

accede to just terms of peace." What he means by "just terms of peace," he explains abundantly in the Message. If ever Mexico makes peace with us, it must be by consenting to dismemberment, at least to the extent of losing New Mexico and the two Californias. "What final disposition it may be proper to make of the rest of our conquests must depend on the future progress of the war, and the course which Mexico may think proper to pursue!" The meaning of all this, we say, is plain enough. The President proposes, as the *immediate and first* object of the war, recommenced by his orders after the conferences in September, to secure to the United States the permanent conquest and possession of New Mexico and the Californias; and he proposes as a means thereto, so far as may be found practicable, the entire conquest and complete subjugation of the whole Mexican country—to be surrendered, or held, in whole or in part, hereafter, according as "the future progress of the war, and the course which Mexico may think proper to pursue," shall seem to render expedient and proper.

The recommendations of the Secretary of War and of the President, and the measures instituted thereupon in the Senate, by the friends of the Executive, for raising thirty new regiments of men—ten regiments of regulars, and twenty regiments of volunteers—in addition to the large force already in the field, and the further force which may be brought into the field under existing laws—and all this for the avowed purpose of widening and extending our military operations and conquests in Mexico—show demonstrably that we are not mistaken when we say, that the grand design of the President is, whether as a means or an end, or let it lead to what it may, to subjugate all Mexico by the power of our arms, as far as it may be found practicable to do so. A few days ago, in debate in the Senate on this subject, General Cass, Chairman of the War Committee, presented a very meagre extract from a letter which he said the Government had received from General Scott, containing "an estimate of the force he [General Scott] deems necessary to carry into effect the plan of operations which is recommended by the Secretary of War." This extract not only furnishes the estimate spo-

ken of, but shows plainly enough what the Secretary's "plan of operations" is designed to accomplish in the subjugation of all Mexico:—

"Augment this army to fifty thousand men, to enable them to occupy, at the same time, nearly all the State Capitals and other principal cities; to drive guerrilla and other robbing parties from the great highways of trade; to seize into our hands all the ordinary revenues of the country, internal as well as external, for the support of the occupation, and to keep the Central Government in constant motion and alarm, until constrained to sue for peace."

Never was there in so few words, a more complete picture of a subjugated country than that presented in this brief extract, as what should be accomplished and witnessed in Mexico, if General Scott should be furnished with the requisite army, and instructed to execute the Secretary's plan of operations. And precisely what the President is now demanding of Congress is, that it shall adopt and sanction this plan of operations, and give him the means of carrying it into immediate execution. What shall happen when Mexico shall thus be subjugated; when we have permanently appropriated to ourselves New Mexico and the Californias, to secure which is the first avowed object of this complete subjugation; and when "nearly all the State Capitals and other principal cities" shall be conquered and held under our military occupation and authority; in short, when Mexico, as a country, shall be conquered and subjugated, all her revenues, internal and external, seized into our hands, her Central Government dissolved, or finding no resting place, and the whole empire, indeed, brought under the rule of the military power of this Government—what shall happen then, the President professes not to be able to tell. After helping himself to those countries which are his *present* ultimatum, it will depend on "the future progress of the war, and the course which Mexico shall think proper to pursue," what disposition shall be made of the residue of the empire. Verily, it was no abstraction this time, with which Mr. Calhoun was dealing, when, recently, he submitted certain Resolutions in the Senate, and sounded an alarm to the country, lest we should shortly find ourselves, with or without any

such purpose, with the Mexican empire on our hands, and the awful question of its disposal—how to hold it, or how to get rid of it—to be met and settled. It was no abstraction which declared, in the language of his second resolution, "That no line of policy in the further prosecution of this war should be adopted, which may lead to consequences so disastrous."

There are now in Mexico, and on their way there, according to official returns, of land forces, about 45,700 men. To these are to be added 5,000 seamen and marines, employed in the same service. In addition to this force, the Executive has authority by existing laws, to raise a further force of 7,000 enlisted soldiers, and 12,500 volunteers for the war. Here is an aggregate force of 70,000 men either in the field, or authorized to be called there immediately. And now the President is asking for authority to raise an additional force of 30,000 men! What part of the motive for this extraordinary demand is to be set down to a desire and determination to make the patronage of the war power in his hands, support the war as long as he chooses to carry it on, and for whatever objects of conquest and robbery, we cannot tell, nor shall we now stop to inquire. We look at this demand as it bears directly on the great question, now brought home to the conscience of every member of the American Congress: Shall this war of the President's, renewed under his orders after just and honorable terms of peace had been tendered by Mexico—a war, having for its avowed object the conquest and dismemberment of Mexico, to an extent which demonstrates that indemnity for our just claims has nothing to do with it, by a plan of military operations which contemplates the complete subjugation of that empire—shall *this* war of the President's be adopted and sanctioned by Congress, which is the sole war-making power of this Government? For ourselves we shall wait, with confidence, yet not without deep solicitude, for the result of the deliberations of Congress on this momentous question. We cannot but flatter ourselves that the President is now to be arrested in his mad career; that Congress, under the lead of wise and patriotic counsels, will now take its stand on those high duties imposed on it by the Constitution, and

save the country from the degradation and ruin which the President and his infatuated party are certainly preparing for it. When the House of Representatives shall be called on for supplies of men and money for this war, we look for an answer from the majority of that body worthy of their noble principles, and of the high trust committed to them. It is not for us to suggest the mode of meeting their responsible duties in this regard. They will find a way of doing all their duty—to our gallant army in Mexico—to the country engaged in war with a foreign power—until a peace, really just and honorable to both parties, shall be effected; they will find a way of doing this, without making themselves, or allowing Congress to make itself, a party to a flagrant war of conquest and robbery, waged upon a weak and almost defenceless power. They will take a fit occasion to announce, by some authoritative action, on the part of that body with whom all supplies must originate, for what objects of the war they will, and for what objects they will not, give the President the means of carrying it on. We cannot entertain a doubt that we speak the common sentiment of the Whig party in Congress and throughout the country, when we say, that in the offers made by the Mexican Commissioners to Mr. Trist in September last, a basis was proposed for a peace between the two countries on just terms, which ought to have resulted in a treaty of peace, and which would have resulted in such a treaty, free from every exceptionable condition or demand on the part of Mexico, and entirely acceptable to the people of the United States, if the President had not set up an impertinent and unjustifiable demand, as an ultimatum, for the further dismemberment of Mexico, after she had tendered a cession of territory far exceeding in value the demands he made upon her for indemnity. Such, as we believe, being the settled and abiding sentiment of the Whigs in Congress, they will support the war just so far as it may be necessary to bring Mexico to make a peace with us on terms like these, or on terms equally moderate and just; but they will support no war for the conquest and subjugation of the Mexican nation, or for the destruction, dismemberment or robbery of the Mexican empire. D. D. B.

THE STREAM.

MURMURING river, gently flowing
Onward to the parent sea,
Self-same beauty ever showing,
Singing self-same melody ;

In the image of thy life,
Shines an emblem of our day ;
Thine with time a mortal strife,
Struggling down a rocky way.

Springing from the mountain clear,
Beams of purest light reflecting ;
Dashing on with heedless cheer,
Or in quiet pool collecting :

Thus, by fervid passion urged,
Springs the young soul into life ;
Or, by dreamier nature verged,
Images the shapes of life.

1843.

LOVE.

O LOVE ! I would be always thine !
Not lingering or in chill decline,
Till snowy locks, and tears of rheum,
Declare me ripened for the tomb.

No ! rather, let my sun descend
Through azure skies to instant night ;
As days in burning tropics end,
Unfelt the dull decay of light.

But while on life's bright shore I dwell,
Be mine the splendor and the glow—
Be mine, in golden song, to tell
Thine even balanced joy and woe.

The apparent, heaven-descended, power,
The vision, and the light divine,
Thou gavest me in my natal hour—
O be these gifts forever mine !

1843.

HAMLET.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99.

"The spirit I have seen
May be a devil ; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape, yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me, to damn me."

Thus the hope that the ghost's tale may be false, and the fear that it may be true, unite to send him in quest of other proofs. The probability seems at once too strong to justify the abandonment, and too weak to justify the execution of the deed. The truth is, the ghost develops Hamlet, and the development it works within him is at war with the injunction it lays upon him. Its supernatural revelations bring forth into clearer apprehension some moral ideas which before were but dim presentiments within him ; and its requisitions are thwarted by the very truths which it suggests and unfolds to him, and by the train of reflections which it sets a-going in his mind. Under the disclosures made to him from beyond the grave, his mind attains a kind or degree of development not ordinarily vouchsafed to our earthly being. It is as if he were born into the other world before dying out of this. But the *words* from that other world must be confirmed by *facts* from this, before he can bring himself to trust in them ; and therefore

"The play's the thing
Wherein he'll catch the conscience of the king."

When, however, he has caught the king's conscience ; when, by holding the mirror up to his soul, he has forced "his occulted guilt" to "unkennel itself;" along with certainty of the crime, he gains food for still further reflection. The demonstration of his uncle's guilt arrests the very purpose for which that demonstration was sought. His own conscience is but startled into a dread of the retribution he has disclosed in the conscience of another. He has sought grounds of punishment in the manifestations of remorse ; and the very proofs which, to his mind, justify the in-

flicting of death, themselves spring from a worse death than he has power to inflict. It is thus that Hamlet is distracted with a purpose which he is at once too good a son to dismiss, and too good a man to perform. Under an injunction with which he knows not what to do, he casts about, now for excuses, now for censures, of his non-performance ; and religion prevents him from doing what filial piety reproves him for omitting. While he dare not abandon the design of killing the king, he is at the same time morally incapable of forming any plan for doing it. He can only do it, and he does only attempt it, under a sudden frenzy of excitement, caused by some immediate provocation ; not so much acting as being acted upon ; as an instrument of Providence, rather than as a self-determining agent.

And this view of Hamlet is rather confirmed than otherwise by the motives which he assigns for sparing the king, when he finds him praying. That these motives, too horrible even for a fiend to entertain, are not his real motives, is evident from their extravagance ; for if such motives would keep him from doing the deed then, assuredly no motives could have kept him from doing it before. These motives are but the excuses wherewith he quiets his filial feelings without violating his conscience. He thus effects a compromise between his religion and his affection, by *adjourning* a purpose which the one will not suffer him to execute, nor the other to abandon. The question, "Is it not perfect conscience to quit him with this arm?" which he afterwards puts to Horatio, while relating the king's plot against his own life, proves that he had not even then overcome his moral repugnance to the deed.

Properly speaking, therefore, Hamlet lacks not force of will, as some have argued, but only force of self-will ; that is, his will is strictly subjected to his reason and conscience, and is of course powerless when it comes in conflict with them ; where they impede not his volitions, he seems, as

hath been said, all will. We are apt to estimate men's force of will according to what they do; but we ought often to estimate it according to what they do *not* do; for to hold still often require smuch greater strength of will, than to go ahead; and the peculiarity of this representation consists in the hero's being so placed, that his will has its proper exercise not so much in acting as in thinking. In this way the working of his whole mind is rendered as anomalous as his situation; and this is just what the subject demands. Moreover, in the perfect harmony of the will and the reason, force of will would naturally disappear altogether; for in that case, the will being entirely subject to the law, nothing but the law would be visible in our conduct. And yet, to preserve or restore this harmony of will and reason, is undoubtedly the greatest achievement in human power. Thus the highest possible exercise of will is in renouncing itself, and taking the law instead; so that, paradoxical as it may seem, he may be justly said to have most strength of will, who has, or rather *shows*, none at all. Hamlet is equal to the performance of any duty, but not to the reconciliation of incompatible duties; and he cannot act for the simple reason, that he has equal "respect unto all" the duties of his situation. In a word, his inability is purely of a moral, not of a complexional kind; and this inability is only another name for the highest sort of power.

Hence, doubtless, as some one has remarked, Hamlet would seem greater, were he not so great. In his thoughts, and feelings, and principles, he soars so far above our ordinary standards of greatness, as to dwarf himself by the distance. He who ruleth his spirit *is* greater than he who taketh a city, but he who taketh a city *seems* greater than he who ruleth his spirit. We, in our littleness, estimate greatness by the noise it makes: true greatness moves in harmony, false greatness in conflict, with the moral order of things; the conflict is loud, but the harmony is still. Why, Christianity, when first published, made infinitely less noise than the last French novel: the former came from heaven, the latter came from nowhere, or from a worse place; that has revolutionized the world, this has done

and can do nothing but kill time, or rather, kill mind awhile, and then die itself. Who strives only to do what he ought, is silent even in his achievements; he whose only strife is to do what he *can*, is noisy even in his failures: his noise indeed is a sign he is failing; if he were going to succeed, he would be sure to keep still about it, because, in order to succeed, he must work in depths where the ear cannot penetrate. It is what acts on the surface that makes a noise; it is what works in the centre that does something. Who has ever heard the sun shine? who has not heard a straw-fire blaze?

"Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honor's at the stake."

Such, it seems to us, is Hamlet's greatness, and not the less truly his, because he disclaims it. Hamlet, indeed, is emphatically greater than he knows. The man that is not greater than he knows is a very small affair!

Hamlet, it is true, is continually charging the fault of his situation on himself. Herein is involved one of the finest strokes in the whole delineation. True virtue never publishes itself; it does not even know itself. Radiating from the heart through all the functions of life, its transpirations are so free, and smooth, and deep, as to escape the ear of consciousness. Hence people are generally aware of their virtue in proportion as they have it *not*. We are apt to estimate the merit of our good deeds according to the struggles we make in doing them; whereas, the greater our virtue, the less we shall have to struggle in order to do them, and it is purely the weakness and imperfection of our virtue that makes it so hard for us to do well. Accordingly we find that he who does no duty without being goaded up to it, is conscious of much more virtue than he has; while he who does every duty as a thing of course and a matter of delight, is unconscious of his virtue simply because he has so much of it.

Moreover, in his conflict of duties, Hamlet naturally thinks he is taking the wrong one; for the calls of the claim he meets are hushed by satisfaction, while the calls of

the claim he neglects are increased by disappointment. Thus the motives which he resists out-tongue those which he obeys, so that he hears nothing but the voice of the duty he omits. We are of course insensible of the current with which we move; but we are made sensible of the current against which we move by the very struggle it costs. In this way Hamlet comes to mistake his scruples of conscience for want of conscience, and from his very sensitiveness of principle, tries to reason himself into a conviction of guilt. If, however, he were really guilty of what he accuses himself, he would be trying to find or make excuses wherewith to opiate his conscience. For the bad naturally try to hide their badness, the good their goodness, from themselves; for which cause the former seek narcotics, the latter stimulants, for their consciences. The good man is apt to think he has not conscience enough, because it does not trouble him; the bad man naturally thinks he has more conscience than he needs, because it troubles him all the while; which accounts for the well-known readiness of bad men to supply their neighbors with conscience. Of this sort were those men we read of, whose tenderness of conscience was such that they could not bear to take civil oaths, though they did not scruple to break those they had already taken.

And yet Hamlet "thinks meet to put an antic disposition on." This, if, indeed, it be not rather the anticipation of a real than the pre-announcement of a feigned insanity, seems to us a profound artifice of honesty. Hamlet cannot kill his uncle, and disdains to conciliate him; and apparent madness is the only practicable outlet of thoughts and feelings which he scorns to hide. Towards the king as a fratricide, a regicide, and a usurper, as the thief of his father's life, and crown, and queen, he feels the deepest abhorrence. The Lord Chamberlain, as a skillful but unprincipled tool of sovereignty, reckless whom, and caring only for what, he serves, Hamlet regards with the contempt which a man of noble qualities naturally feels for a man of merely useful qualities. To express his sentiments to these in his real character, would be but to defeat his purpose and endanger his life. Since, therefore, in his true character he can only express false

feelings, he assumes a false character to express his true feelings. Thus his apparent mental insanity becomes the triumph of his moral sanity. Such, then, appears the true moral aspect and explanation of Hamlet's madness. It is the spontaneous effort of his mind to be true to itself. He resorts to formal hypocrisy as the only available refuge from essential hypocrisy. Moreover, Hamlet sees that in this way he can tent the king's conscience to the quick with impunity. Accordingly it is not till pierced by the shaft, that the king discovers Hamlet's aim; and this discovery is a perfect demonstration of his own guilt. Thus Hamlet turns the very disturbance with which his soul is struggling into a means at once of safety to himself and of punishment to the king. In the uneasy suspicions and remorse which his antics awaken in the king, Hamlet has at the same time proof of his guilt and revenge for his crime; and the setting a wicked man's conscience to biting and stinging him, is always a lawful and even a laudable kind of revenge. Herein Hamlet shows his profound cunning, when he will stoop to cunning. He so lays his plan, that the king cannot possibly detect him, without betraying himself. From the nature of the case, the moment the king shows that he suspects what Hamlet is about, that moment Hamlet knows infallibly what the king has been about.

Of all the perplexities, however, involved in this play, the question of Hamlet's madness is perhaps the hardest of solution. Whether his insanity be real or feigned, or whether it be a species of intermittent insanity, or whether it be sometimes real, sometimes feigned, are questions which, like many that arise on similar points in actual life, can never be fully and finally settled one way or the other. Aside from the ordinary impossibility of deciding precisely where sanity ends and insanity begins, there are, as there naturally must be, peculiarities in Hamlet's character and conduct, resulting from the minglings of the preternatural in his situation, which, as they lie beyond the compass of our common experience, so they can never be reduced to anything more than probable conjecture. If sanity consists in a certain harmony and sympathy between a man's actions and his circumstances, it must be

difficult indeed to say what would be insanity in a man so circumstanced as Hamlet. Of course our own view in this matter will pass for just what it is worth.

Many of us, no doubt, have experienced in ourselves or observed in others an almost irrepressible tendency, in times of great depression, to fly off into extravagant humors and eccentricities. We have ourselves known people, in hours of extreme despondency, to throw their most intimate friends into consternation by their prodigious extravagances; their minds being in a very paroxysm of frolic, when they almost felt like hanging themselves. Such symptoms of wildness and insanity are often but the natural, though perhaps spasmodic, reaction of the mind against the weight that oppresses it. The mind thus spontaneously becomes eccentric, in order to recover or preserve its centre; voluntarily departs from its orbit, to escape what might else throw it from its orbit. This is especially apt to be the case with minds which, like Hamlet's, unite great intellectual power with exceeding fineness and fullness of sensibility. The truth is, almost all extreme emotions naturally express themselves by their opposites: extreme sorrow often utters itself in laughter; extreme joy, in tears; utter despair sometimes breaks out in a voice of mirth; a wounded spirit, in gushes of humor. Hence Shakespeare, with a depth of nature which has often puzzled both readers and critics, has heightened the effect of some of his awfullest catastrophes by making the persons indulge in flashes of merriment: for there is nothing so appalling as a person laughing in distress; it shows that the spirit is loaded to the utmost extent of its endurance. And the same thing often occurs in actual life. Sir Thomas More's wit upon the scaffold, "than the bare axe more luminous and keen," is an instance of this kind, familiar perhaps to us all. It is not to be presumed, we take it, that More's playfulness on this awful occasion sprang from merry feelings; on the contrary, it must have sprung, one would think, from the other extreme of feeling—a man smiling and playing from excess of anguish and terror. In like manner Hamlet's mental aberrations seem to spring, not from deficiency, but from excess of intellectual strength; the conscious, half-voluntary

bendings and swayings of his faculties beneath an overload of thought, to *keep them from breaking*. Amid overpowering excitements of his reason and his blood, his intellect is neither crippled by disease nor enthralled by illusion, but distracted with conflicting duties, and hurried away into antics and eccentricities. His mind being deeply disturbed, agitated to its centre, but not disorganized, those irregularities are rather a throwing off of that disturbance than a giving way to it. Goethe's celebrated illustration, therefore, though almost too beautiful not to be true, seems entirely irrelevant and inadmissible. "Here," says he, "is an oak planted in a china vase, proper to receive only the most delicate flowers; the roots strike out, and the vessel flies to pieces." If Hamlet's mind were really disorganized, broken in fragments, as this expression implies, we do not see how it could alternate, as it unquestionably does, between integrity and unsoundness; between the most exquisite harmony and the most jarring dissonance.

Now the expressions of mirth which come from extreme depression, are obviously neither the reality nor the affectation of mirth. People, when overwhelmed by despair, certainly are not in a condition to *feel* merry, and they are as little in a condition to *feign* mirth; yet, though neither feeling nor feigning it, they do, nevertheless, sometimes *express* it. The truth is, such extremes naturally and spontaneously express themselves by their opposites; the very contradiction between the passion and expression best revealing the unutterable intensity of the passion. In like manner Hamlet's madness, paradoxical and contradictory as the statement may appear, is, it seems to us, neither real nor affected, but a sort of natural and spontaneous imitation of madness, resulting from the successful, though convulsive, efforts of an overburdened mind to brace and stay itself under the burden. The triumphs of his reason over his passion naturally express themselves in the tokens of insanity, just as the agonies of despair naturally vent themselves in flashes of merriment. It is not so correct, therefore, to say that Hamlet *puts* an antic on, as that he *lets* it on; and his pre-announcement of it seems to spring rather from foresight of

a contingency, than from an intention to deceive. He foresees, apparently, that such eccentricities and aberrations will be the natural result of his condition; that, though he can avoid them if he will, it will require an effort to do so; that though repressible, it will not be easy, perhaps not safe, to repress them. Foreseeing, moreover, that by giving nature free course and indulging these aberrations as they rise, he can turn them to a useful purpose, he therefore determines neither to seek nor shun them, but to let them come when they will, and use them when they come.

The character of Hamlet seems designed to exemplify, among other things, the rare but not unnatural contradiction between the inward and the outward, the real and the apparent, whereby men come to seem precisely the reverse of what they are. For, as bad men are generally compelled to appear good, notwithstanding and even because they are bad, so good men are sometimes compelled to appear bad, even because they are good. Thus in Hamlet we have apparent weakness springing from real strength; apparent badness, from real goodness; apparent insanity, from real sanity. In like manner, his unkind treatment of Ophelia, in the famous eaves-dropping scene, appears to spring from his exceeding tenderness of feeling. An arrangement has been made whereby Hamlet and Ophelia are to have an interview, the king and Polonius being behind the curtains meanwhile to overhear what passes between them, with a view to ascertain, if possible, the cause of his supposed insanity; which cause Polonius thinks, and the king hopes, to be disappointed love. Hamlet encounters her there: "Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered;" perfectly kind and gentle towards her. Presently, however, his deportment changes, and becomes exceedingly harsh and rude. The question is, why this so sudden and violent change? Now Ophelia is here thrown into a position where she is forced to tell, or act, a falsehood. In her perfect innocence and artlessness, having probably never told, much less acted, a lie in her life, she is of course unable to go smoothly through the part assigned her; she falters, hesitates, becomes embarrassed, and thus betrays by her manner the very secret she is trying to hide. From this involuntary

embarrassment Hamlet doubtless instantaneously perceives that something is wrong, and suspects himself to be watched; and his subsequent remarks, though addressed to Ophelia, are rather intended for those who are watching him. To clear up this difficulty on the stage, the king and Polonius are sometimes made to come forward where Hamlet can see them. This, we beg leave to say with all due deference, precludes the chief beauty of the scene, which is, that Ophelia should be so innocent as to betray by her manner, and Hamlet so quick-sighted as to detect, precisely what is going on.

But, though Hamlet's uncivil speeches on this occasion be rather intended for the eaves-droppers than for Ophelia, still he cannot but know she will take them as meant for herself, and accordingly be hurt by them; so that, without other grounds than this, we cannot reconcile his conduct with the assurance, that

"Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all this quantity of love,
Make up his sum."

The discovery of the trick attempted upon him may be a sufficient reason for resuming his antic disposition, but not for using unkind and uncourteous expressions to her. What, then, can be Hamlet's motive in using them? Few circumstances in the play have been so perplexing to critics as this. It seems never to have occurred to them, to seek for the motives of Hamlet's conduct in the result. Now Ophelia comes out of the interview fully convinced that his mind is hopelessly wrecked. Is it not fair to presume, then, that this result is precisely what he intended? Knowing that her heart is entirely his own, and fearing the effects of his unexplainable desertion of her, he therefore wishes to detach and alienate her feelings gradually, and so prevent the danger of a too sudden and violent rupture. In a word, he treats her rudely and unkindly in order to save her. Thus we have apparent harshness springing from real tenderness; and Hamlet's conduct becomes reconcilable with his professions, on the ground of its being, in the words of Lamb, "an ingenious device of love, gradually to prepare her mind, by affected discour-

tesies under the guise of insanity, for the breaking up of an attachment which he knows can never be consummated."

After all, however, it must be confessed, as was intimated in the outset, that there is a mystery about Hamlet, which baffles the utmost efforts of criticism. The deepest and subtlest analysis has hitherto proved unable to clear up the apparent inconsistencies of his character. The central principle, from which these inconsistencies radiate, and in which they are reconciled, lies perhaps beyond any insight less piercing than Shakspeare's. We cannot see, Hamlet himself cannot see, the why and wherefore of his being and doing thus and so. He is subject to impulses below our penetration, and even below his own consciousness. We *feel* the truth and consistency of the character, but the *grounds* of this feeling reach beyond our depth; for in such matters the heart always feels much deeper than the head sees. In the words of another, "Hamlet is a being with springs of thought, and feeling, and action, deeper than we can search. These springs rise up from an unknown depth; a depth in which we feel and know there is a unity of being, though we cannot distinctly perceive it; so that the superficial contradictions of his character have no power to make us doubt its perfect truth." And the character undoubtedly cleaves to us the closer for that, while it includes much of our own consciousness, it also reflects the mystery of our own being. We can neither see through Hamlet nor yet away from him, and the same is the case with ourselves; indeed, this is about all that we know of ourselves.

The idea of Hamlet, which we have been trying to unfold, is, conscious plenitude of intellect, united with exceeding fineness and fullness of sensibility, and guided by a predominant sentiment of moral rectitude. In spite of himself his mind is a perennial spring of "thoughts that wander through eternity;" he is perpetually losing the present in the eternal, the particular in the universal, as genius is apt to do; for genius is, in some sort, intuition of universal truth. His mind, however, is by no means in a healthy state; indeed, no healthy mind could well retain its health in his circumstances. When all was joyous and promising before him, he had sufficient resources

without, and his faculties were genially occupied with external objects; but amid his later trials and perplexities, he is forced to seek within himself resources which the world cannot furnish, and his faculties are thrown back upon themselves. Thus his great genius becomes intensely self-conscious, and introspection settles into a sort of chronic disease.

"By abstruse research to steal
From his own nature all the natural man—
This was his sole resource, his only plan;
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is grown the very habit of his soul."

It is in this morbid consciousness of his own powers, that he exclaims: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties! in form and motion how express and admirable! in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!" Haunted with a sense of the supernatural in his experience; persecuted with duties which he can neither forget nor perform; with all the natural issues of his being closed up, so that he can neither act nor let it alone; and mistaking his outward difficulties for inward deficiency; his mind of course becomes abstracted from surrounding objects, and absorbed in itself; he can do nothing but think, and think, and "eat his own heart;" his self-contemplation causing him to marvel the more at his inactivity, and his inactivity plunging him still deeper in self-contemplation.

And perhaps his consciousness of "genius given and knowledge won in vain," is one source of his overwrought distress. Educated with the noble prospect, and inspired with the noble ambition of blessing others, everything he now meets but stings him with remembrance of the precious opportunity whereof another's crimes have deprived him. In his calmer moments, when his energies are not engrossed in controlling his emotions, he revels amid the very regalities of poetry and philosophy; his mind, rich with the spoils of nature and of art, smiles forth its treasures with the gentleness of a child and the composure of a god; unbending itself in the labors of a giant! In the happiness of youthful confidence, his genius has plucked the flowers which carpet the fields of antiquity, to enwreath the brows of Truth, its modest and

beautiful bride ; and the melodies of Eden seem stealing upon us, when, escaping for a moment from the tempest which hath overtaken him, he unclasp to the ear of friendship the record of his intellectual triumph.

Polonius is, in nearly all respects, the antithesis of Hamlet, though Hamlet doubtless includes him, as the heavens include the earth. He is a sort of political ossification or petrification, whose soul, if he ever had one, has got wholly absorbed in his understanding. A man of but one method, that of intrigue, and of but one motive, that of interest ; wholly given up to the arts of management ; with his fingers always itching to pull the wires of some intricate plot ; and without any sense or perception of the fitness of times and occasions ; he is called to act in a matter where such arts and methods are especially inappropriate and unavailing, and therefore he only succeeds, of course, in overreaching and circumventing himself. In this fanaticism of intrigue, surviving the powers from which it originally sprung, lies the explanation, not only of his character, but of a class of characters, which is as immortal as human folly. Thus in Polonius we have the type of a politician in his dotage ; and all his follies and blunders arise from his undertaking to act the politician where he is especially required to be a man. This, we are aware, is making him out a caricature, rather than a character, for a man of but one motive or one feature is a caricature ; but it is such a caricature as is occasionally to be met with in actual life.

True to the principles and practices of his order, Polonius studies and deals with men, not to make them wiser or better, but only to make himself better off out of them ; and has therefore acquired, in the greatest perfection and greatest abundance, just such a knowledge of human nature as degrades himself, and enables him to degrade others ;—the same knowledge, for all the world, that politicians now-a-days seek—and get, and use too. His very trade, indeed, brings him to know men only in conditions where the springs and causes of their actions lie out of themselves. For there is a mechanical as well as a dynamical part in our nature, and few things are more common than for men to get so en-

grossed in one of these parts, as to lose sight of the other ; as, on the one hand, certain physicians, absorbed in the study of our material frame, have come to the conclusion that we had no souls ; and, on the other hand, certain metaphysicians, absorbed in studying our spiritual being, have concluded we had no bodies. In certain spheres of action, in the court, the cabinet, the counting-room, and the exchange, among the arts, the games, the interests and the ambitions of life, men are but a sort of machines, to be moved by certain outward, definite, tangible forces : dispose those forces after a certain manner, and you can pretty nearly calculate the results ; but in certain other spheres of action, at the fireside and the altar, where the affections, the religions, the dynamics of our nature, are called into play—here men are something far better and nobler than machines ; and as they are moved by certain inward, vital, self-determining powers, so we cannot possibly anticipate or control their movements.

Now, it is only in the former spheres of life that Polonius has any real acquaintance with men. Of those innate and original springs of action, which originate and shape the movements of men in spheres of disinterestedness, he has no insight, or even conception. Always looking through his politician's spectacles, he sees men only where, and when, and so far, as they are machines, capable of being played into a given set of motions by a given set of motives ; and a long course of observation and experiment has taught him how to adjust and apply, with wonderful precision, the forces and influences which will set them agoing as he desires. From studying nothing but the mechanics of human nature, he has come to regard men as nothing but machines ; for what is itself divine, is not to be discerned but by divine faculties ; and he presumes men to be nothing but accountants, because, forsooth, he has none but counting-house faculties to view them with.

In matters of calculation, therefore, Polonius is a sage ; in matters of sentiment and imagination he is a dunce. He always succeeds in arts of policy, because he never tries to rise above them ; like the demagogue who leads the people by first watching their course, and then adroitly rushing ahead of them ; a thing that requires but

long legs, a short head, and little or no heart. Polonius, accordingly, has made success his test of merit, and success has made him self-conceited. For such is apt to be the case with artful, intriguing men; generally succeeding, as the world counts success, they naturally estimate merit by success, and thus become as conceited as they are successful. They deserve to be conceited!

From books, also, Polonius has gleaned maxims, but not gained development; can repeat, but not reproduce, their contents; equips, not feeds his mind out of them; uses them, in short, not as spectacles to read nature with, but only as blinds or goggles to protect his own eyes with. He has, therefore, made books his idols, and books have made him pedantic. For he is a conceited old pedant. An exceedingly practical man, he is too fond of the dirt to be in any danger of getting up into the clouds. Craving truth only for the stomach's sake, of course he always has food enough, and his understanding is too encephalic to think of living by faith; he believes in living on realities: there is no romance about him; no, indeed, he cultivates solidier things than that!

To such a mind, or rather, half-mind, the character of Hamlet must needs be a profound enigma. It takes a whole man to know such a being as Hamlet; and Polonius is but the attic story of a man! Of course he cannot find a heart or a soul in Hamlet, because he has none himself to find them with: for it always takes a heart to find a heart, a soul to find a soul; those who have them not always think, and deserve to think, that others are without them. As, in Polonius's mind, the calculative faculties have eaten out the perceptive faculties, so, of course, his premises are seldom right, and his inferences seldom wrong. Assuming Hamlet to be thus and thus, he reasons and acts most admirably in regard to him; but the fact is, he has no eye for the true premises of the case; he cannot *see* Hamlet, cannot understand him; and his premises being wrong, the very correctness of his logic makes him seem but the more ridiculous.

Wherefore, knowing the prince can hope to make nothing by marrying his daughter, he cannot conceive why he should woo her, unless from dishonorable intentions.

And he falls into a similar mistake in regard to Ophelia. He thinks she is in danger from Hamlet's addresses to her, that she will fall a victim to some inhuman arts, because he is insensible to her real power: to him she appears all weakness and exposure, because he has no eye to discern her true strength. But, to such a man as Hamlet, a man of heart, of soul, of honor, of religion, of manhood, she is the concentration of whatever is most powerful and most formidable: her virgin innocence, her gentleness, her maiden honor, her sweet, sacred defencelessness, "create an awe about her as a guard angelic placed;" all Heaven, in short, is set for the protection of such a being; but Heaven, alas! is no protection against a brute, much less, against a selfish, heartless, soulless man!

Coleridge has very happily remarked, that "good terrestrial charts can be constructed only by celestial observations." As it is only by the aid of the stars that men can direct their course securely and profitably over the earth, so some men observe the stars only for the sake of profit and security; they look upwards, not, indeed, to learn what is above them, but only that they may the better avail themselves of what is around or beneath them. Such appears to be the case with Polonius in the few precepts with which he accompanies the farewell blessing upon Laertes. Coming from another man, these precepts, it must be confessed, would seem the very perfection of prudential morality, containing here and there a trace of manly, generous sentiment. Coming from Polonius, they seem but the extraction and quintessence of Chesterfieldism, of which the first and great commandment is, act and speak to conceal, not to express, thy thoughts, and avoid to do anything that may injure thyself; for on this commandment undoubtedly hang all the law and the prophets of his morality; and if in this brief abstract of policy, he sprinkles a few elements of manly honor and generosity, it is only to make the compound more palatable to a young mind, that has not so far desiccated itself of heart and soul as to take up with mere policy. The precept,

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man,"

means, in his mouth, be true to thine own interest, and but expresses the common notion, that injustice to others is injurious to one's self. This precept, indeed, has sometimes been urged as redeeming the author from that utter baseness and selfishness which the rest of his conduct so plainly indicates; but to us it seems rather to confirm the view we have taken of him; for it must obviously mean one of two things: either, be true to thine own heart, which is, perhaps, the best morality, or, be true to thine own interest, which is the worst morality; and all the rest of the character seems to warrant, if not to require, the latter construction. What does such a man naturally mean by self? his heart? he don't know that he has one; perhaps he has not; interest being all the heart he has or deserves to have. It has been suggested, that Polonius here forgets himself, and, speaking from memory, unwittingly drops a better sentiment than he is aware of. To which we can only reply, such men as he are seldom guilty of anything so good as forgetting themselves; indeed, their chief misery and meanness is, that they seldom think of anything but themselves.

Polonius would, doubtless, have his son strain at a gnat of indiscretion, and swallow a camel of insincerity; sit up nights to make himself a gentleman, but take no pains to make himself a man. Of course we mean a *fashionable* gentleman; for a true gentleman is, we take it, the finest piece of work that God has yet shown us—except a true lady. Polonius aims, not to plant high principles, nor kindle noble passions, but only to lodge shrewd practical maxims in his son. The whole gist of his instructions to Laertes is, to study and discipline all spontaneity out of himself; and for those involuntary and unconscious transpirations of character, which reveal that one has a heart, though perhaps with some flaws in it, he would leave no room whatever. In his view "the dictates of an inward sense, whose voice outweighs the world," are but bugbears to frighten children withal; and a virtue which cannot prate about itself, which, moved by secret, vital forces, goes so smoothly, and sweetly, and silently, as not to hear itself, or be conscious of its workings, is not to be thought of or trusted in, much less sought after or approved. In a word, his mo-

rality and religion spring altogether from the understanding, not from the conscience nor the heart, and therefore are, in reality and in effect, but two chapters of political economy, one for this world, and one for the next.

And yet Polonius is a great man in his way; many of the world's parasites are but diminutives of him; several modern politicians might, we suspect, be cut out of him. He has the lower faculties, the calculative, in the highest degree; the higher faculties, the imaginative, he has not at all. He is virtuous inasmuch as he keeps below vice, (for there is a place down there, and some people in it;) is honest, because he thinks honesty to be the best policy—a maxim which, by the way, is far from being universally true: for honesty sometimes carries people to the stake, (queer policy that!) and perhaps it would carry more of us to the stake, if we had it; and if it did not carry us to the stake, it might carry us to poverty, and that, some people think, is the next thing to the stake. Polonius, indeed, is free alike from principle and from passion, so that he goes straight ahead, merely from want of susceptibilities for temptation to lay hold of, and keeps himself transparent, because he has got so crystallized, that no dust can stick to him.

Shakspeare's matchless skill, in revealing a character through its most characteristic transpirations, is nowhere more finely displayed than in the instructions Polonius gives his servant, Reynaldo, for detecting the habits and practices of his absent son. In framing plans to "get at truth, though it lie hid within the centre;" how, "with the bait of falsehood, he may take the carp of truth;" and how, "of wisdom and of reach, with windlasses and with assays of bias," he may "by indirections find directions out;" here the old politician is perfectly at home; his mind seems to revel in the mysteries of wire-pulling and trap-setting; and schemes fly together in his head and troll out of his mouth as if they could not help it. In Hamlet, however, he finds an impracticable subject; here all his strategy and sagacity are effectually nonplussed; and the trap with which he essays to catch the truth only springs on himself. The mere torch of policy, nature, or Hamlet, who is

an imbodiment of nature, blows him out, so that he rays out nothing but darkness and smoke whenever he attempts to throw light on the prince. The sport of circumstances, it was only by a chance of circumstances that Hamlet came to know him. Once the honored minister of his royal father, now the despised tool of his father's murderer, Hamlet sees in him only a mean and supple time-server, ready at any time to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning;" and the ease with which he baffles, and puzzles, and plagues the old fox, shows how much craftier one *can* be, who scorns craft, than one who courts it.

Habits of intrigue having extinguished in Polonius the powers of insight and adaptation to circumstances, he of course discerns not the unfitness of his usual methods to the new exigency; while at the same time his faith in the craft which he has hitherto found so successful betrays him into the most overweening assurance. Hence, also, that singular but most characteristic specimen of unconscious grannism, namely, his pedantic, unseasonable and impertinent trifling and dallying with artful forms and turns of thought and speech, amidst the most serious business, though conceiving and swearing the while that he is using no art at all; where, mindless of the occasion, and absorbed in his frivolous fancies, he appears not unlike the learned dunce in *Hudibras*, who "could speak no sense in several languages;" and shows what a tedious old fool he is, the moment he leaves to "hunt the train of policy," and forsakes the habitual routine of intrigue and management. Superannuated politicians, indeed, like Polonius, seldom appear wise but in proportion as they fall back upon the resources of memory; for out of these resources, the ashes, so to speak, of long extinct faculties, they may seem wise after the fountains of wisdom are dried up within them; as a man who *has lost* his sight may seem to distinguish colors perfectly so long as he does not undertake to speak of the colors about him. On the whole, Polonius is a fine exemplification of the truth, that, while wisdom grows more bright and beautiful as it waxes older, aged cunning relapses into garrulous dotage; and that amid the decays of sense,

nothing can retain the soul in its dignity but a faith in the truth, and a child-like simplicity of heart which reposes meekly and gently upon a wisdom above its own.

There is one relation, however, in which, from whatsoever motives, Polonius wishes to do his entire duty. He sincerely aims and endeavors to be a good father, and evidently has the welfare, or rather, the interest of his children truly at heart. But here, as elsewhere, the politician is visibly uppermost, perverting his endeavors and thwarting his aims; for Ophelia seems to have grown up what she is rather in spite of her father's instructions, than in consequence of them. The truth is, he has practiced the arts of intrigue until they have grown into second nature; the craft which he adopted as his servant, has become his master; so that in spite of himself the wily magician looks out upon us through the face of the father. It is thus that a principle of action, when once taken home to the bosom, insinuates itself throughout the character, shaping and coloring the whole life into its likeness. The mean and wicked arts which we call in as friends and auxiliaries generally remain as our conquerors and lords; and Satan, invited to a corner of the mind, seldom fails to usurp the whole.

Of all Shakspeare's heroines the impression of Ophelia is perhaps the most difficult of analysis, partly because she is so intensely real, and partly because she is so undeveloped. A perfect rose-bud of womanhood, just ready to burst into development from its own fullness, we feel its riches in the promise, but cannot distinguish the peculiarities that are to characterize the flower. Nipt, too, on the promise of the blossom, the bud perishes "before its buttons be disclosed," leaving us nothing but smiles for its beauty, and tears for its fate.

Ophelia is brought forward but little in the play, and yet the whole play seems pervaded with her presence. Her very absence reveals her; her very silence utters her; we think of her the more for that we miss her society. We see her and Hamlet together scarcely any, yet we can hardly separate them in our thoughts. Of their sweet hours of courtship, when Ophelia "sucked the honey of his music vows," we hear nothing whatever; yet we

know them all, we read their whole history in the impression they have left upon her, subduing her entire being, heart, soul and sense, to the sweet sovereignty of love. Perhaps the reason why Ophelia, though seen so little in the play, affects so deeply and constantly, is, that those about her owe their best development to her influence. Amid the court circle, she is like a voice of music issuing from the bosom of Chaos. Whatever harmony comes from Polonius and the queen, is of her eliciting; all that redeems them from our hatred or scorn, is of her inspiring. Laertes is interesting to us, chiefly for the interest he takes in his sister; he had little hold on our regard, but for the feelings she has awakened within him. Of Hamlet's soul, too, she is the sunrise and the morning hymn, bathing in brightness the birth of a day so awful in its beauty and so pitiable in its woe. The soul of innocence and gentleness, wisdom seems to radiate from her insensibly, as fragrance is exhaled from flowers. It is in such forms that Heaven most frequently visits us.

Ophelia's situation very much resembles that of Imogen; their characters are in perfect contrast. Both appear amidst the corruptions of a wicked court: Ophelia escapes them by insensibility to their presence; Imogen, by firm, steady resistance. The former is unassailable in her innocence; the latter is unconquerable in her strength. Ignorance protects Ophelia; knowledge protects Imogen. The conception of vice has hardly found its way into Ophelia's mind; in Imogen the daily perception of vice has but called forth the power to repel it. Ophelia dreams not but she is surrounded by angels; Imogen knows she is surrounded by devils: knowledge of her situation would ruin the former; ignorance of her situation would ruin the latter. Ophelia's utter ignorance of her father's character begets perfect confidence in him, and therefore requires implicit obedience to his orders; Imogen's perfect knowledge of her father's character begets utter distrust of him, and therefore requires unyielding resistance to his orders. In Ophelia again, as in *Desdemona*, the comparative want of intelligence, or rather, of intellectuality, is never felt as a deficiency. She fills up the idea of excellence just as completely as if she were all intellect. In

the rounded harmony of her character we miss not the absent elements, because there is no vacancy left for them to supply; and high intellect would rather strike us as a superfluity than as a supplement; its voice would rather drown than complete the harmony of the other tones.

Ophelia is exhibited in the utmost ripeness and mellowness, both of soul and of sense, to impressions from without. With her susceptibilities just opening to external objects, her thoughts are so completely engrossed with those objects as to leave no room for self-contemplation. This exceeding impressibility is the source at once of her beauty and her danger. From the lips and eyes of Hamlet she has drunk in assurances of his love, but she has never heard the voice of her own; and she knows not how full her heart is of Hamlet, because she has not a single thought or feeling there at strife with him; the current of her feelings runs so deep that it does not admit of tumult enough to make her conscious of them. In the words of Mrs. Jameson, "She is far more conscious of being loved than of loving, and yet loving in the depth of her young heart far more than she is loved." For it is a singular fact, that though Hamlet gives many disclosures, and Ophelia gives only concealments, many have doubted the reality of his love, while no one has ever thought of doubting the reality of hers.

Critics generally have construed Ophelia's silence respecting her own passion into a wish to hide it from others; but the truth is, she seems not to be aware of it herself; and she unconsciously betrays it in the modest reluctance with which she yields up the secret of Hamlet's addresses to her. The extorted confession of what she has received reveals how much she has given. The soft movements of her bosom are made the plainer by the delicate lawn of silence thrown over it. To the warnings of her brother and the orders of her father she promises and intends implicit obedience, ignorant herself of the fearful truth, and yet betraying it to us by this very ignorance, that those warnings and orders have come too late. Alas! she knows not that the love which she thus consents to shut out of her heart has already entwined itself inextricably with the innermost thread of her life. Even

when despair is wringing and crushing her innocent young soul into an utter wreck, she seems not to know the source of her affliction; and the dreadful truth comes forth only when her sweet mind, which, stringed and tuned in heaven, once breathed such enchanting harmony, lies broken in fragments before us, and the secrets of her maiden heart are hovering on her soul-deserted tongue.

One of the bitterest ingredients in poor Ophelia's cup of sorrow, is the belief that by her repulse of Hamlet she has scared away the music of his mind; and when, forgetting the wounds with which her own pure spirit is bleeding, over the heart-rending spectacle of that "unmatched form and feature of blown youth, blasted with ecstasy," she meets his fatal "I loved you not," with the despairing sigh, "I was the more deceived," we see that she feels not the sundering of the ties that bind her sweetly-tempered faculties in harmony. The singing of this innocent sweet bird has but betrayed her to the hunter's aim; and she feels not the fatal shot because it strikes to the very source of her spirit's life.

And yet we blame not Hamlet, for he is himself but a victim of the same relentless, inexorable power which is spreading its ravages through him over another life as pure and heavenly as his own. Standing on the verge of an abyss which he sees is yawning to engulf himself, his very effort to frighten her back from it, only hurries her in before him. To snatch a jewel from Mrs. Jameson's casket, "he knows he can neither marry her nor reveal to her the terrific influences which have changed the whole current of his life and purposes; and in his agony he overacts the painful part with which he has tasked himself; like the judge of Athens who, engrossed with graver matters, flung from him the little bird which had sought refuge in his bosom with such violence that he unwittingly killed it."

Ophelia's insanity absolutely exhausts the fountains of human pity. The breaking of her virgin heart lets loose the secrets which have hitherto enriched it, and their escape reveals the utter ruin of their own sweet dwelling-place. It is one of those pictures surcharged with unuttered and unutterable woe, over which the mind

can only brood in silent sympathy and awe; which Heaven alone has a heart adequately to pity, and a hand effectually to heal. Its pathos were too much for our hearts to bear, but for the sweet incense that rises from her crushed spirit, as "she turns thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, to favor and to prettiness." The victim of crimes in which she has no share but as a sufferer, we hail with joy the event which snatches her from the rack of this world; and, in our speechless pity for such helpless innocence, we seek the sure consolations of hope in the arms of religious faith. In the death of this gentle creature there is a divine depth of sorrow which strikes expression dumb. In their solemn playfulness, the songs with which she chants, as it were, her own burial service, are like smiles gushing from the very heart of woe. Over this picture so awful in its beauty, we can but repeat the sighs of its most gifted commentator: "Ophelia! poor Ophelia! O, far too soft, too good, too fair, to be cast among the briars of this working-day world, and fall and bleed upon the thorns of life. What shall be said of her! for eloquence is mute before her. So exquisitely delicate is her character, it seems as if a touch would profane it; so sanctified in our thoughts by the last and worst of human woes, that we dare not consider it too deeply. Her love, which she never once confesses, is like a secret which we have stolen from her, and which ought to die upon our hearts, as it dies on her own. Her sorrow asks not words but tears; and from the spectacle of her insanity we feel inclined to turn away, and veil our eyes in reverential pity, and too painful sympathy."

The queen's affection for this lovely being is one of those unexpected strokes of character so frequent in Shakspeare, which surprise us into reflection by their very naturalness. Mrs. Jameson compares it to the nightingale of Sophocles singing in the groves of the Furies. That Ophelia should disclose a vein of goodness in the wicked queen, was necessary, perhaps, to keep us both from underrating the influence of the one, and from overrating the wickedness of the other. The love, too, which she thus awakens in one so depraved goes to prevent the pity which her condition moves from lessening the respect

which her character deserves. It tells us that Ophelia's helplessness springs from innocence, not from weakness, and thus serves at once to heighten our impression in favor of her, and to soften our impression against the queen. Besides, the good which Ophelia thus does affords some compensation to our minds for the evil which she suffers, and tends to deepen and prolong our pity by calling in other feelings to its relief and support.

Almost any other author would have depicted Gertrude without a single alleviating trait in her character. Beaumont and Fletcher would probably have made her simply frightful or loathsome, capable of exciting no feeling but disgust or abhorrence; if, indeed, in her monstrous depravity, she had not rather failed to excite any feeling whatsoever. From their anxiety to produce effect in such delineations, most authors would strike so hard and so often as to stun the feelings they wished to arouse. Shakspeare, with far more effect as well as far more truth, exhibits her with that mixture of good and bad which neither disarms censure nor precludes pity. Herself dragged along in the terrible train of consequences which her own guilt had a hand in starting, she is hurried away into the same dreadful abyss along with those whom she loves and against whom she has sinned. In her tenderness towards Hamlet and Ophelia, we recognize the virtues of the mother without palliating in the least the guilt of the wife; while the crime in which she is an accomplice almost disappears in the crimes of which she is the victim. Corrupted by the seductions which swarm about her station, her criminal passions blind her to the designs of her wicked but wily associate; and she stops not to consider the nature of her conduct, until its fearful results come in to stab her affections and murder her peace.

To speak of this play as a whole, is a task which we dare not attempt. Nearly all the events of the play seem the work of an inscrutable Providence, or rather they *are* the work of an inscrutable Providence, and *seem* the work of an inexorable destiny. The plan of the drama seems to be, to represent persons acting without any plan: in the words of Goethe, "the hero is without any plan, but the play itself is full of plan." The characters, accordingly,

are, for the most part, but the victims of what is done and the authors of what is said. The play forms a complete class by itself; it is emphatically a tragedy of thought; and of all Shakspeare's, this undoubtedly combines the greatest strength and widest diversity of faculties. Sweeping round the whole circle of human thought and passion, its alternations of amazement and terror; of lust, and ambition, and remorse; of hope, and love, and friendship, and anguish, and madness, and despair; of wit, and humor, and pathos, and poetry, and philosophy; now, congealing the blood with horror; now, melting the heart with pity; now, launching the mind into eternity; now, shaking the soul to its centre with thoughts too deep for mortal reach; now, startling conscience from her lonely seat with supernatural visitings;—it unfolds a world of truth, and beauty, and sublimity, which our thoughts may indeed aspire to traverse, but which our tongues must despair to utter.

Of its manifold excellencies a few of the less obvious only need be mentioned. For picturesque effect the platform scenes have nowhere been surpassed. The chills of a northern winter midnight seem creeping over us as the heart-sick sentinels pass before us, and, steeped in moonlight and in drowsiness, exchange their meeting and parting salutations. The train of thoughts and sentiments, which arises in their minds, is just such as the anticipation of preternatural visions would be likely to inspire. As the bitter cold stupefies their senses, an indescribable feeling of dread and awe steals over them, preparing the mind to realize its own superstitious imaginings. The feeling one has in reading these scenes is not unlike that of a child passing a graveyard by moonlight. Out of the dim and drowsy moonbeams apprehension creates its own confirmations; our fancies imbody themselves in the facts around us; our fears give shape to outward objects, while those objects give outwardness to our fears. The heterogeneous elements which are brought together in the graveyard scene, with its strange mixture of songs, and witticisms, and dead men's bones, and its still stranger transitions of the grave, the sprightly, the meditative, the solemn, the playful, and the grotesque, make it one of the most wonderful yet most natural

scenes the poet has given us. Of various other scenes the excellencies are too obvious to need remark. The overpowering intensity of interest in the miniature scene, with its Niagara of thoughts, and images, and emotions, can have escaped no mind that has not escaped it.

The catastrophe of this play is a frightful abyss of moral confusion over which the mind shudders with horror and awe. As we gaze into its dark chaotic bosom, where the guilty and the guiltless have been relentlessly swept away and overwhelmed in indistinguishable ruin, as if by some furious tornado of destiny, our thoughts, affrighted at the awful confusion before us, fly for refuge to the heaven above us. Most truly hath a wise man

said, in view of this terrible catastrophe, "It is the tendency of crime to spread its evils over innocence, as it is of virtue to spread its blessings over many who deserve them not; while, frequently, the author of the one or of the other is not punished or rewarded here at all." But there is a heaven above; and though

"In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; yet 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In its true nature; and we ourselves com-
pell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence."

UHLAND.

FOREMOST among the living bards of Germany, stands the name of Ludwig Uhland; and if popularity be the test of poetic excellence, and the pledge of lasting distinction—"that life to come in every poet's creed,"—the evergreen chaplet of laurel has seldom encircled a worthier brow. Throughout the length and breadth of Germany, and especially among the youth of that country, the songs of Uhland are familiar as household words; scattered through the land, "like flow'r seeds by the far winds strown," they call forth, whenever they fall on a kindly and genial soil, sentiments of a noble and generous nature; a love of the home circle, and that wider circle of the Fatherland, a lively appreciation of the beauties and harmonies of nature, and a warm sympathy with all that is great or venerable in the ruined monuments of the past. It has been objected by that utilitarian school of critics, who estimate the merits of a work of art as they would the efficiency of a steam engine, by its value as a means of increasing our pecuniary wealth, or ministering to our physical wants, that the poems of Uhland are the puny offspring of a sickly sentimentalism, or the idle fancies of a

"mind diseased;" that he fails or neglects to express the advancing spirit of the age; that he lingers too long among the mouldering relics of feudal grandeur, and too carefully avoids all contact with "tower'd cities and the busy haunts of men," preferring to loiter among the forest paths and hold converse with the elfin bands who people the greenwood shades, till he seems spell-bound by their mysterious influences; that his poetry is utterly deficient in strength and vigor, and is, after all, but "such stuff as dreams are made of." These bagmen of literature, with the mercenary quere ever on their lips,

"What's the worth of *anything*
But just so much as it will bring?"

would try the fine, ethereal conceptions of genius by the standard of the pound avoirdupois, and test the creations of the poet's fancy by their influence on the rate of exchange. They believe only in the tangible and the actual, and in the pride of their ignorant self-sufficiency, deem that nothing exists save what is appreciable by the senses. Their philosophy recognizes, nei-

ther in heaven nor in earth, such an element as the spiritual. They rear no altars to any unknown divinity. *Cui bono*, in the most secular sense of the phrase, is their test of the beautiful. They would, without compunction, convert the Parthenon into a Fourierite quadrangle, and put up the field of Marathon at auction, in lots to suit purchasers.

It is not in a literary point of view alone, that the name of Uhland deserves honorable mention: his services in the cause of freedom have been neither few nor unimportant, and the universal admiration in which he is held throughout Germany, is a tribute of praise to the virtues of the citizen, as well as to the genius of the poet. A patriot in the war of 1813, he has proved himself, since the overthrow of the common enemy of the German Confederation, a vigilant guardian of the popular liberties from the encroachments of domestic tyranny. In the year 1815, a period of great political excitement in Wurtemberg, his songs were echoed from every tongue; and from the time of his election as a member of the Diet of that principality, in 1809, until his resignation, which occurred a few years ago, in consequence of the liberal complexion of his political views, and the boldness with which he expressed them, he was the constant and unwavering advocate of those great and important constitutional rights which despotism is always most eager to suppress. In this respect he manifests a vast moral superiority over the great oracle of German literature, the "many-sided" Goethe, whose facility of disposition led him to regard with comparative indifference the dangers that threatened his country both from hostile armies without, and arbitrary rulers within its borders, provided only that his individual quiet remained undisturbed and his literary pursuits uninterrupted. He viewed everything from an artistical point of view; even the most momentous interests, present and future, of humanity, seem to have been regarded by him merely as subjects of philosophical speculation. Indeed, his character and principles were none of the strictest, nor was his temperament capable of enduring those restraints to which men of sterner mould easily submit. He was, far more than is com-

patible with the character of a truly great man, the creature of circumstances—

"A pipe for fortune's finger
To play what stops she please;"

and it is well for his reputation that his life flowed on in a smooth and even current, exposed to few of those dangers and trials that call forth the exercise of the loftiest and most self-denying virtues.

Uhland has withdrawn entirely from public life, and now enjoys a competency which renders him independent of the smiles and frowns of princes. His residence is thus described by Howitt, in his "Rural and Domestic Life in Germany:"

"He lives in a house on the hill-side overlooking the Necker bridge, as you go out toward Ulm; above lie his pleasure garden and vineyard, and here he has a full view of the distant Swabian Alps, shutting in with their varied outlines one of the most rich, beautiful and animated landscapes in that pleasant Swabian land."

Professor Wolff, of the University of Jena, in a paper on German Literature contributed to the London Athenæum for 1835, says, in reference to Uhland:

"I could write through whole pages and yet not praise him thoroughly to my own satisfaction, for his patriotism, his love of mankind, his noble nature, and all the beautiful qualities of his character. Never was a man so universally loved and revered in Germany, and I never read or heard his name mentioned, without demonstrations of respect, and declarations of sincerest affection."

Uhland is considered by the critics of Germany, as belonging to the Romantic School of poetry, which numbers among its followers the Schlegels, Tieck, Novalis, Gleim, Chamisso, and a host of others of less distinction. The characteristics of this class, which dates its origin from the German War of Liberation in 1813, are described by Dr. Wolff as a true perception of the nature of romantic poetry, and its relation to that of the classical school, a more thorough recognition of the intellect and the poetry of the German middle age, a more profound understanding of Shakspeare's greatness, and of the rich treasures of Spanish and Italian poetry, for a true and noble estimation of the treasures of which Germany was indebted

to Lessing and Goethe, and for an unrelenting warfare against characterlessness in literature, wherever it appeared.

The works of Uhland consist of a collection of poems published in 1815, which are the most popular and well known productions of his pen, and two dramas which appeared in 1818 and 1819, in which his powers are displayed to less advantage. He has also written a commentary on the works of Walter Von Dervogelweide, one of the ancient Minnesingers; an "Essay on the Scandinavian Myth of Thor," and "Researches concerning Poetical Traditions." For the last twenty-five years, his poetical energies seem to have been allowed to slumber, either according to Goethe's prediction, because the politician has swallowed up the poet, or because his civic and professional duties have occupied his time to the exclusion of more congenial pursuits. Without entering into a critical analysis of the character of his writings, we shall give translations of a few of his

poems, selected chiefly from his ballads and romances, in order that our readers may form some estimate of his poetical powers. Should a feeling of disappointment be experienced in reading them, we beg that some allowance may be made for the difference between American or English and German taste, as well as for the obvious disadvantage presented by the appearance of an author under a foreign garb. Other specimens may be found in "Longfellow's Poets and Poetry of Europe," in "Gostick's Survey of German Poetry," and in the "Foreign Quarterly Review" for 1837. The "Democratic Review" for 1846, also contains "some translations from the Songs and Ballads of Uhland," by W. A. Butler, prefaced by some introductory verses of considerable merit.

The following ballad, which is among the best of the collection, has lately furnished the subject of a beautiful painting from the pencil of Munchen.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

In olden times, erect and proud, a lofty castle stood,
It shone afar, across the land, to Ocean's dark blue flood,
And in the fragrant garden round—a belt of bloom outspread—
Clear sparkling fountains far aloft their rainbow splendors shed.

Therein a haughty monarch dwelt, in lands and conquests great,
And on his regal throne he sat in dark and gloomy state;
His every thought was horror still—each glance with vengeance shone;
A curse was in his ev'ry word—he wrote with blood alone.

Once at the castle bounds appear'd a noble minstrel pair,
The one with golden ringlets bright, the other with gray hair;
The elder, with his treasur'd lyre, a well trimmed palfrey rode,
And nimbly by the old man's side his youthful partner strode.

The old man to the younger spake: "My son, thou must prepare!
Recall to mind our deepest lays—attune thy fullest air,
Together summon all thy powers; first love, then sorrow's smart
Behooves us try to-day to touch the Monarch's stony heart."

Within the lofty pillar'd hall, the minstrels twain are seen,
And seated on the throne appear the monarch and his queen—
He, wrapt in dread magnificence, like the red northern light,
His queen with glance as mild and sweet, as beam of full moon bright.

The hoary minstrel struck the strings—he played so wondrous well,
That on the ear more richly still each note appear'd to swell;
In tones of heavenly clearness stream'd the youth's sweet voice along,
Like mournful strains from parted souls, amid the old man's song.

They sing of spring-tide and of love—the age ere wo began—
Of freedom, faith, of holiness—the dignity of man ;
All lovely things they celebrate, that heave the human breast,
They chant of all high themes that rouse the human heart from rest.

The troop of courtiers gather round, their scorn forgotten now—
Before the throne of God above the king's brave warriors bow ;
The queen, entranced in ecstasy, with strange sweet grief oppress'd,
Throws to the tuneful singers down the rose-bud from her breast.

"My people he has led away, will he corrupt my wife?"
The furious monarch cries aloud, his frame with frenzy rife ;
Swift at the younger minstrel's breast his gleaming sword he flings,
And thence, instead of golden songs, a blood-red torrent springs.

As if a storm had scattered them, the hearers fled away.
All faint within his master's arms, the youthful singer lay ;
He wraps him in his mantle broad, he seats him on the horse,
Erect and firm he binds him there, and with him takes his course.

But now before the lofty gates the hoary minstrel stands,
His own dear harp, the best of harps, he seizes in his hands ;
He strikes it 'gainst a column stone—'tis now a broken shell ;
Thro' castle-hall and garden then, his dreadful accents swell :

"Wo, wo to you, ye lofty halls, no sweet and soothing tone
Of lyre or song, within your walls, shall ever more be known.
No ! sighs and groans alone be yours, and slavery's cringing pace,
Till 'neath the stern avenger's tread, dark ruins fill your place.

"Wo to you all, ye gardens sweet, in the May month's pleasant light—
This dead youth's pallid countenance I here expose to sight ;
For this your beauty shall decay—your every spring be dry,
And ye yourselves, in future days, despoiled and desert lie.

"Wo to thee, ruthless murderer ! of minstrelsy the pest ;
In vain be all thy deeds of arms for glory's blood-stain'd crest ;
Thy name shall be forgotten quite, in endless darkness veiled,
And like a sick man's dying gasp, in empty space exhaled."

The old man's voice has died away, but Heav'n has heard his cry ;
The walls become a ruined heap, the halls dismantled lie ;
One only column still remains, to tell of former might,
And that, already tottering, may fall perchance by night.

Around, where once the garden smiled, is now a desert land,
No tree casts there its grateful shade, no fountain threads the sand,
No history tells the monarch's name, nor line of lofty verse—
Departed and forgotten all ! such is the Minstrel's Curse.

"The Ferry" is a little poem which gives a very fair impression of some of the most marked peculiarities of Uhland's manner. He delights in summoning from "the dim mysterious past" the scenes, the thoughts and feelings of that happier time, when the vivid imagination of youth had power to clothe

and comparing the pictures which hope and fancy then portrayed, with the harsh realities into which experience has since transmuted them. As the contrast of the present with the past generally suggests reflections of a somewhat mournful character, inasmuch as the advancing footsteps of time are constantly crushing some flower that bloomed in our pathway, whose frail life we fondly deemed of perennial duration, the heart of the poet whose sympathy

thies and feelings lie garnered up among the records of departed years, of which his song is but the echo, must often be touched with a sentiment of sadness at the retrospect.

THE FERRY.

Many a year is past and o'er,
Since I cross'd this stream before;
Gleams yon tower in evening's glow,
Sounds, as erst, the river's flow.

Then our passengers were three—
Two, my friends, and dear to me;
One with grave, paternal air,
One in youthful promise fair.

One a life of quiet pass'd,
And in quiet breath'd his last;
But the youth, in foremost rank,
In the storm of battle sank.

So, when o'er those happy days,
Distant far, I dare to gaze,
Still I mourn companions dear,
Reft away, 'mid life's career.

That which ev'ry friendship binds,
Is, the sympathy of minds;
Spirit-hours the past appear,
Spirit forms are with me here.

Take, then, boatman, thrice thy fee—
Willingly I give it thee:
Two whom thou hast ferried o'er,
Earthly bodies wear no more.

"The Ride by Night" exhibits the same peculiarity.

I ride thro' the darksome land afar,
Uncheer'd by moonbeam or twinkling star,
Cold tempests around me lowering;
Often before have I pass'd this way,
When the golden sunshine smiling lay
Among roses freshly flow'ring.

I ride to the gloomy garden ground,
I hear the blasts through the branches sound,
And the withered leaves descending;
'Twas here I wander'd in summers frown,
When love had made all the scene his own,
The steps of my fair one tending.

Extinguished now is the sun's glad ray,
The roses have wither'd and died away,
And the grave my belov'd is holding;
My darksome journey I now pursue,
In the wintry storm, with no star in view,
My mantle around me folding.

"The Shepherd" is a lay of the middle ages, short and simple—its moral the motto of all things earthly—"passing away."

'Twas near a kingly castle wall,
A fair young swain pass'd by;
A maiden from the window look'd—
He caught her longing eye.

"Oh! might I venture down with thee,"
With kindly voice she said;
"How white do yonder lambkins seem,
The blossoms here, how red."

The youth, in answer, thus replied:
"Oh! would'st thou come with me?
Fair glow those rosy cheeks of thine,
Those arms—can whiter be?"

And now each morn, in silent grief,
He came, and looked above,
Till from the casement, far aloft,
Appear'd his gentle love.

This friendly greeting then he sent:
"Hail! maid of royal line."
A gentle answer echoed soon—
"Thanks, gentle shepherd mine."

The winter pass'd, the spring appear'd,
The flow'rs bloomed rich and fair;
The castle bounds he sought again,
But she no more was there.

In sorrowing tones, he cried aloud,
"Hail! maid of royal line."
A spirit voice beneath replied,
"Adieu! thou shepherd mine."

"The Wreath" is a charming little fairy story, told with exquisite delicacy and simplicity. Though the "sterner stuff" of manhood may pass it by as an idle fable, destitute of sense or significance, it will, in all probability, be regarded with favor by the fairer portion of our readers, whose quick perception will soon enable them to unveil its meaning, though expressed in allegorical language.

THE WREATH.

A maiden on a sunny glade,
Was gath'ring flow'rs of varied hue;
There came from out the greenwood shade
A lady fair to view.

She join'd the maid, in friendly guise,
And twined a wreathlet in her hair:
"Tho' barren now, flow'rs hence will rise—
Oh! wear it ever there."

And as the maiden grew in years,
And walked by moonlight sheen,
Indulging soft and tender tears,
To bud the wreath was seen.

And when at length her own true knight
Folded her to his breast,
The joyous flow'rs awoke to light,
As thro' the buds they prest.

Soon in the mother's arms was seen
A child in sportive play ;
Then golden fruits, 'mid foliage green,
Burst forth in open day.

But when, alas ! her love was laid
In funeral dust and night,
Her wild, disorder'd locks display'd
A leaf with autumn's blight.

She follow'd soon ; the wreath still graced
Her brow of pallid hue,
And now, strange sight ! together placed
Grew fruits and blossoms too.

"Harald" is a legend of the days of
Oberon and Titania, when the "small
people," for mirth or mischief, used to
play tricks on benighted travellers, and
bind with invisible fetters, strong as the
chain of destiny, all obnoxious trespassers
on their greenwood domains.

HARALD.

With martial train did Harald ride,
A hero bold and good ;
Around his march the moonbeams shone,
Within the wild greenwood.

Oh ! many a gorgeous banner there
Flings to the breeze its fold,
And many a battle song is heard,
That echoes thro' the wold.

What lurks and rustles in each bush ?
Moves upon ev'ry spray ?
Drops from the clouds above, and dives
Where foaming streamlets play ?

What throws the blossoms here and there ?
What sings ? glad notes indeed !
What dances thro' the armed ranks,
Or mounts the warlike steed ?

Whence come these kisses, soft and sweet ?
These arms so gently prest ?
What from the scabbard steals the sword,
And leaves nor peace nor rest ?

It is a sprightly band of fays ;
No arms their spells withstand—
Already ev'ry warrior there
Is in the fairy land.

The chief alone remains behind—
Harald, the bold true knight ;
From top to toe his form appears
In polished steel bedight.

His warriors all have disappeared—
Around lie shield and spear,
And thro' the wild wood riderless
The chargers swift career.

In heavy sadness thereupon
Did haughty Harald ride ;
He rode alone by moonshine bright,
All thro' the forest wide.

He hears a purling 'mid the rocks,
Dismounts with hasty fling,
Uncclasps his helmet from his head,
And quaffs the cooling spring.

Scarce has the chieftain quench'd his thirst,
His strength of limb is gone,
Perforce he seeks the rocky couch,
There sleeps and slumbers on.

He's slumbered on the self-same stone,
Thro' ages past away ;
Upon his breast his head is sunk,
His beard and locks are gray.

When lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
And howls the forest broad,
'Tis said the aged chief is known
In dreams to grasp his sword.

The "Dream" is decidedly Uhlandish.

THE DREAM.

Join'd hand in hand, a loving pair
A garden wander'd round ;
They sat like spectres, pale with care,
Within that flowery ground.

Each kissed the other's pallid face,
Sweet mutual kisses sped ;
They stood entwined in close embrace ;
Then grief and languor fled.

Two little bells rang sharp and clear—
Swift did the vision flee ;
She lay within the cloister drear,
A far-off exile he.

The "Monk and the Shepherd" has a
certain picturesqueness about it, which
brings the scene depicted as vividly before
the eye as if it had been portrayed by the
sister art.

THE MONK AND THE SHEPHERD.

MONK.

"Why stand'st thou thus, in silent grief?
Oh! shepherd, tell to me;
Beats there e'en here, a wounded heart,
That draws me unto thee?"

SHEPHERD.

"And dost thou ask? oh! look below
On my beloved vale;
The wide expanse is flowerless all,
The woodland sere and pale."

MONK.

"Yet sorrow not—what is thy grief?
What, but a mournful dream?
The fields ere long will bloom again,
The trees with blossoms beam."

"Then plant the cross, to which I kneel,
Within the verdant grove;
It boasts nor fruit nor flow'r, but bears
The sign of deathless love."

The "Robber" seems like a sketch of one of the bold outlaws of Sherwood Forest. The portrait would be no disgrace to Robin Hood himself.

'Twas on a pleasant day in spring,
A robber left the greenwood shade,
When lo! along the rugged path,
Came tripping by a gentle maid.

"If 'stead of these wild flowers of May,"
Thus spoke the forest's dauntless son,
"Thy basket bore the wealth of kings,
Thou should'st in safety journey on."

The beauteous pilgrim's parting form
He followed long with eager eye:
Thro' meadows fair, she wander'd on,
And sought the quiet hamlet nigh.

Soon 'mid the garden's lavish blooms,
Concealed, her lovely figure stood;
Then turned the robber back and sought
A shelter in the dark pine wood.

The "Landlady's Daughter" is one of the most popular of German songs, and is said to be a great favorite among the students of the various universities. We have either read somewhere, or the idea is our own, that a political meaning is couched in these verses, the dead daughter representing the spirit of German freedom, and the exclamations uttered by the three students respectively, the sentiments with which its loss is regarded by different minds.

Once over the Rhine three students strayed,
At our landlady's door a halt they made.

"Oh! landlady, hast thou good beer and wine,
And where is that fair little daughter of thine?"

"My wine and beer are fresh and clear;
My daughter lies stretch'd on her cold death-bier."

As into the chamber they took their way,
In a sable coffin the maiden lay.

Then quickly putting the death-veil by,
The first look'd on with a mournful eye:

"Oh! would thou wert living, fair maiden,"
said he;

"Forever henceforth, my beloved thou should'st
be."

The second the veil o'er the features cast,
And turn'd away, while his tears fell fast:

"Alas! that thou li'st on thy cold death-bier—
Thou whom I've loved for so many a year."

The third quickly lifted again the veil,
And press'd a kiss on that mouth so pale:

"I love thee to-day, as through all the past—
I will love thee hereafter while time shall last."

Here is a ballad of the days of the Northmen, containing more strength and nerve than is commonly found in Uhland's poems.

THE BLIND KING.

Why stands, on yonder hilly shore, that band of Northmen bold?
Why thither goes, with hoary locks, that monarch blind and old?
He leans upon his staff, and cries, in agony profound,
Till o'er the intervening strait the island shores resound:

"Give, robber, back, my child to me, from out thy dungeon cleft;
Nought save her lyre and song so sweet to soothe mine age was left.
Thou'st torn her from the verdant shore, while there the dance she led;
This bringeth lasting shame on thee, and bows my aged head."

Forth from his cavern, fierce and tall, the robber stood reveal'd,
He swung his giant sword aloft, and struck upon his shield:
"Why, then, of all thy guards around, did none the foe deter?
Of all the warriors in thy train, will no one fight for her?"

Yet not a warrior leaves the ranks, nor maketh one reply;
The sightless monarch turns around: "Then all alone am I?"
The father's hand his youthful son now grasp'd with fervent zeal:
"Oh! let me fight the foe! there's strength in this young arm, I feel."

"Oh! son, the foe is giant strong, and none his might withstand,
Yet thine I feel is valor's stamp, while here I grasp thy hand;
Then with thee take, in song renown'd, my old and trusty glaive,
And should'st thou fall, my aged limbs shall find an ocean grave."

The deep abyss sends o'er the sea a roaring, surging sound,
The blind old monarch listening stands, and all is still around;
But hark! from yonder side there comes the clash of spear and shield,
And echo loud the battle cry and tumult of the field.

Full soon the old king blithely cries, "Oh! what can now be seen?
My own good sword! I heard its clang, I know that sound so keen."
"The robber chief lies overthrown—his meed of blood is won;
Then hail to thee, of heroes chief, thou monarch's valiant son."

Again 'tis silent all; the monarch stands with list'ning ear:
"A rushing sound, as if of oars, across the waves I hear."
"Returning now they're bringing back thy son with spear and shield—
With gleaming locks of golden hair, thy daughter dear Gunild."

A welcome from the lofty rock the hoary monarch gave:
"My age will now pass gladly on, and honored be my grave;
Beside me thou, my son, shalt place my sword that rings so clear,
And thou, Gunild, my dirge shalt sing, oh! ransomed maiden dear."

"Lines to a Nameless One" are somewhat sentimental, and decidedly German in spirit; but pure in feeling and pleasing in expression.

Upon a mountain's summit,
Oh! might I stand with thee,
Where vales and crested forests
We far beneath might see,
On ev'ry side I'd show thee
Where vernal glories shine,
And say, "Were I the owner,
One half at least were thine."

My heart's unfathom'd secret,
Oh! could'st thou search and see,
Where all the songs are sleeping,
That God e'er gave to me,
Whene'er I strove for goodness,
My struggles thou would'st know,
Which, ne'er to thee recounted,
To thee their being owe.

The dead poet, though his earthly voice is hushed forever, "still speaketh." The immortality of genius is his lot—he belongs to that glorious company of

"dead but sceptred sovereigns
Who still rule our spirits from their urns;"
and while his songs preserve the records of the past, which else had perished from mortal memory, they afford the surest pledge of his own exemption from oblivion.

THE MINSTREL'S RETURN.

There on his bier the poet lies,
His pallid lips are songless now,
A wreath of Daphne's golden hair
Adorns that once inventive brow.

They place around, in fair, white scrolls,
His minstrel lays, the last he sang,
And in his arms all silent lies
The harp that late so clearly rang.

Tho' sunk in death's oblivious sleep,
Round ev'ry ear still floats his lay,
And bitter grief it wakens still,
For him, the lordly, past away.

When months and years had roll'd their
course,
Around his tomb the cypress grew,
And they who sadly mourn'd his fate,
Slept in the grave's deep slumber too.

Yet, as with quicken'd strength and power,
Returns the year's delightful prime,
So now, with youth and grace renew'd,
The minstrel roams in his new time.

He mingles with earth's living crowds,
His form no funeral trace displays;
The olden age, that deem'd him dead,
Itself lives only in his lays.

"Walter the True Knight" is a ballad of the middle ages, portraying man's fidelity and woman's inconstancy, contrary to the usual burthen of such ditties, and showing that all damsels were not, in those days, quite so devoted as the "nut brown maid" in the old English song, who refused to abandon her lover, even when he informed her

"That he must to the greenwood goe,
Alone, a bannysht man."

The valiant Walter rode along,
Our Lady's church beside;
A maiden on the threshold knelt,
By sorrows deeply tried:
"Oh! halt, my Walter true, for me;
Hast thou forgotten—can it be—
That voice of old so welcome?"

"Whom see I here? the faithless maid,
By me belov'd of yore?
But where are now thy robes of silk,
Of gold and gems thy store?"
"Alas! that I my true one left!
For Paradise from me is rest—
With thee again I find it."

With pitying hand he raised the maid,
Upon his courser sprung,
And fast around his stalwart form
With frail, white arms she clung.
"Oh! Walter true, this heart, alas!
Is beating now 'gainst cold dull brass,
And not upon thy bosom."

To Walter's castle on they rode,
There all was still and lone;
The visor from his face she took—

His blooming looks had flown.
"These sunken eyes, these cheeks so white,
Become thee well, thou faithful knight—
I love thee more than ever."

The gentle maid the armor loosed,
Which he, the wronged one, wore.
"What see I here? a sable garb?
What loved one is no more?"
"For one beloved my sorrows flow,
Whom I on earth no more shall know,
Nor ever in the future."

She sank beside his feet, and there
With outstretched arms she lay:
"On me, poor, hapless penitent,
Some pity take, I pray;
Oh! raise me up, and make me blest,
And let me on thy faithful breast
From all my grief recover."

"Forbear, forbear, thou wretched child,
For vain is thy request;
These arms are bound, as if in chains,
And torpid is this breast.
Be sad, as I am sad, for aye!
Love from this heart hath fled away,
And never more returneth."

Thus have we culled, here and there, a few scattered flowers from the wilderness of sweets in which we have lately been wandering; but, like all exotics, when transplanted from the parent soil, they have lost in the process much of their native freshness and vigor. And even if all their "original brightness" has not yet departed, the faint trace of its existence that may still remain, affords but little indication of their beauty when flourishing in a more genial clime. They resemble the plant which, in the masque of "Comus," the shepherd gave to the attendant spirit:

"The leaf was darkish and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright, golden flow'r, but not in this soil."

W. B.

A PLEA FOR PHILOSOPHY.

SOME will have it, that all philosophy is vain; and that the time bestowed upon it, in our colleges and elsewhere, is only wasted, or worse than wasted, in the pursuit of a phantom that can never be reached, while it leads us away continually from the proper use of life. What men need in this world, we are told, is not speculation, but an active apprehension of the living realities with which they are immediately surrounded, and the proper practical use of these for the ends of their own existence. The world is a fact, broadly and palpably spread out before our senses; and our life is a fact, which we are required to turn to right account, by making the best of it for ourselves and others, in the circumstances in which we may happen to be placed. Why, then, should we occupy ourselves with things that lie wholly beyond the sphere of our actual existence, and that can only serve to disqualify us for understanding and using the world as it is? The sense of the world is sufficiently clear of itself for such as are disposed to take things just as they are, without troubling their heads about what they are pleased to call its inward spiritual constitution and design. We have had ample experiment besides of the vanity of philosophy, in the past history of its own achievements. The world has been philosophizing since the days of Pythagoras at least, and from a still earlier date, and yet to what has it come in the end? Has its philosophy made it any wiser or better? Has it accomplished any solid gain whatever for the human race? Is the world improved in any respect by the long exploded systems of Greece, by the profound lucubrations of the schoolmen in the middle ages, or by the vast upheavings of thought which have had place since the days of Immanuel Kant, in the modern metaphysics of Germany? Is it not, in fact, a history of contradictions and confusions, from beginning to end—one

system continually surmounting another, only to be as certainly overwhelmed after the same fashion, in its turn? It will be time enough to challenge our respect for philosophy, when philosophy shall have come to some proper understanding, in the first place, of her own mind and meaning. When she shall have become once mistress of herself—a house no longer divided against itself, the very cavern of *Æolus* where all pent-up minds are struggling perpetually in fierce conflict—it will be time enough to think of proclaiming her mistress of the world. Till then, let her be remanded to her proper dwelling place in the clouds, the land of far-off shadows and dreams. The world has too much serious business on hand, to be interrupted by her pretensions, and may reasonably say, in the language of *Nehemiah* to *Sanballat* and *Geshem* the Arabian of old: “I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease, whilst I leave it and come down to you?”

All this is very comfortable doctrine, of course, for those who have no disposition and not much power, possibly, to think for themselves, while they have just as little wish or will to be bound by the thinking of others. Agrarianism, indeed, we may call it, of the most truly democratic order; for is it not something more to level thus the aristocracy of mind, than it is to bring down simply the aristocracy of birth or fortune? Is it not a species of self-exaltation, particularly soothing to the sense we commonly have of our own importance, to be able in this way to compare ourselves so favorably with what has generally been counted the highest order of the world's intellect, and the true nobility of its life? The man who can say of all philosophy, It is mere wind, must needs feel himself in this respect somewhat superior to the great minds which, in different ages, have counted it worthy of their attention and study. It is much, surely,

for any one to have the thought clearly present in his own consciousness: "Pythagoras was a fool, Plato was a fool, Aristotle was a fool; all the old Greek philosophers were fools; the seraphic, irrefragable doctors of the school divinity, Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura, Duns Scotus, the whole of them together, were fools; and the same character belongs most eminently to the modern German thinkers, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and all who think it worth while to waste any time upon their speculations: but *I am wise*; for I have sense enough to know that all philosophy is nonsense, and that the less the world is troubled with it the better. *My* life is more rational, and likely to be of far more account at last, than theirs." This, we say, is comfortable; and it is not much wonder, perhaps, that philosophy should be in bad credit with so many persons, when so fair a premium in this way is made to rest on unthinking ignorance and sloth.

And then, the case becomes still worse, of course, when the prejudice of religion comes in, as it is always ready to do, in favor of the same conclusion. It is bad enough, we are told, that philosophy should pretend to interfere with the actual world, in its common life, abstracting men's minds from its practical realities, and amusing them with its own theoretic dreams; but when the evil is made to reach over, in the same form, to the sphere of religion and faith, it is something still more difficult to be endured. And is there not in fact an original, necessary opposition between revelation and philosophy? Is not faith the simple contrary of speculation? Is it not written, "Let no man *spoil* you through philosophy;" plainly implying that we should have nothing to do with it, in the business of Christianity? And is not the history of the church from the beginning full of instruction and warning, in the same direction? Have not all corruptions and heresies sprung from philosophy, undertaking to rule and set aside the simple doctrine of God's word? Witness the flood of Gnostic speculations in the second century; the subsequent errors of Origen and his school; the scholastic subtleties of the Aristotelian theology, at a still later period; and above all, the rationalistic, pantheistic systems, to which the

modern German philosophy has given birth. Philosophy and infidelity are found to have, in all ages, a close inward affinity for each other. The first may be considered the elder sister, if not in fact the proper natural mother of the second. That state of the church accordingly is to be accounted the most prosperous, in which religion is as little as possible the subject of speculation; and the man who meddles least with the contents of his faith, in the way of inward thought and reflection, is likely to show himself the best Christian, and make his way most successfully to heaven.

But now, in opposition to all such popular cant,—that can hardly be said for the most part to understand its own meaning,—it is at once an ample reply to say, that philosophy belongs to the very constitution of our life, and cannot be expelled from it therefore without the greatest violence and wrong. For what is it at last, more or less than the endeavor to know ourselves and the world, and the form in which, at any given time, this knowledge reflects itself in our consciousness? And can it be a question at all, whether it be proper and right for us to seek the knowledge of ourselves in this way? It lies in the idea of humanity itself, that it should comprehend within itself such a ~~mode~~ mode of existence, just as it necessarily includes also the life of art or the law of social, or political organization. The question whether philosophy is to be tolerated and approved, is precisely like the question whether we should approve and tolerate government or art. These are all so many several spheres only of our human existence itself, which are necessary to make it true and complete, and which cannot be sundered from it, without overthrowing, at the same time, its essential constitution. It is not by any arbitrary option or will of ours, that they come to have the right of being comprehended in the organic structure of the world; their right is as old as the world itself, and must stand as long as man and nature shall be found to endure. If any number of men, for instance, in vast world-convention assembled, should pretend to sit in judgment on the right and title of the fine arts, music, sculpture, poetry and the rest, to retain their place in the world, and at last

proceed in form to legislate them out of it, as useless, fantastic, and injurious to religion; to what would such legislation amount in the end, more than to expose the impotence and folly of the congress from which it might spring? The fine arts might say to such a convention: "What have we to do with *these*, vain, wretched apparition of an hour! Is the nature of man to be thus made or unmade, at thy puny pleasure? Our authority is broader, and deeper, and far more ancient than thine." And can it be any more reasonable, I would ask, to think of legislating philosophy out of the world or out of the church, in any similar way? Philosophy is no subject for human arbitrament and legislation, in such magisterial form. The question of its being tolerated and allowed, is not just like the question whether we shall have, or not, a tariff or a national bank. It asks no permission of ours, to exercise its appointed functions in the vast world-process of man's history; it has exercised them through all ages thus far, and it will continue to exercise them, no doubt, to the end of time, in virtue of its own indefeasible right to be comprehended in this process, as an original necessary part of its constitution.

Philosophy is the form, simply, in which all Science is required at last to become complete. It is not, as sometimes supposed, one among the sciences only, in the way in which this may be said of geography for instance, or chemistry, or mathematics; it is emphatically the science of science itself—the form in which science comes to master *its* own nature, in the way of conscious self-apprehension and self-possession. It belongs to the very conception of knowledge, that however distributed into manifold departments and spheres, it should nevertheless be at the last the power of a single universal life. All science is organic, and falls back finally upon the unity of self-consciousness as its centre and ground. This is, however, only to say that it comes to its true general end in the form of philosophy, which is for this very reason the mistress and mother of all sound knowledge in every other view. What can be more irrational, then, and absurd, than to cry out against philosophy as something unprofitable and vain? It were just as reason-

able surely to cry out against science in any of its subordinate departments; as some, indeed, most consistent in their fanaticism, have at times pretended to do, in blind homage to a life of sense, or in the service, possibly, of a blind religion. All science has its chaotic disorders and revolutions, its sources of danger and its liabilities to corruption and abuse. But what then? Must we cease to think and inquire, in order that we may become truly wise? Shall we extinguish the torch of knowledge, that we may have power in the dark to fancy ourselves secure from harm? To do so were only to commit violent wrong upon our human nature itself. Man was made for science; he needs it, not as a means simply to something else, but as a constituent, we may say, in the substance of his own being. But his relation to science, in this view, is his relation at the same time to philosophy; for, as we have just seen, science can have no reality, except as it includes in itself a reference at least to philosophy, as that in which alone it can become complete. Man then is formed for philosophy, as truly as he is formed for science; and if we did but consider it properly, we should see and feel that to undervalue and despise the first, is as little rational as it is to undervalue and despise the second. Philosophy is not a factitious interest, artificially and arbitrarily associated with our life, which we may retain or put away from us altogether at our own pleasure; it is the perfection of our intelligence itself, the necessary summit of self-consciousness, towards which all the lines of knowledge struggle from the start, and in which only they are made to reach at last their ultimate and full sense.

What has now been said, does not imply of course that all men are called to be philosophers, and to exercise the functions of philosophy on their own account. When we say of art, that it forms an original constituent sphere of our general human life, we do not mean certainly that every individual is required to be a painter, or musician, or poet, or all of these together, in order that he may fulfil his proper destiny in the world. *Non omnia possumus omnes*; the life of the world is something far more comprehensive and profound than the life of any one man, or any ten thousand men,

included in its course. Humanity has its measure in the whole, and not in the separate parts of which the whole is composed. The perfection of the individual does not consist in his being all that the general idea of human life requires, but in this, that he shall truly fill his own place in an organism, which is complete for the purposes that belong to it as a whole. In this sense we say, that art is a necessary constituent of humanity, though few comparatively may be fitted as organs to exercise the functions for which it calls: these functions belong to the organic constitution of our life, as a whole, and for the use of the whole; and where they are not acknowledged or fulfilled, the life itself must be regarded as, to the same extent, mutilated and shorn of its true sense. So in the case before us. Science and philosophy are not necessary for all men, individually and separately taken; but they *are* necessary at all times to Man as an organic whole. The great fact of humanity, the process of the world's life, cannot go forward at all without their presence. It may be enough for the mass of men perhaps to be borne along by the spirit of the age to which they belong, without any clear insight into its constitution and course; but this is not enough for the age itself. Through organs proper for the purpose, it ought to come if possible to a clear understanding of its own spirit and will, so as to be self-conscious and not blind. As we have already said, however, this self-consciousness is philosophy; and towards it at least all human life must continually struggle, so far as it is vigorous and sound. Nay, a bad life must rest in some consciousness too, often, to be sure, very dark, of its own meaning and tendency; and so far this also will have its philosophy. Philosophy and life, in fact, whether men consider it or not, go ever hand in hand together.

It is perfectly ridiculous, therefore, to think or speak of the world as having power to accomplish its history without philosophy; as much so, as though we should dream that society might exist without government. It would be indeed something most strange and unaccountable, that the human mind should have shown such an inveterate propensity through all ages to speculate in this way,

in spite of all discouragement and seemingly bad success, if there had been no reason for it other than its own vagrant curiosity or lawless self-will. The world has never been without its philosophy, as far back as we find it exhibiting any signs whatever of a moral or intellectual life. Christianity wrought no change in it, with regard to this point. Many in modern times have charged the early Church with unfaithfulness to her Master, in permitting the great truths of the Gospel to become a subject of school speculation; as though it might have been possible to have handed them down as mere traditional articles of faith, without their being made to enter thus, with new informing power, into the actual thinking of the world as well as into its actual life. And yet is not the thinking of the world, at all times, inseparably identified with its life; or rather, is it not the very soul through which this itself lives, the central stream that carries all forward in its own direction? If Christianity were to be something more than a religion of blind mechanical tradition; if it should at all make good its claim to be the absolute truth of the world, the eternal consummation of humanity itself; it *must* introduce itself into the actual process of the world's history as it stood, so as to fulfil and not destroy the original sense of it, in all its complicated parts. We might as well ask, that it should not meddle with the sphere of politics, as that it should abjure all interest in philosophy. The early Church soon found herself compelled to speculate. It was part of her mission in the world, to regenerate its intelligence and reason. And so in all periods since, we find philosophy closely interwoven with the activity of the church under other forms, and refusing to part with its authority for the human mind, so far as this can be said to have made any historical progress at all. The Reformers, in the sixteenth century, imagined at first, indeed, that their cause required its entire banishment from the territory of religion; but they were soon compelled themselves to have recourse again to its aid; and in the end, the old order of things in this direction was fully established throughout the Protestant world.

How vain, in view of all this, to quarrel

with philosophy, as though it were an interest false and pernicious in its own nature. We might, with as much reason, quarrel with the waters of the Susquehannah, for making their way towards the sea. The world must think; would not be true to itself, if it ceased to think; and it is not possible that it should be thus actively intelligent, without moving at the same time in the channel of some philosophical system, that may represent more or less clearly the unity of its general life.

It will follow, moreover, from this view of the necessary relation in which philosophy stands to the life of the world, that it is not so entirely without rule and method in its course, as is taken for granted by the wholesale objection we are now considering. If it form an original and essential part of man's constitution, it must have a history, comprehended in the general flow of human history as a whole. But history implies organic unity and progress. It is just the opposite of chaos. Such onward movement, exhibiting the present always as at once the birth of the past and the womb of the future, belongs to the very conception of humanity; as much so as it does also, that it should exist by resolution into a vast system of nations, families and individuals. Distribution in time, and distribution in space, are alike necessary, to represent the one vast, magnificent fact, through which the idea of man is made real. To be human, then, is to be at the same time historical, in the sense here explained. If we should say that the world is not bound together by the force of a common life, at any given time, but is made up of nations and men confusedly thrown into one mass in an outward and mechanical way; it would not be a greater wrong to our nature than it is made to suffer, when this life is not apprehended as a continuous process also, always different and yet always the same, extending perpetually from one generation over to another. In fact, the two conceptions cannot be held asunder. There is no alternative here between *cosmos* and chaos. To be organic at all, the world must be historical; and its history must show itself especially in the progressive development of humanity, as a whole, towards its appointed end. This we might seem justified to assume, as a postulate of

religion as well as reason; since in no other view can we conceive of the world as carrying in itself a divine sense and meaning, so as to be the mirror truly of an idea in the mind of God. God is not the author of confusion, either in nature or history. He upholds and rules the world by plan; and this plan takes hold of the end from the beginning, bearing all life steadily forward as a process in its own service. In this way, every sphere of our general human existence comes to its proper evolution only in the form of history; and so we should expect to find it pre-eminently in the case of philosophy, representing, as this does, the inmost consciousness of the race itself from age to age. The idea of an absolutely stationary philosophy, mechanically at hand as something ripe and done, for the use of the world through all time, is an absurd contradiction. How could it then represent the world's *life*, in its ever-flowing actual form? Change and revolution here are not at once contradiction and confusion. May they not be but the necessary action of history itself, as it forces its way onward continually from one stage of thought and life to another? For this process, it should be remembered, is not by uniform movement, in the same direction and under the same character. It goes by stadia or eras; not unlike those great world-cycles which geologists undertake to describe in the primitive formation of the earth, only compressed into much narrower dimensions. Each period has, of course, its own history, including the rise and decline again of its particular life, and the breaking up of its whole constitution finally, to make room for a new spiritual organization; and all this must necessarily be attended with some show of chaotic confusion, to the view, at least, of the superficial thinker; while it is still possible that the whole may be, notwithstanding, in obedience throughout to the same great law of development and progress.

Such an onward movement is found to characterize in fact the course of human thought, as it may be traced from its cradle in the ancient Oriental world, down to the present time. Philosophy has its own history, capable of being studied and understood, like the history of any other sphere of human life. This may be so dark still indeed as to leave room, at many points,

for uncertainty, and controversy, and doubt. All history is open more or less to the same difficulty; but still its general sense, and the force at least of its great leading epochs, are sufficiently clear. It is only the unphilosophical and uninquiring, who pronounce the record of the world's life in this form, a farrago of unmeaning, disconnected opinions and dreams. In proportion as any man can be engaged to direct his own attention to the subject, in the way of earnest thought, he will feel the deep unreasonableness of this presumption. The history of mind he will see to be something more than chaos, "without form and void." Alas for us indeed, if that were all the world here offered to our faith! Order in its outward material structure, only to make room for an interminable soul-chaos within!

It would go far at once to break the force of much of the prejudice that is entertained against philosophy, if only this idea of a historical development in the case of our world-life generally, as its necessary and proper form, were fairly familiar to our minds. We should then understand, that the very same life, in passing upwards through different stages, may be expected to show itself under different phases or aspects, without yet falling for this reason into any self-contradiction; and in this way we would be rescued from the narrow bigotry of measuring all past ages by our own, while at the same time we might be prepared to estimate intelligently the actual advantages of our position, in its advanced relation to the past. As the self-consciousness of the individual has different contents in childhood and riper age, and must necessarily migrate through a succession of forms in order that it may become complete; so we say of philosophy, which may be denominated the self-consciousness of the world as a whole, that it too can assert its proper reality only by living itself, from age to age, upwards into new and higher forms, till the process shall become complete in the full completion of humanity itself—the glorious, all-harmonious millennium of creation. It does not follow, then, that a system of philosophy has been nugatory and null in its own time, because it has come to be exploded, as we say, and superseded by some fol-

lowing system. We have no right to declare the wisdom of Plato and Aristotle vain, and just as little to deride the speculations of the medieval schoolmen as learned nonsense, merely because their authority has long since passed away. The Greek philosophy comprehended both truth and power for the use of the world, in its own time. It entered largely into the growth and education of the human spirit. And in this way it still continues to live also, in the organic progress of human thought. The acquisitions of the past in this form are not lost by the downfall of the systems in which they may have seemed originally to inhere; they are simply translated into the constitution of other systems, and so carried forward in the vast intellectual process to which these belong. In a deep sense we may say of all history, that it is thus a perpetual metempsychosis of the world's life, by which it is always new and yet always the same.

We may easily see, now, how little room there is for the fashionably vulgar imagination, that philosophy has little or nothing to do with the realities of actual life. There is indeed a latitude of meaning sometimes allowed to the term, especially in England and our own country, by which it is supposed to be saved from this reproach in part; though only in such a way as to fall more clearly under the power of it beyond the bounds of such exception. In the sense to which we refer, philosophy is taken to be a scientific insight simply into the nature and force of things empirically considered, as we find ourselves surrounded by them in the actual world. In this way we may have a philosophy of mind, by a sort of spiritual anatomical dissection, and then a philosophy of nature also as something altogether different; and however it may be with the first, it can easily be shown that this last is capable of being turned to many important practical uses. Witness only the wonders that are now wrought by steam, and the brilliant, though silent, action of the electro-magnetic telegraph. Philosophy in *such* shape means something, and has a value that can be made tangible to the world's common sense. It is the glory of our own age, too, in particular, that it is made to carry its salutary power into every nook and corner of our common material

existence. We have a philosophy of farming, a philosophy of manufactures, and a philosophy of trade. We make our shoes and bake our bread philosophically. We talk, with equal ease, of the philosophy of the heavens and the philosophy of a plum pudding. We can go still farther, and admit also the practical use of philosophy, as occupied with the laws of our own reason and will, in the same Baconian style—provided always the process be not pushed too far. The science of mind, as handled by Locke, may help us possibly to think correctly; while the science of ethics, as unfolded in the same way by Paley, may serve to assist us occasionally in distinguishing between right and wrong. But here the concession is required to stop. For philosophy, as the science of *ideas*, or as it is sometimes called, the science of the absolute, which is after all the only proper sense of the term, our common system of thinking is apt to entertain no respect whatever, in the general view now noticed. It is regarded as unprofitable metaphysics, of some service possibly for dialectic practice in the schools, but of no conceivable use besides in our ordinary mundane experience. For does it not in fact profess to go *beyond* the bounds of this experience; showing itself thus to be *transcendental*, as we say, and more fit to be referred to the visionary moon, than to this solid material earth we now inhabit? Is it not, by its own confession, the science of ideas and not the science of *facts*? It is in reference to such philosophy especially, that the question has been triumphantly asked: What has it done to improve the actual life of the world, from the days of Plato down to the present hour? Has it ever manufactured, not a steamboat, not so much as a *pin* only, in the service of the world's comfort? Has it descended at all into contact with the real wants of man? Has it added one luxury to his table, or coined a single dollar of new wealth for his pocket?

The whole force of this plausible representation, we say, is broken by the view we have now taken of the true nature of philosophy, and its necessary relation to the onward historical explication of the great mystery of humanity. The "chief end of man," after all, in this world, is not to create railroads, and telegraphs, and

great Lowell establishments, for his own comfort; to seize the reins of nature in a merely outward way, and force her chariot wheels to move subservient to his simply physical accommodation. All this is right, indeed, in its place, and we mean not to undervalue or condemn the march of improvement in such outward form. Man is appointed to be the tamer and subduer of nature, and it is reasonable and fit that this should be brought to serve him, with absolute and universal submission. It is the proper prerogative of Mind, its grand moral vocation, we may say, in the world, thus to assert and proclaim its supremacy over Matter; as it is the true glory of this last, again, to be ruled and filled by the self-conscious presence of the first. But this lordship, to be true and right, must be moral as well as physical, inward no less than outward; it must be the supremacy of man over nature *as man*, and not simply as the potent magician of science, at whose bidding the spirits of the vasty deep stand ready, in shape of steam, tempest and lightning, to execute his pleasure. The only true mastery over the world at last, is that by which man is brought at the same time to master himself, in the clear apprehension and spontaneous election of goodness and truth in their absolute form. This is something more than agricultural chemistry, or the rattling machinery of cotton factories and rolling mills. It is by the power of the spiritual at last, that the full sense of the world, whether as spirit or nature, is to be evolved, and the full triumph of humanity, as sung in the eighth psalm, carried out to its grand consummation. The chief end of man is, not to know and rule the world simply as it stands beyond his particular person, but to know and rule it in the form of reason and will, as the inmost constitution of his own life. As in the case of his person separately considered, the skillful use of his bodily organs for mere bodily ends is in itself no argument of either strength or freedom, but can become of account only as such active power may be itself comprehended in the higher activity of the soul, moving always in obedience to its own law; so here, also, it is nothing less than the same moral self-consciousness and self-government, that can impart either dignity or value to any dominion we may

be brought to exercise over external nature, by virtue of our mere intelligence under any other form. But now this inward supremacy of mind over matter, constituting thus the self-consciousness of the world itself through the medium of the human spirit, is something which lifts us at once into the sphere of philosophy. It is emphatically at last the power of the ideal as compared with the power of the actual, the ascendancy of the absolute, (universal reason and universal will,) over the force of all that is simply empirical and particular.

Philosophy, we say then, is supremely practical. It takes hold of life, not indeed upon its immediate surface, but in the very foundations of the great deep of which it consists. Away with the heresy, dishonorable to man and God alike, that this world is ruled supremely by material forces, or simply sensuous interests of any kind. In the face of Heaven, we proclaim it false! Of all forms of power that enter into its constitution, there is none to compare with that which belongs to mind, in the form of the Idea. This is more than tempest, lightning and steam; more than whirlwind, cataract and fire; more than the noise of many waters, or the tumult of the people surging and roaring with passion. Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord, shall the great purposes of this world be ultimately carried. There is nothing under heaven so omnipotent among men, as the presence of an Idea, in its true conception, representing, as it does always in fact, the inmost and deepest consciousness of the world itself. Amid all the thundering noise that marks the progress of history, it is only here at last we communicate with its soul, and are made to understand the true motive power which actuates its wheels. Men may talk as they please about their mechanics, and politics, and tactics—the world is governed, when all is done, by the power of Ideas; and the deepest thinkers, though far out of sight, it may be in the solitude of the closet, are still ever in the end, by divine right, the royal oligarchy, that preside over its affairs, and conduct them forward towards their proper end. No great revolution has ever yet occurred, that took not its birth first from the womb of an Idea. No

department of our life can be advanced towards perfection, save through the presence of the same force. And shall we say, then, that philosophy, the science of the Idea, whose very province it is to bring the world to a consciousness of its own life in this form, is not practical? Can we understand ourselves, or possess our own nature fully, in any respect, without its aid? No general activity, whether in the form of thought or will, can deserve to be regarded as at all complete, that is not controlled by the light of philosophy, if not directly, at least in an indirect and circuitous way.

Such being the case, we may not admit, of course, that philosophy is necessarily unfriendly to religion. We have seen already, that it has entered largely into the history of Christianity from the beginning; though efforts have been made from time to time, with more zeal than clear knowledge, to sunder the church entirely from its connection. All such efforts have proved to be of no account thus far, and will continue to be of no account always, just because philosophy is a necessary condition of our general human life; and to renounce the one in this absolute way, were to renounce the other also to the same extent. If Christianity be truly divine, and at the same time truly human, it must so adjust itself to the actual constitution of man in its previous form, or rather so take this up into its own constitution in the way of natural consummation, that nothing belonging to it of right shall be destroyed, but the whole on the contrary show itself, under a higher form, more perfect than before. No wrong to the Gospel can well be more egregious, than that by which its power is limited and restrained to a part only of the general organism of the world's life; while other spheres, clearly included in this from the beginning, are violently thrust out from the range of its action, as hopelessly profane, and incapable of sanctification. It is a libel on Christ, to say that his religion has nothing to do with politics, or the fine arts, or the sciences, or common social life. It *must* unite itself with all these, inwardly and profoundly, so as to transfigure them fully into its own image, before it shall have accomplished its mission in the world. For how else should it deserve to be acknowledged the

universal truth of man's life? And so it is something monstrous also in the same way, to affirm of Christianity, that it has nothing to do with philosophy. Is ignorance then, after all, the mother of devotion; or must the inmost walks of consciousness be barred against the approach of religion, in order to preserve this sound and pure? Christianity claims to be the proper rightful magistracy of man's entire nature, the power to which all belongs, and by which all requires to be occupied and ruled. It must enter then into the thinking of the world, as well as into its willing and working; and it cannot actualize itself in full, except as it is brought to reign thus, with proper symmetrical development, throughout its whole life.

To say that Christianity should have no fellowship with philosophy, comes simply to this in the end, that the contents of faith are not formed to become ever the contents of knowledge; that religion is necessarily something blind in its own nature, incapable of being reflected in the consciousness of its subject under an intelligible form; that it is to be received and held, from first to last, in the way of mechanical outward tradition, on the ground, simply, of the foreign authority by which it comes authenticated to our confidence and trust. But is not religion the inmost life of our human being itself; and must not the precept, *Know thyself*, extend to it always as the necessary issue, in which alone the knowledge for which it calls can become complete? Strange that any should hold it man's privilege and calling, by the indefeasible right of his intelligence itself, to penetrate the interior sense of the world around him in the way of knowledge, and yet count it little better than profane for him to think of penetrating the interior sense of his own nature, as unfolded to his consciousness in the Christian revelation. Is it not the prerogative of intellect, to be self-intelligent? and is it possible then for Christianity to be the absolute truth of humanity, the inmost substance of its very life, without including in itself, at the same time, a capacity at least for being made transparent to its own vision in this way? It lies in its very conception, that it should form thus, when complete, the *self-consciousness* of the world, in its deepest and most comprehensive sense.

This is not to make Christianity dependent on philosophy in any way, for its existence. No process of thinking, on the part of men, could ever originate or discover religion in this form; just as little as it might be supposed to originate or discover the constitution of the natural earth and heavens. Christ, and the new creation revealed through him, are not a *thought* simply, but a fact, such as philosophy has no power either to make or unmake. But this is only to say, that philosophy has no power to make or unmake the world's life in any view. The province of philosophy is not to create truth in any case, but only to make truth clear to itself in the reflected consciousness of its subject. It is truth itself in the form of self-knowledge; and in this view, there is no reason surely why Christianity should treat it as false and profane, but every reason on the contrary that it should be made welcome to the Christian sphere, as its rightful sanctuary and home.

But we are pointed to actual history in proof of its pernicious power in the view now noticed. It has been from the beginning, we are told, the fruitful mother of heresies and corruptions in the church. And has it not ever shown a sort of native affinity with atheism and infidelity? Has it not, more or less, openly proclaimed itself the enemy of Christ, from the days of Ammonius Saccas and Origen down to the days of Immanuel Kant, and from the epoch of the Critical Philosophy onward again, with rapid development, to the culmination of this modern movement in the pantheism of Hegel?

This only shows, we may reply, that philosophy is not of itself Christianity; and still further, that Christianity has not yet fully mastered the inward life of the world. But this is nothing more than we find abundantly made evident to us, in the manifestation of the world's life also under other forms. Art, science, government, all have exhibited, in the progress of Christian history thus far, a more or less unfriendly relation to the Christian consciousness, refusing to acknowledge and accept it as the only proper form of their own being. But what then? Shall we abjure all art, science and politics, for this reason, as necessarily unholy and profane? Or shall we say that their whole past history

has been false and without value, as not springing directly from Christ? And why then should we entertain any such judgment in regard to philosophy, which at last is but the consciousness which enters into all these, and makes them to be what they are in fact? It comes simply to this, when all is done, that philosophy is not of itself Christianity, and that it must necessarily fall into an infidel position, if it assume to be in its own separate nature sufficient for the ultimate purposes of man's life, as comprehended in Christianity, and in Christianity alone. But although philosophy be not thus the actual power of the divine fact itself, it may be said to constitute, nevertheless, the interior fundamental form of the world's life, on which the power in question is required to make itself felt—the posture of humanity at any given time, in its relation to the great regenerative process by which it is thus to be transformed finally into the full image of God. In this view, philosophy is a great fact too—nothing more nor less, indeed, than the self-consciousness always of the world itself, at such stage of its historical development as it may have reached at the time; and as such a fact, it *must* be respected by Christianity, in order that this may at all take hold on the vast world-process to which it belongs, in a real way. That is, Christianity, to conquer fully the world's life, must become philosophical, by endeavoring continually to work itself into the consciousness of the world as it stands, for the purpose of thus helping it forward into a form that may be found fully commensurate at last with its own divine contents. The ultimate problem, of course, is the full reconciliation of the two powers here brought into view, in such way that neither shall be allowed to do violence to the other, but both come finally to harmonious union, as form and substance in the actualization of all that is comprehended in the idea of humanity. But it lies in this conception itself, that they should continually seek each other in the resolution also of this problem, and be more or less interwoven through all the process by which it is to be accomplished. Christianity must enter the *mind* of the world as it is, to secure any permanent power in its life. Philosophy, it deserves to be well remembered

and earnestly laid to heart, is the only medium by which the new creation in Christ Jesus can come into triumphant contact with the actual universal life of man, as it stands, in the form either of art, or science, or political organization. An unphilosophical Christianity may be sufficient to save a multitude of individual souls for heaven, but it can never *conquer the world*.

Admitting, too, that philosophy has its dangers for Christianity as well as for life generally, it must be kept in mind that the want of philosophy is always something more full of peril still. Religion cannot be made so practical as to stand in no relation whatever to intelligence and thought. It must ever rest in a theory of some kind, that will be found to rule and condition its influence upon the world. If this theory be not philosophically sound, it will be philosophically unsound and false; and as a medium of communication with the world's life, it will to the same extent be a barrier to the proper power of the Gospel, as appointed for its salvation. We have, indeed, a widely extended school, if we may so use the term, who affect to hold Christianity (greatly differing at the same time, to be sure, about its true form) directly from Christ and the Bible, without the help of any theory whatever, as the medium of its apprehension. But it needs no very deep philosophy certainly—though the case itself shows that it calls for *some*—to perceive the utter vanity, nay, profound absurdity, of every such pretension. The greatest slaves of theory, commonly, are just those who profess to have none; only their theory includes in itself no life, but resolves itself at last into the power of blind, tyrannical, tradition. If we need to be cautioned against philosophy, we need still more perhaps at this time, at least here in America, to be cautioned against the tendency that seeks to bring all philosophy among us into discredit, and which would exclude its authority, only the more effectually to bind the yoke of its own ceremonialism upon our necks.

However it may be with the rest of the world, it is clear indeed that what is wanted among ourselves, to bring our life generally into right form, is not less philosophy than we have at present, but, if it were possible, a great deal more. There is a sad disproportion, in our general

American life, between outward activity and inward consciousness; which implies, however, so far as it prevails, a want of full self-possession and self-control, in the case of our outward activity itself; a want that is extensively felt already throughout the social system to which it belongs, and that may be expected to work itself out sooner or later, if not met with proper seasonable remedy, into the most disastrous, if not absolutely fatal, practical results. We need earnest, profound THOUGHT, born and cradled in the inmost philosophical consciousness of the age, by which to understand the problem we are called to solve as a nation, and so to turn our action to right account. Action, of course, is all important for the proper use of life; it belongs to our nature, not simply to mirror in itself the sense of the surrounding world, but to mould this also into its own image; and it is only under this form, that it can ever possibly show itself complete. Philosophy without action, is always something helpless, and liable to disease, as we see exemplified on a large scale in the history of speculation among the modern Germans. But then, action without philosophy will be found just as little worthy to be trusted also, in the end, for the great purposes of human life. No imagination can well be more false, than to suppose that our American practical talent is sufficient of itself to accomplish all that is comprehended properly in our vocation as a people. Power, to be efficient for moral ends, must be accompanied with light. The force of mind, sundered from the inward illustration that should of right go with it always, is made to resemble, more or less, the force of mere nature, and becomes of the same order with the strength of the whirlwind or mountain torrent. It may carry all before it for a time, but the action, at last, is neither rational nor free. We need not only the energy of will, which now distinguishes us above all the nations of the earth, but the clear insight of speculative reason, also, to clothe our will with its full right to be thus energetic and strong. Let our national spirit be brought to know and possess itself fully in a free way, so that the action of the nation, in all the spheres of its life, may be filled and ruled with the soul of a true self-consciousness,

in the form of philosophy, and we shall then be prepared to fulfill indeed the high destiny that seems to be assigned to us on the part of Heaven. Such a union of action and speculation, joined with the vast resources of our outward life, and the mighty scope thrown open to us by the genius of our political institutions, might be expected to carry us, in due time, far beyond all the world has yet been permitted to reach, in the way of moral progress, under any other form. May we not say, indeed, that this is the very problem of problems, which our new-born America is called at this time to solve, for the universal benefit of men in all time to come?

At present, as already remarked, we are manifestly suffering through the want of speculation, and not from its excess. Action is allowed too often to overwhelm or crowd out thought. There reigns among us, indeed, a wide-spread prejudice against philosophy, in its true and proper character, which makes it difficult to secure any earnest attention to its claims in any quarter. In the mean time, besides, to make the case still worse, a false empirical scheme of thought, (since all action must have *some* spiritual bottom on which to rest in this way,) claiming to be philosophy itself, though only its wretched caricature, in fact, has come to underlie our activity on all sides, and is now ready to resist all deeper thinking, as an invasion upon its own rights. The general character of this bastard philosophy is, that it affects to measure all things, both on earth and in heaven, by the categories of the common abstract understanding, as it stands related simply to the world of time and sense. These categories, however, being in themselves the forms or types only of things in this outward world, and representing therefore the conditions merely of existence in space and time—something relative always and finite by the very nature of the case—become necessarily one-sided and false, the moment we attempt to carry their authority beyond these limits, and to apply them to the truths of the pure reason. This has been triumphantly shown by Kant, in his immortal work on the subject; whose argument thus far, at least, can never be nullified by the skeptical use to which it was turned in his own hands, but only makes

it necessary to surmount this skepticism by pressing forward to still higher ground. It should be understood, and borne in mind always, that the skepticism of Kant is not something from which we escape by falling back simply on the sensuous philosophy, once for all demolished by his gigantic criticism. As against *this*, his argument and the bad use he makes of it, are alike legitimate and sound. With the premises of Locke, it is not possible successfully to withstand the reasoning of David Hume; and the reasoning of David Hume, brought to understand itself, and pushed out to its proper universal form, conducts us over with like necessity to the critical Idealism of Immanuel Kant. If our knowledge can have no other ground on which to rest, than that which is offered to us in the forms of the sensible world, as apprehended through categories of thought, simply answerable to their outward and finite nature, it ought to be clear, surely, that it cannot reach, with any true force, and *as knowledge*, to objects that lie beyond this sphere. The system of Locke pretended to do so, indeed, building its faith in the absolute and infinite upon deductions from the simply relative and finite. This pretension, false from the beginning, Kant has fairly and forever overturned, leaving the world, so far as *that* philosophy could help it, without any sure hold upon a single truth beyond the range of its present experience. And yet it is just this false and helpless system of thinking that still insists, too generally among ourselves, on its right to rule our whole life, and that is ready, alas! on all sides, to stigmatize as transcendental nonsense, if not something still worse, every attempt that is made to go beyond itself in the way of earnest and profound speculation.

The whole tendency of this philosophy is towards materialism and infidelity; as we may see abundantly exemplified by its past history in other parts of the world, particularly in France. It may be associated, it is true, with an opposite system; as commonly in this country, where it claims the spiritual and supernatural, indeed, as peculiarly its own province. But so far as such connection goes, it is outward only and traditional, not inward and real. The philosophy itself has no power to reach the spiritual and supernatural,

and in pretending to do so, only drags it, in fact, downward into its own sphere, so that it is in the end truly neither one nor the other. It reasons from time to eternity with vast dexterity and ease; establishing, by strict Baconian comparison and induction, the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the truth of revelation; but it is all in such a way as turns eternity itself into time, and forces the whole invisible world to become a mere abstraction from the world of sense. The empirical understanding affects to become transcendent, (as Kant calls it,) and may please itself with the imagination of having actually grasped in this way the truth which lies beyond its own horizon; but it is the illusion of one who dreams himself to be awake, and, behold, he is asleep: the object grasped, when all is done, belongs to the sphere of sense, and not to the sphere of spirit. This philosophy makes no room at all for *ideas*, in the proper sense of the term; its ideas are all intellectual abstractions merely, that as such carry in themselves no necessary or universal force. How is it possible, that such a system should have depth or strength; that it should penetrate the interior sense of life, in any quarter; or that it should communicate true spiritual earnestness to the general character and conduct of men, in any direction? All the higher interests of our nature must necessarily be made to suffer, wherever it prevails.

The bad power of this system is widely exemplified among us, in our reigning indifference to philosophy itself, and our want of faith generally in the objects with which it is of right concerned. Speculation and action are very commonly regarded as opposite spheres, only outwardly related to each other; in which view, the first must ever be shorn of all earnest independent interest, on its own account. It is either held to be of no force for actual life at all—the unprofitable metaphysical pugilism, merely, of the schools, by which the world can never be made wiser or better—or else, to save it from such reproach, it is forced to quit the skies wholly, and become the mere shadowy echo of experience and “common sense,” as it is called, in the service of directly material ends. It is pursued accordingly either as a pastime

only, or as a restricted trade. Few have any faith in philosophy as the original and rightful mistress of life. Few have any firm, solid belief in the reality of ideas, as anything more than the generalizations of sense, or the wisely calculated results of common utilitarian experience. He is counted too generally to be the best philosopher, whose thinking is found to move most fully in the orbit of the common understanding, while it shows itself at the same time most skillful in discerning the relation between means and end, and is crowned at last with the largest percentage, in the way of practical benefit and profit. The bearing of all this on our national life, is sufficiently plain in every direction. Our literature and science, our economics and politics, nay, our very ethics and divinity, are all made to suffer in the same way. They are not properly scientific.

The defect is particularly obvious and worthy of notice, in our general system of education. Whatever advantages this may possess in other respects, it is characterized almost universally by a sad want of true philosophical spirit. The idea of a separate department or faculty of philosophy, as necessary to complete the conception of a university education, is almost gone from our minds. The prejudice of tradition is indeed too strong, to allow its total banishment from our colleges, in an open and formal way. Every institution feels itself bound to include in its course

of studies something which it is pleased to dignify with the title of philosophy, in the shape particularly of metaphysics and ethics, as a sort of crowning distinction in honor of the Senior year. But the crown, alas! is not what it ought to be, the keystone of the academic arch, that binds and supports the whole; it is at best an outside ornament simply, of most light and airy structure, set loosely on its summit, of which, in a short time, no trace whatever is to be found. We may safely say, that the way in which philosophy is taught and studied in our colleges generally, is suited only to bring it into discredit. It stands in no organic connection with the course as a whole; it is handled in the most mechanical and external way, as a thing of simple memory and report; and to complete the misery, it is acknowledged only in a form which subverts its whole sense, by substituting for it a poor parody that is wholly unworthy of its name. In its own nature the most earnest of interests, it is thus metamorphosed into the most frivolous and trivial. We need not wonder, that in such circumstances, it should appear shorn of all strength. We need not wonder, that the interest of liberal study generally, deprived in this way of its proper *soul*, should be made to suffer at every point. An earnest philosophy is indispensable to an earnest education, as through this again it is indispensable to all real earnestness in life. J. W. N.

EVANGELINE.*

POETRY, or rather *the poetic*, is a theme which must be forever re-discussed and re-defined, since it is a matter upon which the uneducated and unreflecting must ever refer to their own individual impressions. Like the divine institution of Christianity, it adapts itself to all hearts and all capacities. There is none so stockish,

hard, and full of rage, but poetry may for the time change his nature: the wildest savage has his chants and dances, and though when they are translated to us there is nothing poetic perceptible in them, yet they shall, to him, be poetry. The Chinese have their poems, as well as we ours; but, with the perverseness apper-

* *Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie.* William D. Ticknor & Co. 1849.

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Second Edition. Boston:

taining to most traits of character in our celestial antipodes, what they consider elegant poetic writing, we should class with the maxims of poor Richard. "Keaou Seen Sang," says the Rev. Mr. Smith, a late traveller, "seemed to revel in a paradise of self-complacency, as we sat to listen to his magniloquent intonations of the classics. The impassioned gesture and literary enthusiasm of Keaou, would have led us to believe that his mental enjoyment was very great, and the ideas conveyed by the composition very sublime. But, on translating the immortal fragment, it was frequently found to consist of some such sentiment as these: 'He who makes just agreements, can fulfill his promises; he who behaves with reverence and propriety, puts shame and disgrace to a distance; he who loses not the friendship of those whom he ought to treat with kindness and respect, may be a master.'" These are very sensible worldly maxims, but they are certainly not much more poetic to us than "Time is money," "An honest man's the noblest work of God," or any of the points and antitheses which may occur in poetry, and belong to it, but can exist without it—the pure products of the raised intellect. So, if we are content to seek nearer than China for an illustration, we may discern that what is poetry to one is not so to another; for who has not seen eyes suffused by the recitation of ballads of the most silly character possible? Political elections often engender serious poems of this sort. The Miller doctrine was a myth that gave birth to hymns at once lofty and laughable. The temple of the Mormons, no doubt, echoed to the songs of bards.

In the multitude of tastes between these extreme productions and those of Shakspeare and Milton, there can never be a *consensus omnium* as to the true definition of POETRY, any more than there can be among artists as to what are the requisites of HIGH ART. There is, however, a constant tendency towards such an unanimous agreement, as generations rise up from youth to age, through the experience of passion and the growth of reason. It is very well settled that the names we have just mentioned stand at the head of our poetic literature. Some college students prefer Byron—others Tennyson; Milton

they almost universally consider very pedantic and dry; and although they cannot but admit there are some humorous characters in Shakspeare, they would rather see him on the stage than read him. As they grow up into life, however, if they continue (as, alas! but few of them do in our spreading country,) to love literary studies, they see more and more of the greatness of these wonderful men, and acquiesce more and more in the general verdict of the world. Thus the process forever goes on, the pure art of poetry standing before the race like a pillar of fire, seen by all, but seen best by those who are in the van, or now and then seen best of all by the far-reaching eye of genius.

There was one not many years ago that saw it, as it would seem, in its very purity; who had approached, with his self-consciousness all awake, into its empyreal circle, and could define its form and fix its qualities and limits—COLERIDGE, the most poetic of philosophers, and the most profound and candid of critics. His mind seemed peculiarly formed to be at once the exhibiter and expounder of the highest forms of poetry; he could assume the lyric frenzy, and could analyze it also; he not only wooed the pure muse successfully, but without losing his own heart; he united, in short, in one person, the rarest qualities of artist and critic, actor and reflector, doer and observer. The definition of poetry he has given in his *Biographia Literaria*, and especially in the volume containing the immortal criticism of Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads, is one whose excellence appeals to a man's individual growth in the same manner with that of all the great models of art, viz.: it grows better by time, and is more understood the more it is studied. Few persons in active life have leisure to read Coleridge; indeed, it is questionable whether his peculiar, minutely guarded, yet eloquent, philosophical style should be recommended to young persons engaged in active literary or professional pursuits; he is a writer who were perhaps better left to those who cannot avoid him. Any such one who may have fancied that he fully comprehended the distinctions in the definition we are speaking of several years ago, will probably find on re-reading the pas-

sage, ample argument for modesty in the retrospection. And this will arise, not from a certain theory's wedding itself to his mind and confining it to a particular track, but simply from his own personal experience of life; he will understand them better, as he does his Milton and Shakespeare, not from their having educated him, but from his having grown older and thought and suffered more. It is our purpose to recur briefly to these distinctions and principles, culling out and explaining some of the most important of them, and then to apply them to the work under review.

In the first chapter of the second volume of the *Biographia*, a new edition of which has just been issued by the Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, after a short account of the origin of the Lyrical Ballads, the author proceeds to explain his ideas, first, of a *POEM*, secondly, of *POETRY* itself, in *kind* and in *essence*. Of a poem he observes: *First*. That it must be in metre or rhyme, or both; it must have the superficial *form*. *Secondly*. Its *immediate purpose* must be the communication of pleasure. But, *thirdly*. "The communication of pleasure may be the object of a work not metrically composed, as in novels and romances. Would, then, the mere superaddition of metre, with or without rhyme, entitle these to the name of poems? The answer is, (and this distinction we italicize, that the reader may observe it carefully,) that *nothing can permanently please which does not contain in itself the reason why it is so, and not otherwise*. If metre be superadded, all other parts must be made consonant with it. They must be such as to justify the perpetual and distinct attention to each part, which an exact correspondent recurrence of accent and sound are calculated to excite. The final definition, then, so deduced, may be thus worded: A poem is that species of composition, which is opposed to works of science, by proposing for its immediate object pleasure, not truth; and from all other species (having *this* object in common with it) it is discriminated by proposing to itself such delight from the *whole*, as is compatible with a distinct gratification from each component part."

The discrimination here made seems to cover too much; for the gratification re-

ceived from each part in a true poem must be such as is also compatible with the delight to be inspired by the whole; each must help each and all. But the philosopher does not overlook this in his next paragraph: "If a man chooses to call every composition a poem, which is rhyme, or measure, or both, I must leave his opinion uncontroverted. The distinction is at least competent to characterize the writer's intention. If it were subjoined, that the whole is likewise entertaining or affecting, as a tale, or a series of interesting reflections, I of course admit that this is another fit ingredient of a poem, and an additional merit. But if the definition sought for be that of a *legitimate* poem, I answer, it must be one, the parts of which mutually support and explain each other; all in their proportion harmonizing with, and supporting, the purpose and known influences of metrical arrangement. The philosophic critics of all ages coincide with the ultimate judgment of all countries, in equally denying the praises of a just poem, on the one hand, to a series of striking lines or distichs, each of which, absorbing the whole attention of the reader to itself, disjoins it from its context, and makes it a separate whole, instead of an harmonizing part; and on the other hand, to an unsustained composition, from which the reader collects rapidly the general result, unattracted by the component parts. The reader should be carried forward, not merely, or chiefly, by the mechanical impulse of curiosity, or by a restless desire to arrive at the final solution; but by the pleasurable activity of mind, excited by the attractions of the journey itself. Like the motion of a serpent, which the Egyptians made the emblem of intellectual power; or like the path of sound through the air; at every step he pauses, and half recedes, and, from the retrogressive movement, collects the force which again carries him onward. *Precipitandus est liber spiritus*, says Petronius Arbiter, most happily. The epithet *liber*, here balances the preceding verb; and it is not easy to conceive more meaning, condensed in fewer words."

We have quoted largely this characteristic passage for its beautiful clearness and breadth and condensation of thought. But the definition, it must be remembered,

is after all only of a *poem*, and is intended to distinguish that species of writing from *prose*. Evangeline, and many works far inferior to it, come indisputably within the definition. If we wish to examine what are the elements of a *great* poem, we shall find them in the succeeding and concluding paragraphs of the chapter, under the definition of *poetry*. Of course the excellence of a poem as a work of art must be determined by the manner in which it develops those elements. After the form, the question is, how far is the piece *poetic*? Or the examination might be reversely thus: after considering how far the piece is poetic, the only other question must be, how far is the form born of and consonant with the quality of the piece as poetry? For in poetry the form and the spirit are in reality inseparable, and the task of considering them apart, to which our minds are compelled by the infirmity of their constitution, while it is the only way by which we arrive at a clear understanding of the whole subject, leads necessarily through a labyrinth of distinctions in which it is hardly possible to thread one's way without errors.

We might now consider the *form* of Evangeline, and its general *keeping*, and its intellectual ability and merit as a work of taste; the definitions already given being, as we consider, for such an examination, the best standard. But as all these qualities should be subordinate to, and created by, *POETRY*, we must go still further into the matter abstractly before descending into particulars. Poetry is to all the other qualities what charity is to human abilities; without it all is "sounding brass." It is the father of all metres; all varieties of rhyme are but its outward limbs and flourishes. Let us abandon ourselves once more to the guidance of the adventurous explorer, whose soul lived in the tropics of passion, while at the same time his mind wandered clear and unchilled in the darkest and coldest zones of thought.

"What is poetry? is so nearly the same question with, what is a poet? that the answer to the one is involved in the solution of the other. For it is a distinction resulting from the poetic genius itself, which sustains and modifies the images, thoughts and emotions of the poet's own mind. The poet, described in *ideal* perfection, brings the whole soul of man into

activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other, according to their relative worth and dignity. He diffuses a tone and spirit of unity, that blends, and (as it were) *fuses*, each into each, by *that synthetic and magical power, to which we have exclusively appropriated the name of imagination*. This power, first put in action by the will and understanding, and retained under their irremissive, though gentle and unnoticed, control, (*laxis effertur habenis*,) reveals itself in the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities; of sameness, with difference; of the general, with the concrete; the idea, with the image; the individual, with the representative; the sense of novelty and freshness, with old and familiar objects; a more than usual state of emotion, with more than usual order; judgment ever awake, and steady self-possession, with enthusiasm and feeling profound or vehement; and while it blends and harmonizes the natural and the artificial, still subordinates art to nature; the manner to the matter; and our admiration of the poet to our sympathy with the poetry."

"Finally, *GOOD SENSE* is the *BODY* of poetic genius, *FANCY* its *DRAPERY*, *MOTION* its *LIFE*, and *IMAGINATION* the *SOUL*, that is everywhere, and in each; and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole."

To make this perfectly clear, it would be necessary to read, or rather study, the chapters in the preceding volume of the *Biographia*, leading to the discussion of the *esemplastic power*, up to the point where the author wisely writes himself a letter, advising him to proceed no further—a task we would recommend to none who are not already somewhat versed in metaphysical reading, and have not smattered away the original confidence in their ignorance, which is the surest guide to knowledge. Let us reverently endeavor to explain what he means by the *Imagination* which is the soul of poetic genius, and the *Fancy* which is its drapery. In common parlance these words are used interchangeably: here their meanings are widely different. If the important words in this final sentence are fully understood, we are under no apprehension of being unintelligible, when we speak of the genius of Mr. Longfellow.

What is meant by "good sense" is clear; we understand a vigilant presiding reason, having the common knowledge of the world in greater or less degree under its control: in some of our modern small poets *animal feeling* seems to take its place, and

we then have poems very well sustained, very well clothed, moving very gracefully, but for all that extremely weak and nonsensical. What is meant by motion is also perfectly plain; but the other two words are less easily distinguished, and no man can understand them fully, unless he possesses them in a conscious degree himself, which very many do not. Let us go back to the concluding definitions in the first volume, already referred to:—"The IMAGINATION, then, I consider either as primary or secondary. The primary IMAGINATION, I hold to be the living power and prime Agent of all human Perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM." That is to say, as we understand it, it is that first principle in the mind of man, which enables him to say, "I exist;" over this the will has no control. "The secondary I consider as an echo of the former, co-existing with conscious will, yet still as identical with the primary in the *kind* of its agency, and differing only in *degree*, and in the *mode* of its operation. It dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to re-create; or, where this process is rendered impossible, yet still, at all events, it struggles to idealize and to unify. It is essentially *vital*," etc. "FANCY, on the contrary, has no other counters to play with, but fixities and definitives. The fancy is, indeed, no other than a mode of memory emancipated from the order of time and space, and blended with, and modified by, that empirical phenomenon of the will, which we express by the word CHOICE. But, equally with the ordinary memory, it must receive all its materials ready-made from the law of association."

In brief, it is to the imagination that we owe the *sustaining power* in poetry, and to the fancy its *imagery*. The imagination is the wing—the fancy, the plumage; that is, considering them as distinct qualities, like the "organs" of the phrenologist. But they unite in all proportions, and in all degrees of submission to the primary consciousness. Where the poet, in the open day, with the disappointments of the past, the distraction of the present, and the hopelessness of the future around him; with his judgment all awake, his memory stored with learning and his fancy teeming

with images; can resolutely cast himself loose and abandon himself to a rapture that is feigned and yet real—that despises reason, yet never goes beyond it—that in short sets the whole of the faculties of his nature into intense activity—it is by the strength of his imagination that he is enabled to do it; and it is according as this faculty of his mind is put forth, that we feel his power. In some, it is exerted with less of the will than in others. Shakspeare's imagination carried him quite beyond consciousness, so that he utters the divinest songs without knowing it; Milton's had more of the dull clay to contend with, but then, with an Atlas-like strength, he bears the burden to the very sky. Coleridge himself is another splendid example of the power of the faculty he has analyzed. He must have had an almost infinitely greater tenacity of conscious reason to overcome than ordinary men, yet when he does rise, how strong is his flight! He reminds one, though the reader will smile at the application, of what the French Lord says of Parolles, in *All's Well that Ends Well*: "Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?" Like his own Albatross, he is an unwieldy bird; but when he is once on the wing, "thorough the fog," or on the good south wind, he wins his way with an unconquerable vigor.

Wherever this strength is put forth, and under whatever variety of obstacles, it never fails to be felt. It is indeed "the faculty divine." Whether exerted with more or less of learning, in poetry or prose, in writing or in any other art, or in actual life, it is at once perceived and its force measured according to its degree. It is the contact of soul with soul. In life, it is the essence of character. Men do not affect each other through dry intellect; it is not by argument alone that they sway each other; it is by the strength of the imagination. Some men have weak intellects combined with great force of character: it is almost miraculous what a power they will exert over those around them. In some this power develops itself, through a rough nature, in violence and impetuosity; in others it works smoothly. It makes the tunes, with which, in this jangled and discordant world, the spirits of men play upon each

other. Some are sweet and tender, some rapid and harsh, some melting, others inspiring. In what but the imagination consists the subtle power of great rulers? Mere force of will is not sufficient to account for it. We must estimate the souls even of such men as Napoleon by our own, and certainly all the power of will in the whole human family would never suffice to account for such phenomena, without the presence of that "synthetic and magical power" which ever "struggles to idealize and unify"—a power which, in such extreme cases, seems almost to deprive the soul of its free agency, and make the man a "child of destiny," while in reality it is the excess of liberty.

But the most lovely development of this Imagination, which is the soul's life, is in Poetry and the fine arts. Here it acts not to gain, or primarily to overcome, but to *please*. Here it speaks through beautiful forms, and the delightful play of thoughts. It moves us, but at the same time enchains us. If it awes us it does not make us afraid, but merely quickens in us, for the moment, a kindred thrill. Only here, through poetry and art, is it that man to man is lovely and excellent; only here that his soul expands above the gross things of earth, and aspires to reach the original image of its Maker. The act of adoration is its highest exercise. To pray truly is not, though it should be one's duty to strive to make it so, an act for all times and places, nor is it to be accomplished easily, though to endeavor is all that is required of us. Hence the dim aisles of venerable churches, lofty music, and solemn ceremonies, are assistants to devotion, because they call off the Fancy from its ordinary scenes, and, by turning it to loftier ones, teach it to lead its elder sister the Imagination to retire into its secret closet and there worship the Infinite Majesty of Heaven. Next to this exercise of the soul, there is no art in which it develops itself against more difficulty or with more irresistible power than in music. This art requires infinite learning and infinite physical education. It tasks both body and mind, at the very moment of imaginative rapture. The poet here must soar with his mind crowded to the utmost with mathematical symmetries, and his fingers literally, as well as figuratively, on

the strings of his lyre. Hence it is an art in which the imagination is more wondrously near and present than in any other; and also, one in which the great masters are fewer than in any other, and the interval between them and their inferiors, wider. Were it not for this, that the composer can educate himself into such a habit that he can create a whole work in his mind alone, or pass and repass it at will across his fancy, as one may a movement that he has often heard, the productions of the great musical geniuses would be absolute miracles; as it is, the spiritual vigor stands before us more naked in this art than even in poetry. The power of Handel is felt more universally and at once, than that of Milton; many have admired the ever-active and graceful invention of Haydn, to whom Chaucer would be a mere antique; the qualities of Mozart are more instantly moving than those of Shakspeare; and it is easier to understand Beethoven than Coleridge. For the learning of the science supplies in music the place of "good sense" in poetry; and symmetry becomes more readily the habit of the mind than sense.

But poetry, if it is below music in intensity and rapidity, is above it, and above painting and sculpture, in universality. If in it the imaginative power is not so sudden, it is not, on the other hand, confined to so narrow a range. If it does not draw the spirit so near, it enables us to see more of it at a time. If it does not magnify so much, its field of vision is greater. For it is not limited to symmetries of ear-forms, or groups, figures, or views for the eye; it includes all forms and all thoughts. It "brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other, according to their relative worth and dignity." God be thanked for all these lovely arts, but most of all for this—the divinest of all!

Let us now descend from these abstract principles, and endeavor to apply them to Evangeline. But we must first inform the reader more particularly what the book is, than he could learn from the title-page, copied at the beginning of our article. That only informs him that it is a "tale of Acadie," which was the old French name for the peninsula that is now a part of Nova Scotia. The particular place where

the story begins, is Grand Pré, a village of French settlers containing about a hundred families. The time is soon after the expedition against Louisburg. The interest chiefly depends on the misfortunes of the hero and heroine, Gabriel Lajeunesse and Evangeline Bellefontaine—either of whom, by the way, would have had shorter names had we been present at the christening. These two are betrothed and are soon to be married; but before they are so, some English ships come into the harbor with orders to break up the settlement and carry off the inhabitants, which is accordingly done. The wretched people are landed, some at one place, some at another, and are thus scattered throughout this country. Evangeline loses Gabriel, and the whole of the remainder of the tale is an account of her feelings and efforts to find him. At one time she is going down the Mississippi on a cumbrous boat, while he is going up on a swift boat: she feels in her spirit that he is near, but does not know that he has passed, till her boat reaches the new home of his father the next day, and she hears that he has gone to the far West, on a trapping expedition. Not disheartened, she sets off after him the succeeding day, and follows him, always too late to overtake him, even to the base of the Ozark mountains. So passes her whole life, in a fruitless search for her lost lover. She goes everywhere: to the shores of Lake Huron, down the St. Lawrence, to the Moravian Mission—"in cities, in fields, in the noisy camps and battle fields of the army!" At length in her old age she lands, from the troubled sea, at Philadelphia. "Pleased with the Thee and the Thou of the Quakers," she remains there, and joins the Sisters of Mercy, whose duty it is to visit the sick. Finally, in the time of the yellow fever, she sees among the dying at the hospital an old man with thin locks; she utters such a cry of anguish that "the dying start up from their pillows:" it is Gabriel! He just recognizes her, and then the light of his eyes suddenly sinks into darkness, "as when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement." She bows her head; the long agony is over now, and the story ends with her saying, "Father, I thank thee!"—an ejaculation in which, for reasons perfectly clear to ourself, and which we hope to make so to

the reader, we could not refrain from heartily joining.

In the first place, the author has chosen to write this tale, not in any usual or natural form of English verse, but in Latin hexameter, or a form intended to resemble it, and without rhyme. The English muse is boldly invoked to permit him to sing (page 90; he has the grace not to request her aid) in lines which are the counterparts of

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

The consequence is, that each line is by itself, and rushes down with a doleful decadence that in a short time carries the reader's courage along with it. Knowing, as Mr. Longfellow of course does, the fate of all similar attempts, it is strange that he should have had the hardihood to have made another. But it is still stranger that one who has so exquisite an ear for the melody of verse, considered by itself, should be so little able to distinguish its propriety considered in connection with a subject, and as aiding to embody and carry out harmoniously a particular imaginative hue. "Nothing can permanently please which does not contain in itself the reason why it is so, and not otherwise:"—the reader will remember that we italicized this sentence in the definition of a poem; it was that we might use it here. We cannot see why this tale should have been written in this measure; there is no consonance between the form and the substance of the narrative. But to show this, let us quote a passage as a specimen. We will take the description of the heroine:—

"Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas, Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré, Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household, Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village. Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters; Hearty and hale was he, as an oak that is covered with snow-flakes; White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves. Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on
the thorn by the way-side,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the
brown shade of her tresses !
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that
feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reap-
ers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth
was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while
the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest
with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters bless-
ings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chap-
let of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue,
and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and
since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through
long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal
beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form,
when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's
benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing
of exquisite music."

Is this natural poetry ? Does the nar-
rative *require* these "dying falls ?" We
answer, no ; the measure jars upon us ; it
is as though we were reading intense prose
before a slowly nodding China mandarin.
The face falls at the end of every line.
Where was the necessity for choosing such
a form ? It cannot be that the idea of its
appropriateness rose up spontaneously in
the author's mind on his first conceiving
the piece, and that he used it because he
felt it to be the best ; at least it is to be
hoped it did not. That motion which
Coleridge calls the life of poetry, is here a
very melancholy life indeed. It is a "body
of this death." Was it because it was a
new form, and the author wished to show
that "some things could be done as well as
others ?" Then he should not have at-
tempted it for three reasons : *first*, the mo-
tive is unworthy of a poet ; *secondly*, the
same thing or others very like had been
tried before a hundred times, and it is evi-
dent to any student that it has never suc-
ceeded, because it does not accord with the
structure of our language ; and, *thirdly*, no
one has a right to try such novelties with-

out being, like Collins in his Ode to Even-
ing, successful. Was it because the old
forms were exhausted ? How much richer
would be an imitation, were it necessary to
make such, of the melody of Comus, than
such a monotonous tune as this ! We have
tried all ways of reading it, now minding
accents and pauses, now reading it as prose ;
but it is neither one thing nor the other,
and whether as prose or verse is equally
cold, affected and unnatural. The whole
book did not accustom us to it ; and from
its growing more and more tedious till the
end, we do not believe another would,
twice as bulky.

But it may be urged, Evangeline is in a
walk of art to which strictness of criticism
should not be applied. It is not attempted
to make the characters natural, but only
to make them in harmony with each other.
It is raised very high into the poetic region ;
and the mind which approaches it must
for the nonce lay aside common sense and
put on spectacles which turn all things to
gold. To appreciate such constancy as
Evangeline's, one must be very refined in-
deed. The whole work, in short, is so *fine*
that it required these awkward inclined
planes of lines, that perpetually carry the
reader down—and down—and down—a—
in order to make it sufficiently remote and
strange. It is a painting on glass, and has
laws of its own. The attempt is not to
idealize, but to create.

So far as such opinions recognize the
propriety of works of art in which the
fancy shall give the whole a delicate and
peculiar hue, their justice must be admit-
ted, of course. We suffer ourselves to be
pleased with transparencies around lamps ;
we see landscapes in the frost pictures on
windows ; there are innumerable golden re-
gions above the sunset, and miniatures of
them in the glowing coals ; nay, faces of
angels and devils peep out upon us even
from the papered walls. Whatever the
fancy permits will come into poetry. There
may be good poems as literal as the Tales
of the Hall, and others equally good, as fan-
ciful as the Faery Queen. But in one, as
much as in the other, the form and *motion*
should be, because it must be, created by,
and conform with, and belong to, and
be a part of the essence of, the whole. For
example, take the Ancient Mariner : noth-
ing is more common than the ballad form ;

but that form was never so written before. The poetry of the piece takes that old measure and moulds it anew into an eloquent motion peculiar to itself, harmonizing with and heightening its general effect. The verse of the poem is as original as any element of it; but how clearly did it grow to be what it is, under the guidance of the poet of course, yet still *as of necessity*.

But in *Evangeline* there is no such concinnity. The verse stands out like an awkward declaimer, or a bashful school-boy rehearsing young Norval, or Hohen Linden. It has no connection with the poetry; the two are in the condition of a couple divorced *a mensa et thoro*, but not *a vinculo matrimonii*; they are mingled but not combined; in mixtion, not in solution. We are not called upon to be first affected with the tale as we proceed, and left to admire at its elegance, but are asked to admire first, and to be affected secondarily. The difference is just this, that the author is affected and not we. He is determined to be fine, and consequently determinately so. "O wad some power the giftie gie us!"—and most especially in writing poetry, for there it is impossible to hide the secret purpose. When the spirit of the Muse is upon us, and we must prophecy; when the whole soul is compelled by an angel with a fiery sword; when, as Milton saith, the poet is "soaring in the high region of his fancy, with his garland and singing robes about him;" then these over-niceties do not appear, or if they do, they are at once pardoned and passed by. When the hot simoom of the IMAGINATION sweeps across the burning wastes of the soul, the birds and beasts which people it fly before the blast, and the silly young estriches of our vanity run till they fall and die; but when the strong north wind of the WILL sweeps along with only a great cloud of dust, the silly creatures stick their heads in the sand and abide its utmost fierceness!

The idea, also, that this tale is so very fine as not to be appreciated by common minds, and is therefore exempt from common criticism; that it is in what Mr. Willis would perhaps style a "Japonica" region of the poetic art, and only to be read after a purification, this idea which we have admitted as a supposed excuse for the uncountness of the measure, is only admissible

as such a supposition. For the characters and their motives are old and universal. The popularity of Madame Cottin's tale of the Exile of Siberia, shows how well the world understands the wealth and the depth of woman's affection. But it may be said, that though old and universal this affection is here in a highly refined form. Constancy, it may be urged, it is true, is only constancy whether clad in hoddin gray or pink satin, but that here it is clad in extremely choice raiment.

Now to this we must answer, and this conducts us to the *general style* of the piece, the clothing is not to our taste. It is not really fine, but tawdry; not neat, but gaudy. It pains the eye for want of harmony, and for ostentatious showiness in the coloring. To read the whole book cloyes the fancy. The figures and comparisons seldom come in naturally, but are the offspring of conscious choice. The poet has always left him a "conceit, a miserable conceit." There is not a simile in the piece resembling in its essence either of the three that Burns throws in with a single dash in Tam O'Shanter; not one that makes the picture burst upon the eye, and thrills the heart with its imaginative sympathy. But the similes in Milton, it may be said, which he strews in "thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa," are consciously chosen. Not so; though there are minds to whom they must always so appear, not being able to lift themselves up to the height of his greatness.

The comparison in the extract quoted—"Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows," is neither suggested nor suggestive, neither natural nor well chosen, but forced, unapt and *not new*. To one who never had any agricultural experience, it may seem elegant; possibly to such an one it would come naturally; but to our apprehension it is a simile which is not only strained, but degrades rather than exalts. The last line in the extract is another forced simile: "When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music." But this is so pretty, that one cannot choose but pardon it. The author is not always so successful. Thus:—

"Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the
angels."

This is altogether *too* fine. It is sickening. We cannot away with it. A writer who feeds American boarding-school misses with such *bon-bons*, is fair subject for mirth. He ought to be laughed out of the folly. Next thing his bust will appear in some barber's window in Broadway—if indeed the ideal is not there already. One would think this should suffice for the stars in one poem; but no:—

"Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens!"

This is *naughty*: we fear we shall never meet Mr. Longfellow in the place he mentions, if he allows himself to use such expressions.

Sometimes he is very ingenious, so much so, that it becomes a pleasure to anatomize his good things. Indeed, in this sense, the poem would not be so tedious, were we not called upon to feel at the same time for the grief of the unfortunate lovers. But there is just the difficulty. How one could elaborate so affecting a plot, in so minutely cool and trifling a manner, exercising his ingenuity on an unusual metre, and in discovering all sorts of pretty comparisons and expressions, passes comprehension. When, for example, his heroine grows old, he says:—

"Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray on her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning."

The comparison of the turning gray of the hair to the dawn of the morning, has a pleasing fancifulness, but is certainly as remote from real pathos, as likening a boiled lobster to the same phenomenon.* The poet does not *paint* by such similes; they distract from his picture and attract to his ingenuity. The cool *wit* (using the word in its old acceptance) so predominates over the *imagination*, as to cause that faculty to dwindle into *affectation*. If the reader is moved by such writing, it is of his own accord, and out of the disposition

* How much nearer the language of emotion is "the *milky* head of reverend Priam," in the rhetorical passage the first player recites in Hamlet.

of his nature to supply emotion where it is so evidently wanting. We can fancy that one should feel in reading many passages like this, and, indeed, the whole piece, that the writer is giving out in a calm and unnatural monotonous chant, feelings too deep to be allowed egress in spontaneous eloquence; just as many must remember to have felt, when it was common for college students to imitate the impressive oddity of Mr. Emerson's manner, at hearing some unfortunate, meek-eyed, muddy-brained young gentlemen "commune;" or as they would, perhaps, have phrased it, "let the within flow out into the universal." There is a perfect analogy between this poem and its style, and between their thinking and conversation; and it might be added, that the poetry and the thinking are both equidistant from the high and the true. For what degree of vital heat can be felt to exist in a style which gives birth to such flowers of rhetoric, as those we are quoting?—

"Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning."

This is not lavender, mint, or marjoram, "flowers of middle summer;" but is more like rosemary and rue, that keep "seeming and savor" all winter; rather it is a lichen, that might grow on an iceberg.

"She saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!"

The exclamation point is not ours; it is so in the original, and ends a chapter. The reader can attach to it no other legitimate significance, than as indicating the poet's astonishment at his own conception.

But he is very fond of comparisons from Scripture:—

"The trumpet flower and the grape-vine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were swift humming birds that flitted from blossom to blossom."

Have the old painters, did Rembrandt,

represent Jacob's Dream with a rope ladder? The image, to our fancy, is as strange as the likeness of humming birds to angels. Jacob's ladder on Mount Washington, must surely be more like the original.

"Wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old
with the angel."

The *trees* collectively could not have wrestled like *Jacob*, though any one of them might have been said to do so with perfect propriety. We observe the same slight inaccuracy in another place:—

"Their souls with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending
to heaven."

But here is a Scripture simile from the part of the poem where the reader is asked to be most moved. *Evangeline* has at last discovered her long-lost *Gabriel* among the sick in the hospital:—

"Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush
of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign
and pass over."

This is a temperance in passion, not acquired or begotten, but innate and "from the purpose." One would suppose that the redness of the lips were rather an invitation for Death to enter; or an indication like an auctioneer's flag in the window of a dwelling house, that the inhabitants were moving out.

Frequently we meet with a good thing spoiled by the same coldness that permits these unpleasing extravagancies.

"On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a
tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened
and devious spirit."

This is very pretty indeed. The tremulousness sufficiently divides the one gleam into many, to make it resemble "sweet thoughts." But see what follows:—

"Nearer and round about her, the manifold
flowers of the garden

Poured out their souls in odors, that were their
prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent
Carthusian."

If this had stopped with "odors," it would have been well; had it ended with "night," it would have been perhaps half as good; as it is, the whole is bad. The little kitten of a thought is pinched and pinched till it mews horribly. Let us leave it and pass to another:—

"Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the
vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered
in battle."

So far would have been well, but—

"By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the
heavens."

Now the motion of a high soaring vulture, though it be like going up circular stairs in respect that it goes round and round, yet in respect that it is a smooth equable motion, it is very unlike going up stairs. Why an *implacable* soul should go to heaven at any rate, we find no sufficient reason, unless it be to fill out the metre of a very rough line; but perchance Mr. Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches* might furnish one: we observe so many instances of minute memory of little particulars gleaned out of books of travel and thrust in *for their own sake*, that we are in constant danger of exposing our ignorance. Possibly there may be some superstition among the Indians—whom the author calls, but without giving any note for the authority, "the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children"—to the effect that implacable souls go to heaven, and up circular stairs.

Where a simile occurs which is really expressive, it looks as if it had been laid away in a note-book and copied out for the occasion; thus:—*Evangeline* beheld the priest's face

"without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the
hands have been taken."

This would not be out of place in pleasant prose description: it occurs in what is intended to be a very serious passage. A little on the priest attempted to speak;

"but his heart was full, and
his accents
Flattered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a
child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful
presence of sorrow."

But how shall such a comparison as the following be classified?—The Notary has told Evangeline's father a story, which does not convince him, any more than it will the reader, but it puzzles him, so that he stood like a man who fain would speak but findeth no language;

"And all his thoughts congealed into lines on
his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window
panes in the winter."

It is sufficient to add to a list of such things, which might be extended to more than equal in number the pages of the poem, a few which are better:—

"In the dead of the night she heard the *whispering* rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore
tree by the window."

"The tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a *fiery snake* coiled round in a circle
of cinders."

"Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as *the swoop*
of the eagle,
Down the hill-side bounding they glided away
o'er the meadows."

"Blown by the blast of fate like a *dead leaf* over
the desert."

These have as much naturalness and truth as any of their kind in the piece. But they are not very remarkable. Indeed, it may be observed of all this sort of writing, that where it is not strained it is common. Like singers who force their voices, the authors become incapable of sustaining a full, vigorous tone.

The description of the heroine already given to show the effect of the verse, the doleful hexameters, will serve to show also the general tone of the *style* and the level of the *thought* and *sentiment*. So far as it is melodious and flowing it is pleasing, but with all its labored similes and studied common-place epithets, it fails to flash the picture upon the mind's eye with that imaginative power which is the soul of high descriptive poetry. We are told that

Evangeline's father was "stalworth and stately," and "hearty and hale as an oak that is covered with snow flakes:"

"White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak leaves."

Does this comparison bring into the vision at once and irresistibly a clear image? On the contrary, the reader must first fancy an oak tree in winter, and consider wherein it resembles a stout old farmer, and then fall back upon the epithets, which are certainly not the most novel in the world. Stalworth, stately, and the like, have been used before—several times; perhaps they might be found in Mr. James's novels.

The maiden was "fair;" she had "black eyes" that gleamed softly beneath the brown shade of her tresses; she was particularly fair when at noontide she carried ale to the reapers; (at that time of day she would have seemed fairer to the reapers had she, if we may write a hexameter,

Stood in the door of the kitchen and blown a
tin horn for the dinner;)

fairer still was she when she went to church, where the bell sprinkled the air with holy sounds as the priest sprinkled the congregation with hyssop; fairest of all, celestially so, when she walked homeward serenely with God's benediction upon her. All this does not make us *see* her. "Serenely," it is true, is a good phrase; it brings an indistinct impression of a sweet young lady walking home from church, and thus affects the ear poetically. But taking the whole together as it stands, and how must Evangeline impress any fancy which is peopled with the beautiful forms of our elder English poets, and our best novelists, with the Shakspeare's ladies and Walter Scott's? Is she a worthy person to be introduced into such company? They would be ashamed of so insipid a creature; Perdita would never endure such a country maid. For with all her graces and different degrees of fairness, there is nothing of her but a name, and a faint impression, not of feminine characterlessness, but of *softness*. There is no soul in her. For seventeen she is so childish as to be silly. What is told about her is told in *such a way*, that while we forget the particulars there is nothing left that is general.

This is perhaps because she is so very

fine and delicate a creature that critics cannot understand or lift themselves up to the exaltation of her refinement. But critics can bear the description of Belphebe. It is not the lusciousness of the imagery that offends in *Evangeline*. It is simply the absence of the "unifying power," that fuses all into one image, that illumines the creations of the fancy with a steady intense gleam. How delightful is the first introduction of Una:—

"A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black stole she did throw,
As one that *inly mourn'd*: so was she sad,
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in her heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led."

In truth a most lovely lady! "*As one that inly mourned*"—who can read it without pitying her? Here is no oak tree, kine breath, or hyssop sprinkling comparison; the poet is working in the glow of thought and emotion; he is lost in the gentle music of his song; he is not endeavoring to excite admiration, but to communicate the vision and the dream which his rapt eyes behold. Observe how incongruously, like the couplet in Goldsmith's *Elegy*, the last line follows its predecessor. Yet in reading the *Faery Queen*, one never notices such things as blemishes; the level of the song admits them, and the fancy is kept too busy to mind them.

"Rapt with the rage of mine own ravished thoughts,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high concealed sprites,
I fain to tell the things that I behold,
But feel my wish to fail, and tongue to fold."
Spenser's Hymn of Heavenly Beauty.

But in *Evangeline* one is obliged to notice every line. He is not permitted to lose his attention in the story, in the pictures, in the character, the thought, or emotion. The writer, with his sweet sentences, his pile-driving hexameters, his strained similes and over-nice conceits, is ever directly before him, and whatever of warmth and beauty the kind reader is willing to behold, he must perceive

through a cold distorting fog of artificiality. There is no character-drawing in the piece; the hero and heroine are not alive. We shudder at the possible mournfulness of the story, but not at its actual.

"Fairest of all the maids was *Evangeline*,
Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all youths was *Gabriel*, son of the
blacksmith!"

Upon what pitch or poetic ground-color was it supposed possible to work in such a consciously affected style, such "make believe good children" kind of thought and sentiment as appears in the passage which this goodly couplet concludes? Or what class of readers were supposed capable of relishing a work which should abound in passages like the following—baby-talk forced into a canter:—

"Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf
of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of
the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair like the silken floss of
the maize hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high;
and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose with a look of wisdom
supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more
than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard
his great watch tick."

This was intended probably to be a little pleasant touch of simple nature; but it is not. It is mere puerility. The painful obviousness of the intent is as fatal to humor as to pathos. Both need the *ars celare artem*, which is here entirely wanting. The last line is so plainly the work of a cold design, that it renders what might otherwise assist in bringing out a domestic picture seem purely goodyish. It would be a pretty thought for Dickens, in some passage where it would first strike the fancy as funny; but here, especially at the beginning of a chapter, all the pleasure that should be derived from the nicety or novelty of the observation is utterly lost. It is belittling one's self to write or read such stuff:—

"There from his station aloft, at the head of the
table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in
endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet
Natchitoches tobacco."

Whoever has observed a Tilly Slowboy with a wondering baby on her knee, which she is seesawing to and fro, and amusing with some great story all about nothing, must have experienced the feeling which this sort of writing cannot but excite. Suppose Tilly is entertaining her charge with a history of the war; she chants hexameters without knowing it, merely to chime with the motion of her knees:—

"President Polk is the crossdest old man that
ever was heard of,
Fighting and killing is just what he likes and
he cuts people's heads off
When they don't mind him, like aunty for tea-
table slicing the bread; and
General Scott he went away off to conquer the
Mex'cans,
And he had a great sword, O! ever so long,
and he rode a stout war-horse—
Rode a horse that probably cost him I don't
know how many dollars;
And his epaulettes, my! dear me! they shined
like—*anything shiny*,
And in his cap were feathers enough to stuff
out a bolster—
But when he come to the city, says he, 'I must
put in a new one,'
And he did it—"

But no parody could be made colder and more remote from true poetic eloquence than the style of *Evangeline*. Nor would it be very easy to write so long a piece, intended to be so affecting, with so little manly thinking.

What shall be said of such an incident as this, and the advice which follows it: When *Evangeline* and Father Felician are going down the Mississippi in a cumbrous boat, they are one night moored under the boughs of Wachita willows. That very night, under the other bank of the river, a swift boat with Gabriel on board passes upward. The river being there something less than a mile wide, *Evangeline* feels by some mesmeric attraction that her lover is near, and tells the father so, at the same time adding that it is only her fancy, and that he will not probably understand her:

"But made answer the reverend man, and he
smiled as he answered,"—

(But should smile why the reverend man,
we confess we do not perceive here.)

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they
to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats
on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the
anchor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the
world calls illusions."

Most profound Father! so profound that a question arises as to his meaning. If it would please the poor girl to think that her Gabriel was near because she felt so, that was very well; but one does not see how her feeling could have any influence on the actual fact. She might have felt so had he not been passing, and the father's advice would have been just as pertinent; indeed, for aught he knew, he might be a thousand miles away. If the father really meant to say that her feeling was to the actual fact what the buoy is to the anchor, he is talking nonsense; if he meant, as he says, that her words were to her feelings what the buoy is to the anchor, and that *therefore* she should trust to illusions, he is talking worse nonsense. There is no *sequitur*. We can understand Defoe's feeling that he was urged by an overruling impulse to do a particular thing, and his advice in such cases to follow the supernatural guidance; Dr. Johnson's leaping over posts in London streets because he felt that if he could or did, something would turn out well, is no absurdity to those who are particular to see the new moon over the right shoulder; the sudden shooting forward of the memory by which for an instant the present and new seems old and familiar, all the occult dreams of poets and musicians, are easy to understand; but this passage is not. It does not mean anything. Fortunately, the poem being almost wholly narrative, those whose duty it is to criticise it are spared the necessity of remarking upon much of such thinking—thinking which it would never be necessary to notice with severity, did it not appear under a form of much pretension.

If we take the general thought of the piece aside from what is wasted in such nonsense as this, and in dressing what should have been an affecting story in such a masquerading costume that it is ridiculous; that is to say, if we consider the bare plot and the naked thread of the

description, there is nothing in them to be condemned. This is but negative praise, yet it is all they deserve. The story, in decent garb, might have told very well in the monthly magazines. Indeed, it is of a kind which would have borne quite a flowery style, and is perhaps sufficiently poetic for verse—reasonable verse, we mean, for no bard on earth could drag it or any other story safely over the quaking boggy syrtis of these hexameters. The characters, though faintly and unartistically drawn, are yet not wholly unnatural. The hero and the heroine love and wish to be together, as all true lovers should and must—Madame Sand's to the contrary notwithstanding. They have no particular life, being merely impossible combinations of universal qualities; but all the best side of what they are, they are in a very proper and sensible way. Gabriel is simply a manly man, Evangeline a womanly woman, and each is thus not by a superior development but by a common one. They are so, we mean, because the poet tells us *that they are so*, and ascribes to them *common* traits which are universal, and *nothing else*. There is a wide difference between the great universal and the every day. If Evangeline were really the great "historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical," which it is sufficiently apparent from internal evidence it was intended to be, the hero and heroine would have been something more than a stout fellow and a handsome girl; they would have been all that they are and more beside, without being any the less types of humanity. The great names of epic story are by no means such fanciful good creatures. They are not so soft, but are more delicate. Their thoughts and emotions are no less un-individual, but are larger and deeper. They open to us more of the experience of life. Their joy is an exceeding great joy; in their sorrow the "waters come in unto their souls."

Or not to rank the piece with those with which its style and design provoke a comparison—if it be looked upon (that is) not as an artificial attempt to accomplish what it has not accomplished, and what, if it had, would not have been worth accomplishing, but simply as a pastoral poem of such a length—it is not of merit to deserve a place among the best compo-

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sitions of that kind in the English language. How infinitely more poetic is any one of Crabbe's Tales? or that most exquisite one of Wordsworth, "Michael," the broken-hearted father, whose unfinished sheepfold still remains

"Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head Ghyll."

For these are *something*. They are in a legitimate walk of art. They idealize the actual without departing from it. Evangeline mingles the possible with the impossible, till it ends in the incredible. The heroine is a farmer's daughter, and has a heifer of her own, and is not ashamed to "do the milking;" she has woven an "ample and high" clothes-press, with "spacious shelves" full of linen and woolen stuffs, which are the precious *dower* she is to bring to her husband in marriage,

"Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife."

Can the reader suppose for a moment, that a sonsie lass like this ever "saw serenely the moon pass," etc.? Is she a young lady likely to have been troubled with such a mesmeric fancy as that which leads the good Father Felician to philosophize so profoundly? Of course not. She would have talked and thought differently. She might have had just as deep an affection, just as much constancy, delicacy and sensitiveness as are attempted to be ascribed to her, but she would have expressed herself quite otherwise. Rich people have the same hearts as poor people, but they do not talk in the same way; and it takes a much larger experience than a young lady seventeen years old, betrothed to the son of a blacksmith, can be supposed to have had, to enable one in the low plains of poverty to assume the tone of his fellows who walk on the gilded summits of affluence. Characters should be consistent with themselves. If cottage damsels are to be depicted with the sentiments of ladies, we should see nothing of rural life but jessamines and honey-suckles. The whole should be invested with a *harmonizing imaginative atmosphere*. When we have "happy peasantry" scenes upon the stage, Mr. Barry has the Alpine mountains put into the slides, and over

these places such a sky as was never seen elsewhere since the second day of Creation. We cannot be, at the same time, awake and dreaming, in spite of Bunyan's promise.

This great fault of *Evangeline*, its *want of keeping*, more even than all its faults of style, forces us to deny it merit as a work of the IMAGINATION. It is radically defective as a great poem, in that it lacks a pervading tone. It blends extremes of hue as wide apart as those of the pastorals of Phillips and Wordsworth's Michael. It is too unreal to be real, and too real to be unreal. Like a familiar landscape, done in water colors by a young lady, we recognize just enough to be most intensely aware of the unlikeness. The characters remind one of Punch's designs of Bandits and Scotch Highlanders, worked by boarding-school misses in Berlin wool. The whole piece ought to rank as a work of art with those curious specimens of carv-

ing exhibited in museums. It is a series of cubes and spheres and cones in open spaces, cut out of a single piece of soft wood, not for the purpose of producing an effect by its symmetry or beauty of proportion, but to make us admire at the ingenuity of the carver. Or it is like a wonderful piece of inlaid work, which must have cost immense toil, but which, being irregular and formless, expresses nothing but its maker's patient skill. In brief, it is a most labored piece of fine writing. The words are melodiously arranged; the incidents are pathetic; there is much pleasing luxurious description; the natural feelings of the lovers are, in general, correctly, though incongruously drawn; but with all this, the vital spark is wanting. The piece does not display the depth of emotion, nor the height of rapture, necessary to a great poem. It does not burn or glow with heat, but only congeals and coldly glitters. G. W. P.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES: THE WAR DEBT.

"THE age of chivalry is gone;" and glad we are that it is, and very much prefer in the interest of human happiness and human freedom, the sway of what one of our own poets has happily designated as this "bank-note age."

In other words, the material interests of the masses, and not the sword of the soldier, now influence the destinies of nations and the course of political events. This is true even of countries where the will of one man controls, in the absence of any constitutional forms, the whole power of government; and it is yet more emphatically true of countries where the people are their own masters and rulers.

Even imperial Russia, with a foot on either continent of Europe and of Asia, and having in her grasp, moreover, a portion of this our continent—even imperial Russia, where soldiers and serfs make up so large a part of the whole nation, cannot set at naught, or disregard, the influence

of this "bank-note age"—when, (we quote at random, and without access to the admirable poem,)

"Feudal names, and titled land,"
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild and the Barings!

In this, our "model republic," we cannot, *a fortiori*, launch into bloody and costly war, and into a career of far-off foreign conquest, without feeling, full soon, the check of the spirit of the age. It were wise that this check should at once be heeded; and in the absence of any higher motives—and it is sad for us to say that higher motives seem not to have influence with the Administration—the admonition of the empty reverberations of the strong iron chambers of the Sub Treasuries, cannot be without its influence in hastening the termination of the untoward war with Mexico.

The *quo modo* it is not now our purpose to consider, nor if it were, would it be an easy task to point it out; for as Mr. Calhoun, in his recent speech in favor of falling back behind a defensive line, well said, "One party can make a war, but it takes two to make peace;" and as yet the party of the second part shows no disposition thereto.

Our present purpose is, by contrasting the position in which this country stood at the commencement of the war with Mexico, and that in which it now stands, in especial reference to its finances and its public debt, to ascertain at what direct pecuniary cost we have purchased the glories of conquest, and the renown of unsurpassed military skill and prowess.

This is an inquiry which concerns the present, and yet more concerns the future; for if there has been the highest order of manliness in the conduct of our armies in the field, there has been an entire absence of it in the conduct, counsels and policy of the Cabinet. Rushing, for their own purposes, and in pursuance of personal and party calculations, into this war, they did not dare call upon the generation which was to indulge in the expensive "luxury," and reap its contemporaneous harvest of excitement and glory, to pay for the entertainment; but by borrowing under the meanest and thinnest disguise of Treasury notes, the money necessary to carry on hostilities, and then, by the conversion of these notes into a stock for a long term, saddling the debt upon unborn generations, they shuffled upon times to come the burden which the men of the present day should bear, but which, if asked to bear, they would very soon lighten, by at once bringing the war to a close.

Let us now proceed to ascertain what *thus far* has been the *direct* and avowed cost of this war, leaving to future investigation the possible and probable amount of its *indirect* cost, in the shape of pensions, of claims for damages to property, of horses destroyed or lost—that inexhaustible reservoir of claims which, from the time of *Amy Dardin's* revolutionary stud-horse, to the yet unsatisfied claims for horses lost in the Florida war, has absorbed more public money, as well in the debates on the various propositions, as in the actual allowances made, than would pay for all the

horses in the United States—and of the many other *et ceteras* which follow in the train of war.

On the first day of July, 1846, there was a balance unappropriated in the Treasury of the United States of \$9,126,439, as is stated in the Message to Congress of President Polk, of 8th December, 1846.

The receipts into the Treasury for the year ending 30th June, 1846, were \$29,499,247, and for the same period the expenditures were \$28,031,114, leaving a balance of \$1,468,133; which, added to the balance in the Treasury on 1st July, 1845, \$7,358,306, makes the above aggregate of \$9,126,439.

The amount of public debt, including Treasury notes, which, according to the same Message, was outstanding on 1st December, 1846, was \$24,256,494. Of that amount there was outstanding on 4th March, 1845, when the present Administration came into power, \$17,788,799.

The President's last Message, of December, 1847, states the whole amount of the public debt, including Treasury notes, on 1st December last, at \$45,659,659; from which deducting the amount outstanding on 4th March, 1845, we shall have for the addition to the debt up to that time under Mr. Polk's administration, the sum of \$27,870,859.

When the loan of *twenty-three millions of dollars* was authorized, 8th January, 1847, it was estimated by the President and the Secretary of the Treasury that the amount thus to be added to the revenue of the Treasury, would "be sufficient to cover the necessary expenditures, both for the war and all other purposes," up to the expiration of the fiscal year, in June, 1848. But in the Message of last December, the President tells us that, in order "to meet the expenditures for the remainder of the *present year*"—(meaning the fiscal year to terminate on 30th June next!)"—"and for the next fiscal year to end on 30th June, 1849, a further loan in aid of the ordinary revenue of the government will be needed. Retaining a sufficient surplus in the treasury, the loan required for the remainder of the *present* fiscal year will be about *eighteen millions five hundred thousand dollars*!"

After the *quasi* pledge that no more would be wanted beyond the avails of the twenty-

three million loan till after June, 1848, this was certainly unexpected; and yet the President announces it coolly, and as a matter of course, and as though there had been no disappointment of just expectation, or forfeiture of voluntary pledges. But not only were the proceeds of the twenty-three million loan almost all swal-

lowed up in the past year, but the whole ordinary income, exceeding *twenty-six millions* of dollars, and nearly the whole *nine millions* of unappropriated funds in the treasury on 1st July, 1846, were exhausted. A brief reference to the Treasury Report will explain this matter.

The aggregate receipts into the Treasury for the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1847, including proceeds of Treasury notes and loans, were - - - \$52,025,989
Add balance in the Treasury, 1st July, 1846, - - - - - 9,126,439

\$61,152,428

The disbursements during the same period were - - - - - 59,451,177

Leaving as the total balance in the Treasury, on 1st July, 1847, - - - - - \$1,701,251

To begin then the fiscal year from 1st July, 1847, to 30th June, 1848, we have the above small balance, the unexpended portion of the twenty-three million loan, about 6 1-4 millions, and the ordinary revenue, which altogether are estimated in the Message at the commencement of the present session to produce - - - \$42,886,545

The expenditures during the same period—if war continues, as it is too likely to do, and the recommendations of the Message be complied with for increasing the army—will, according to estimates which certainly do not *overrate* them, amount to - - - - - \$58,615,660

So that, instead of having enough, as was promised—or at least held out as probable—from former loans and the ordinary revenue, for “the war and *all* other purposes,” up to June 30th, 1848, we find here a deficiency anticipated of near *sixteen millions*!

It is to provide against this deficiency—the smallest that is likely to occur—and to keep in the treasury a sufficient sum to be prepared for any sudden or unexpected demands, that the new loan of eighteen millions and a half is now asked for.

But if the estimates of the past are to give us the measure of the accuracy of the Administration, in its financial previsions, there is little to encourage confidence in the belief, that even this large loan, if

authorized and advantageously negotiated, will, if the war continue, suffice for the wants of the present year. That it will not for those of the year to come, ending on 30th June, 1849, with all the aid to be anticipated from the ordinary revenue, is admitted by the President; for his Message tells us, if “the war with Mexico be continued until 30th June, 1849, it is estimated that a further loan of twenty millions five hundred thousand dollars will be required for the fiscal year ending on that day.”

From these *data*, then, it results that the direct cost of the war up to 30th June, 1849, will be, in debt actually incurred, and of which the burden is to be borne by future generations, as follows:—

Amount added to the public debt, 1st Dec. 1846, - - - \$27,870,859
Loan of 8th Jan. 1847, for - - - 23,000,000
Loan asked for, for the present year, - - - 18,500,000
Loan asked for, for year ending 30th June, 1849, - - - 20,500,000

\$89,870,859

But to this sum is to be added the amount appropriated to the army and navy, from the ordinary revenue, over and above the ordinary cost of these arms.

The expenditures of the War Department, for 1844, were - - - \$8,000,000
“ “ “ “ 1845, “ - - - 9,000,000

\$17,000,000

Deducting the appropriation for rivers and harbors—which for the two years amounted to about three-fourths of a million, and of which none have been made since the Mexican war—and taking the mean of the above two years as

	Amount brought forward,	\$89,870,859
the average peace expenditure of the War Department, we have the sum of	\$8,500,000	
Deducting this from the total war expenditure of the year ending 30th June, 1847,	41,281,636	
We have for the extra cost,		32,781,217
The expenditures for the year 1847-8, and 1848-9, must yet be conjectural; but as additional forces are asked for, it is quite within limits to assume that the extra war expenditures for each of these years, will at least equal that of 1846-7, which would add to our column		65,562,434
We have still to add the navy expenditures, which, for the year ending June, 1847, were	\$7,931,633	
The ordinary navy expenditures for 1844, were	\$6,496,990	
" " " 1845, "	6,228,639	
Mean for two years,	of \$12,715,629	6,357,814
		1,573,819
Assuming that for each of the next two years, the extra expenditures will be the same, we have to add		3,147,638
		\$192,915,967
According to this showing, such is the direct money cost of this war, over and above, be it remembered, the ordinary peace expenditure for army and navy, calculating that it will last till June, 1849, thus completing <i>three years</i> .		
The actual debt that will be entailed upon the country, as shown above, will be		89,870,859
Now the whole debt of the War of Independence, which lasted seven years, and made us a nation, was, as ascertained in 1790, foreign debt,	12,556,871	
Domestic debt,	60,219,022	
		72,775,893
Making an excess of cost of the Mexican over the revolutionary war,		\$17,094,966

There is yet another source of expenditure to be added to this amount, which will swell the aggregate very much. According to existing laws, all the volunteer forces, and all the regulars, who shall serve to the end of the war, or be honorably discharged before, and the widows or children of those who die in the service, are entitled to 160 acres of land, or an equivalent in money of \$100, for each soldier. As the provisions of this law will undoubtedly be made retroactive, so as to include those in service before its adoption, it is quite reasonable to estimate at 70,000 the number to whom these provisions will be applicable: we find, then, taking the money commutation as the measure, an addition of \$7,000,000 to the direct cost of this war.

And then comes the consequential cost, inestimable as yet, but enormous. The pension rolls alone will be more than trebled; the claims for property lost, for havoc, and for the nameless contingencies which attend on war, will be entailed upon generation after generation.

We have referred at the outset of these

remarks to the case of *Amy Dardin's* horse, impressed in Virginia for the public service, during the revolutionary war, and compensation for which, after being refused by Congress after Congress, and being still as regularly pressed upon each succeeding Congress, as if no decision had been made—as regularly referred, reported upon, and debated as though it were at each time a new case—was finally made within the last half-dozen years—the discussion having cost more probably than would have paid for all the horses in the revolutionary army.

We still at each session of Congress hear of claims preferred for horses lost in the Florida war; and while we are writing, we see in the report of the proceedings of the *Senate of the United States*, that a bill was introduced on the 6th January, to "allow further time for satisfying claims for bounty lands for military services in the late war with Great Britain," now some thirty-three years past.

Of this bill, Mr. Sevier, a Senator from Arkansas, said: "Pass such a law as this, and no man knows how many old claims will be brought forward, which have been

heretofore rejected by Congress. I believe we have already paid more land claims for military services than we ever had troops in the field. I hope, at least, that some data will be procured from the land office to show how many claims are yet outstanding. This bill, I suppose, is to pay all the old Virginia claims." What distant age could, after this example, hope to see the end of claims for military bounty land that will spring from this Mexican war?

But keeping our attention fixed on the direct money cost of the war, if it should last until June, 1849, which will be, at least, \$132,000,000, we shall have a war debt upon the country of \$89,870,859, as a contrast with our position *before the war*, when the debt was \$17,788,799, making the aggregate outstanding debt on July 1st, 1849, \$109,659,658. This is a larger sum, with a single exception, than this nation ever before owed.

At the close of the war with England in 1816, on 1st January of that year, our debt was \$127,334,033. For twenty years that debt hung upon the country, absorbing all its surpluses, stopping all appropriations for useful and enduring improvements, and forever standing in the way of every generous impulse or proposal for expenditures that would be reproductive. At length, however, the whole debt was paid, and the Secretary of the Treasury, in his report of February, 1836, to Congress, after congratulating them on such a result—the complete redemption, principal and interest, of the whole national debt—recommended, as though after such experience we would never, except in the extremest emergency, resort again to such a costly system of obtaining money, as running in debt for it, that the whole machinery of the Sinking Fund and the Commissioners thereof should be dispensed with.

And costly, indeed, is every such system of national borrowing; for it appears, in our own case, that from 31st December, 1789, to 31st December, 1835, the sum paid by the United States in the shape of interest on the public debt, amounted to \$157,629,950! The principal of the debt, which was paid in full during the same time, was \$257,452,083; so that in this period, the people paid for the hire of money nearly *two-thirds*! of its whole amount, besides refunding the principal in full.

The aggregate of principal and interest paid by the labor and industry of the United States in these forty-five years, was *four hundred and fifteen millions of dollars!* of which the large proportion above stated was for interest, which eats out the substance of borrowing peoples, as of borrowing individuals.

Nor is it only on the score of economy that the policy of borrowing for national expenditures, which, like those of war, are wholly unproductive, and bring no return in money value at least, is to be condemned. The people that are called upon to pay as they go, are no more likely than provident individuals, who practice upon that wise and honest precept, to commit wanton follies or mischievous extravagancies.

In a republic especially like ours—where the people are the governing power, but where, too often, the people are sadly mis-governed by those who profess to be their best friends, and to have the most abiding confidence in their wisdom and justice—in such a polity of government, a resort to loan, treasury notes, or any other form of borrowing, at the outset and for the support of a war, of which the time, the manner and the occasion were wholly of our own choosing, seems to us worse than a mistake; it is a crime against the people.

Either the war is popular, or it is not. It is approved by the nation, or it is not. It has the sanction of those whose votes give and withdraw political station, or it has not.

In the one case, the war, as being in accordance with the popular sentiment, would be sustained; in the other it would be condemned. The most direct, unerring and comprehensive mode of determining this issue, is by the *argumentum ad crumenam*, the appeal to the pocket.

If the taxable people of the United States really think that our quarrel with Mexico was unavoidable, that the war was proper and expedient, and ought to be still further prosecuted, they will not object, as honest and just citizens, to contribute from their earnings or property, whatever may be necessary to carry it on vigorously and successfully.

If, on the other hand, they should believe that this war might have been avoided without loss of honor, or danger to the safety or to the integrity of our territory,

including, since now we must, Texas to the *Nueces*, they have a right to be heard in the premises—to make known their will on the subject, and to cause their will to be respected and obeyed; and in no other manner or way so intelligibly, so unmistakably, as by the visit of the tax-gatherer, can the question be put home to the business and bosom of every family.

At town meetings—in the precincts of the court-house—in the heat and hurry and unscrupulous assertions of the election contest—plain and simple Truth has little chance of fair play. Power, “which is forever stealing from the many to the few,” has so many advocates to uphold all its excesses—and war itself always adds such a horde of hungry speculators and contractors to the ordinary retinue of power—that the simple citizen, standing up only for what appears to him right, and anxious to save his country from evil ways, and himself and property from needless expense, has little chance of being heard or listened to, amid the deafening huzzas of the out-and-out supporters of power, the glowing eulogists of war, so long as they themselves are safe from its perils—the needy and supple worshippers of the hand which dispenses contracts, commissions, and the countless patronage which marches in the train of war.

Hence, even a well-meaning and intelligent people, always more occupied with their own daily cares than with the cares of State, may be readily misled and deluded, by interested voices and manœuvres, into the support of measures which, if thoroughly understood by them, would be condemned. But there can be no false gloss put upon the visit of the tax-gatherer; and demagogue tongues, that “can wheedle with the devil,” are powerless in the attempt to wheedle the tax-payer into indifference about that portion of his personal and political liabilities and obligations, or to convert into a “privilege,” what in his eye seems an unwelcome exercise of “power.” He will scan inexorably the motives for such an exercise of authority, on the part of those who, with affected humility, call themselves the “servants of the people.” He will follow the dollars which he draws reluctantly from his pocket into that of the smirking official’s deputy, who does him the honor to transfer

them to his own; he will ruminate about what portion will remain in the pocket of this first receiver, and so on through the pockets of all the various receivers who handle his dollars before they reach the grand depository, or iron-chambered Sub-Treasury; and then, relapsing into thought about the new plough, it may be, he had laid out to buy with the dollars thus taken from him in the name of the people! or the wedding frock to the cherished daughter he was about to give in marriage, or some new books with which he was anxious to gratify the longings of an ingenuous and studious son, for knowledge beyond the reach of his village school or humble paternal roof;—thus ruminating, reflecting, regretting, think you that man will take up with mere *words* about the justice, or expediency, or necessity of the measure which has dashed from him such cherished hopes? Think you he will be content to forego the honest gratification of parental affection, or parental pride, or the expenditures called for by the wants of his household or his farm, and not know the reason why? or be content with other than a good reason? Will such a man think himself repaid for such disappointment, by being told that it is our “destiny” that has led us into war with Mexico; that the superiority of our Anglo-Saxon blood impels us to overrun and thus refine and civilize the feebler and inferior race dwelling on our border; or, in fine, by the assurance that we have in the contest displayed such remarkable warlike propensities and capacities, that we shall thereby become a terror to all other nations, which otherwise might be tempted to do us wrong? Nothing of all this will satisfy our inquirer, even in the economical point of view—much less will it satisfy him in the moral point of view; and when both the pocket and the conscience of the constituent cry out against political measures, those measures would soon be changed.

It is precisely in contemplation of the effect of such an agency upon the interests or the principles of a people, that we say that a direct tax is the true test of the real popularity of the parties which require such a resort; and to such a test all who really believe in the professions they make of trust in the honesty, the patriotism,

and intelligence of the masses, should be willing to resort ; and just in proportion as it is found that the instigators of war measures shrink from all legislation which shall invite the co-operation of the people in these measures by direct taxation, just in such proportion is it obvious, either that there is no real confidence in the necessity or expediency of the measures themselves, or none in the patriotism and intelligence of the constituency. Such is exactly the position of this Administration in regard to the Mexican war. They affect to think it a popular war. They affect to believe that the voice of the country is still with them, as well in its conduct as in its commencement ; and mistaking the moderation—almost amounting in our eyes to pusillanimity—which, where it cannot praise, refrains from condemnation, they hug themselves with the notion, or would fain be understood as doing so, that the overwhelming tide of a popular war is sustaining and bearing them onward. But they are most cautious to abstain from all propositions that may bring these visions to the test of reality ; and seek all the resources of the war by borrowing on the credit of the present, leaving to the future, which will be nothing to them, to redeem the debt in the contracting of which they had no voice, and the benefits from which are to them absolutely null.

It is no answer to this view to say, that the President has recommended, as a war tax, a duty on tea and coffee ; since, even if granted by Congress, it would be classed among *indirect* contributions, of which the payment is not tangibly brought home to the consumer, as in the case of a direct contribution, by actual payment to the tax-gatherer.

To the reflecting mind, indeed, which habitually connects cause and effect, it might well be, as was strongly put not many days ago in one of our newspapers, that, as the American mother put to her lips the cup, of which the contents were taxed, to enable her countrymen to press the cup of bitterness, desolation and blood to the lips of Mexican mothers—the reflection might be feelingly brought home to her and her household, that what to them was only an additional money cost, was to others in a distant land, with feelings and affections warm and gushing as their own,

the fruitful source of privation, despair and death. But to the greater number, an indirect contribution would recall little, if at all, the cause for which it was levied, and hence produce little moral effect.

But if there be any truth or sincerity in the theories of our polity, which assume for the people, not only all power, but competent knowledge, intelligence and patriotism, it must follow that they should be dealt frankly with on such a question as a foreign war—that there should be no disguise or evasion about it—but that the case should be plainly laid before them, to the end that they may determine, with a full understanding of the consequences, for or against the measure proposed. Not only is it a duty on the part of governors and legislators toward their constituents, to deal thus frankly with them on questions of such deep moment, but it is the right of the constituent to be so dealt by ; and if the people properly appreciated their own power and interests, they would be foremost to insist, that government expenditures in general, but especially all expenditures for war, should be furnished by direct taxation ; for direct taxation alone will keep alive that perpetual vigilance, which is not less the condition of fiscal economy than of political liberty. The people, therefore, renounce and suffer to pass into abeyance, their most efficient security against wasteful mismanagement and corrupt ambition, when they acquiesce in any other mode of raising a public revenue, than that which would bring home annually to every taxable citizen, the personal cost of government to himself and his family.

Can any one believe, that if the question of this war had been plainly put to the people of the United States, with the condition that its cost should be borne by the generation that was to make it, that they would have consented to its being undertaken ? If not, by what right is it undertaken ? By what right continued ? Why, under the letter of the law, shall tens of thousands of our citizens, and tens of millions of our treasure, be still demanded for the purpose of war ; when the governing power for the time being of the nation, dares not put to the people, in the only way practicable, the issue of continued war, with all its moral and political danger, and

its personal and pecuniary loss, or a relinquishment of further conquests, and the withdrawal of our force behind the line of frontier with which ourselves would be content?

To these questions, and others of like nature, which will be asked, the Congress now in session must answer make. To them is assigned the trust and responsibility of deciding for the people, or rather between the people and the executive government. No one looks, no one asks, no one would wish, that anything be refused to the President, which the true interests and safety of the country may require—which the honor of our arms, the common honor of the republic, may demand; but there is a deep and earnest conviction gathering strength every hour, that the war was unnecessarily, at least, begun on our part, and should then without further delay be terminated. There is another feeling no less strong in considerate minds, that every additional day and week of war impairs the ground-work and foundation of our free institutions. It is not that any direct assault upon them is apprehended, from victorious generals returning from foreign conquests, with the spoils of nations in their hands, and obedient legions in their train. There is no such fear, there is no ground—not yet certainly, whatever the future in the event of long-protracted foreign war might produce—for any such fear; for our victorious generals have not ceased to be citizens and republicans. But in the change of character and impressions wrought upon the soldiery themselves, by familiarity with the trade of war, and the habit of lording it over subdued peoples, there is much cause for dread; for these soldiers are to return home to be citizens again, voters, politicians, and to sway as they may, each in his own sphere, the votes and opinions of others. And we who remain at home—is it not too evident, that we too are undergoing a somewhat similar change of feeling and opinions? Is it not within the experience of every one, that the appetite for land plunder, for territorial acquisition, like the fatal thirst of the dropsical patient, increases with the indulgence?

"Crescit indulgens sibi dirus Hydrops
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
Fugerit venis."

It is even so already, to a lamentable extent, with the people of these United States. They have indulged in the seductive luxury of extended conquests, and they thirst for more. There is no remedy, no effectual cure, but in getting rid entirely of the cause of the disease; this fatal thirst must be expelled from the system; for most true of a republic, and most applicable to our actual case, is the preceding stanza, in the same fine philosophical ode of the Roman lyric, which may be supposed apostrophizing the genius of the Republic:

"*Latius regnes avidum demando
Spiritus, quam si Lybiam remotis
Gadibus jungas, et uterque Peonus
Serviat uni.*"

Such indeed are our legitimate triumphs, not by adding territory to territory, and causing either America to pass under our dominion, but by subjecting our grasping spirit, by giving to the world the example as well as the precepts of contented liberty, of prosperous industry, of overflowing happiness, and of equal justice within our own borders. Our propagandism should be, not by the sword, not by the gospel of gunpowder, but by the plough, the loom, the ship, the school-house and the church, by equality of all before the law, by love of man, by obedience to God. Such is our high privilege—we will not say mission nor destiny, for these terms have been sadly abused, and moreover seem to imply some activity of outward effort, in the fitness of which we by no means concur. It is the silent moral influence of good institutions, producing before the eye and by the assent of all men the greatest sum of human happiness, upon which alone this people should rely for the spread of such institutions, and boasting themselves of their own liberty and freedom of action, carefully abstain from forcing even liberty upon people unwilling or unprepared to receive it.

We do not underrate the value of national glory, and are ready to admit that if the spirit of this age were what was the spirit of ages that are past, and the peace of nations were only to be kept by *fear*, by the dread which each stands in of the other—we might perhaps admit that even at the enormous cost we have already indicated of near two hundred millions of dol-

lars, the military renown we have won in the war with Mexico might still, in the language of Burke, be classed as part of the "cheap defence" of the nation. But we hold far other views of this spirit of the age, particularly as it is to be developed on this continent and by this people. We came here, were planted here, a Heaven-directed, God-acknowledging band, earnest for freedom, earnest for right, but not earnest for military glory. We have prospered, not through arms, but through industry, through the instruction taught and the morals inculcated in the school-house, and in the church. Our enterprise has developed itself in the conquests of peace, in the marvels of the steamboat, the railroad, the printing press, and not least, the electric telegraph. The contagion of our example is to be, not in our naval or military successes, but in the scene of universal, wide-spread, solidly founded and law-protected prosperity—of the realization, so far as human imperfection is susceptible of it, of the prob-

lem of a people where every sober, industrious and virtuous man may sit down beneath his own roof-tree, secure in the earnings of his labor, equal before the law with the highest, with none to do him wrong or make him afraid.

It is the spectacle of such a people, just to each other, just to other nations, law-abiding and God-fearing, and forever acting, alike in their individual as in their collective capacity, under the ever-present sense of their responsibilities as such—it is such a spectacle that is to make us the "model republic," and not the success of arms. It is the affections, the interests and the blood of the middling classes, always sure to suffer most by the dreadful curse of war, that are to form and govern public sentiment on this continent; and it is not without some hope, that by the faithful exposition here made of the money cost of this present war, we may be lending earnest, though it may be feeble aid, towards bringing it to a close, that the fore going article has been prepared.

RECENT ENGLISH HISTORIANS OF ANCIENT GREECE.*

THE study of Greek History is a very different affair now from what it was when Plutarch was accepted for a standard authority, and "Cæcrops, who invented marriage,"† was deemed as historical a personage as Alexander of Macedon. Our readers may be presumed to be familiar with, or at least to have some general idea of, the way in which Niebuhr and Arnold (not to mention the more fanciful speculations of Michelet) have taken to pieces and reconstructed the early Roman narrative; and the Greek legends are now subjected to a somewhat similar process by both English and Germans. It certainly does seem strange at first, that an Englishman or German in this nineteenth century should pretend to know more about those remote

ages, than the people who lived so much nearer to them—the Roman who flourished at the beginning of our era, and the Greek who wrote hundreds of years before it; but the apparent paradox vanishes when we consider the *historical sense* and habits of philosophical criticism acquired by the moderns. Etymological and philological studies alone have done much. When it has been clearly shown that Livy mistranslated Greek words, and confused old and new meanings of Latin words, and that Apollonius Rhodius misunderstood and misapplied Homeric expressions, we have less hesitation in questioning the accuracy of the avowedly poetical narrative of the one and the more specious history of the other; and the detection of such illusory

* *A History of Greece*, by the Right Rev. CONNOP THIRLWALL. London: Longman & Co. 1835, 1844.
A History of Greece, by GEO. GROTE, Esq. London: John Murray. 1846-7.

† *Athenæus* XIII., 555.

etymologies as those which gave rise to the traditions connected with the Apaturian festival at Athens, and the street Argiletum in Rome, encourages us to apply the same rule of interpretation to other etymologically founded stories.

It is not our intention to take any notice of Goldsmith and Gillies, and others of whom we have a dim recollection from our boyhood. But as Mitford, although pretty well laid on the shelf in his own country, still enjoys on this side the Atlantic the reputation and position of a standard historian, it would hardly be proper in an article on this subject to omit all mention of him. That his qualifications for the task he undertook surpassed those of his predecessors, and that his work was a great improvement on theirs, is freely admitted. But, to waive the consideration of other faults, there is one inherent defect in the book. It is the history of a people generally republican and partly democratic, written expressly to "show up" democracy. Nay, more, it was written with the evident purpose of drawing a modern conservative British moral from the history of ancient Greek republics. Now a man who sets out with a strong political bias in favor of the institutions of any country, is not likely to make a faithful historian; but much more unlikely is he who starts with a pre-determination to see everything in the worst possible light, the facts of history being unfortunately for the most part bad enough in themselves, without any gratuitous blackening. Such a course is sufficiently delusive when only contemporaries are under investigation: it is still worse when we undertake to judge of the customs and actions of the men of one age by the standards of another, such inferences, however encouraged by the necessary licenses of the poet and the dramatist, make sad work with ethical and political speculations. We all see the absurdity of the thing when a young lady in a Magazine story, makes a modern lover of Pericles, or some other Greek worthy, and provides him with a heroine of the modern pattern. We are less quick to perceive the fallacy when a modern Platonist turns the Athenian philosopher into a High-Church divine. Still less prompt are we to disentangle ourselves when the political theorist argues

from Rome to England, or from Athens to America, either with or without some such intermediate step as Venice, since so many of the important fundamental terms, Aristocracy, Democracy, &c., remain the same. But the error is none the less, because it is the less transparent. Whately has said that "wisdom consists in the ready and accurate perception of analogies;"* but surely a *ready and accurate discrimination of differences* deserves some place in the definition. "Human nature is the same in all ages," we are told; and this text suggests appropriate comments against *unnatural* schemes, as when it is proposed to construct the bricks of the political edifice without straw, or to compose perfection by an aggregate of imperfections. But we must always make allowance, and great allowance, for the effect of habit and experience. If the republican Greeks had no idea of a king, but as a man who "subverts the customs of the country, violates women, and puts men to death without trial,"† their idea was in precise conformity with their experience of the τυραννίς; nor can we blame them for not having admitted that conception of constitutional government which it took centuries of subsequent experiment to realize.

Flattering to English ideas of government and conformable to old tory dogmas, possessing, too, the positive merits it did, Mitford's Greece might well occupy the position it so long enjoyed. But it does great credit to the good sense and judgment of the British public, that when a more liberal as well as more learned successor appeared—indeed, before he fairly had appeared—they were ready to receive and adopt him. It is curious to remark how in this respect monarchical England has taken the start of republican America. With us Mitford still speaks as one having authority, while over the water he is utterly dethroned by Thirlwall, and only to be found in the libraries of secluded parsons and antique country gentlemen.

We should, however, be doing great injustice to the Bishop of St. David's, were we to represent the vindication of the Greek democracies from Mitford's assault either as the sole object of the work or the

* Rhetoric, pp. 104, 105.

† Herodotus, iii. 80, quoted by Mr. Grote.

main ground of its success, though it is incidentally connected with both. Since Mitford's time the study of Greek history had made rapid advances. The labors of C. O. Müller and other eminent Germans had thrown new light upon it. A Greek history was required which should at least embody the results of their researches, even if it added nothing to them. The spirit of the times demanded not merely a more genial political thinker, but a deeper and more finished scholar, than Mr. Mitford.

Thirlwall's history, then, is conceived in a liberal spirit, and displays an erudition which renders it a most valuable book for students. Still it is not in all respects satisfactory, nor is it exactly the kind of book to become universally popular. The author speaks in his preface of two classes of readers,* for the former of whom, undoubtedly by far the larger, the work is principally designed; but the execution of the work is such as to render it far more acceptable to the smaller class. As a book of reference, and what is technically called *cram*, it is unsurpassed. But the style, though clear and argumentative, is the very reverse of brilliant or graphic; and the general tone of the book is to a mere *reader*, what we cannot give a better idea of than by calling it *Hallam's Middle-Ages-ish*. Moreover, the reverend historian has, with an amiable but sometimes embarrassing modesty, been more solicitous to collate and condense the opinions of others than to arrive at decisions of his own, so that in many places the book is chiefly valuable as a synopsis of different views, and in some its very copiousness of information is bewildering. While, therefore, Thirlwall's Greece found an immediate place in the library of every student, it was felt that there was still room for another History of Greece, which should be attractive as well as critical, and give results as well as materials; and the announcement that Mr. George Grote was about to endeavor to supply this want excited a lively interest.

* "One consisting of persons who wish to acquire something more than a superficial acquaintance with Greek history, but who have neither leisure nor means to study it for themselves in its original sources; the other of such as have access to the ancient authors, but often feel the need of a guide and an interpreter."

Mr. Grote is well known to the commercial world as a partner in one of the great London banking houses, and not unknown in the political. His principles are what is generally called *philosophical radical*, that is to say, encouraging the freest range of speculation and discussion, but not countenancing haste or violence in action.* When in Parliament, where he twice represented the city of London, he was chiefly distinguished for proposing and advocating Vote by Ballot. But this method of exercising the franchise, natural and proper as it appears to us, is highly repugnant to English usages and prejudices. Mr. Grote found little support from his own party, and the great clerical wit, usually foremost in the ranks of the reformers, signally contributed to laugh down the proposed reform. More recently Mr. Grote has studied and personally inspected the affairs of Switzerland, and has very lately published in the *Spectator* a series of letters containing a triumphant vindication of President Ochsenbein and the Diet. Amid all his various pursuits he never lost sight of his great literary work, projected at a very early period of his life, (some say before he left the university.) With every allowance for frequent interruptions,† it is probably rather an under-statement of the case to say, that the eight intended volumes (we have a suspicion that they will run over by one or two) will represent twenty years' hard work. And should any one be disposed to think this an over-estimate, we would request him, before pronouncing a positive opinion, to make himself master of *one book* of Herodotus or Thucydides, first making sure that he understands the author's meaning, and then collating and digesting the authorities on all historical and archaeological points involved or alluded to. The time thus occupied will give him some measure of that which must have been expended on Mr. Grote's History, into which (supposing the remaining

* And it may be added, much more practical and common sense than one would be led to infer from Sidney Smith's somewhat supercilious remark, that "if the world were a chess-board, he would be an important politician."

† The preface states indeed that the author has only been able to devote "continuous and exclusive labor" to his work for the last three or four years; but farther on in the preface there is an implied admission that the book had made considerable progress before Thirlwall's began to appear.

volumes to equal the promise of the four already published) it is not too much to say that the reading of a life will have been worked, so various are the sources from which Mr. Grote draws his authorities and illustrations. And all this learning is introduced most naturally and appropriately; for the author is one of those rare specimens, a scholar without any of the disagreeable peculiarities of scholars, without pedantry or dogmatism or "shop" of any kind.* Unconnected with academical honors or any sort of academical business as his name was, his appearance as a classical historian subjected him to a most rigorous scrutiny from all those first-class men and medallists who thought they had taken out a patent for all classical learning in the "Schools" and the "Tripos;" and the paucity and triviality of the inaccuracies they have been able to discover bear witness to the accuracy and depth of his work.

His opening is bold and novel. Instead of beginning with the geography of the country, and then passing to the early inhabitants, as Thirlwall and his predecessors generally have done, he commences with the stories about the gods—the Greek Mythology, in fact. With this he immediately connects the legends of the heroic age, all the personages of which he considers equally mythical and fabulous with the gods and goddesses. Hector and Agamemnon are put into the same category with Zeus and Apollo, and authentic history begins only with the first Olympiad. In anticipation of surprise and censure, he thus speaks in his preface:—

"The times which I thus set apart from the regions of history are discernible only through a different atmosphere—that of epic poetry and legend. To confound together these disparate matters is, in my judgment, entirely unphilosophical. I describe the earlier times by themselves, as conceived by the faith and feeling of the first Greeks, and known only through their

legends—without presuming to measure how much or how little of historical matter these legends may contain. If the reader blame me for not assisting him to determine this—I he ask me why I do not undraw the curtain and disclose the picture—I reply in the words of the painter Zeuxis, when the same question was addressed to him, on exhibiting his masterpiece of imitative art: 'The curtain is the picture.' What we now read as poetry and legend, was once accredited history, and the only genuine history which the first Greeks could conceive or relish of the past time: the curtain conceals nothing behind, and cannot by any possibility be withdrawn. I undertake only to show it as it stands—not to efface, still less to repaint it."—Preface, pp. xii., xiii.

These legends occupy about 450 pages, or two-thirds of the first volume. Mr. Grote's narrative style in relating them, seems to us remarkably happy—simple without being prosaic, and carrying the reader straight forward through very involved and contradictory stories. The difficulty of telling these old tales in a form acceptable and suitable to modern readers, is confessedly very great, as the singular expedient to which Arnold had recourse testifies. To us, Mr. G. seems to have hit the very thing; but "doctors differ:" a writer in the *Classical Museum* thinks that "his style is too homely, and that he might have risen more with his theme."* We should like to extract a legend or two, that our readers might judge for themselves, but it is more important to examine our author's way of dealing with the nature and historical value of these mythes. We cannot take a better specimen than the "tale of Troy divine," contrasting Grote's broad conclusion upon it with Thirlwall's Euemerizing doubts. The latter, after sketching or rather *hinting* at the story of Troy, in just eleven lines, proceeds thus:—†

"Such is the brief outline [brief indeed!] of a story which the poems of Homer have made familiar to most readers, long before they are tempted to inquire into its historical basis; and it is consequently difficult to enter upon the inquiry without some prepossessions unfavorable to an impartial judgment. Here, however, we must not be deterred from stating our view of the subject, by the certainty that it will appear

* There is but one thing in the book which savors in the least of pedantry—an affectation of purism in spelling the Greek names with Greek instead of Roman letters. This is very harsh in some cases to the ear as well as the eye, the change of spelling involving a change of pronunciation in such names as Alkæus and Phokylides. Nor is Mr. Grote always consistent with himself: why should Perikles be spelt with *k* and Calypso not? Even the same word varies in different volumes: we have *Crete* in the first and *Krete* in the fourth.

* W. M. Gunn, *Classical Museum*, vol. V., p. 132.

† In this and the following extracts we have occasionally taken the liberty of italicizing a passage.

to some paradoxical, while others will think that it savors of excessive credulity. According to the rules of sound criticism, very cogent arguments ought to be required to induce us to reject as a mere fiction a tradition so ancient, so universally received, so definite and so interwoven with the whole mass of the national recollections, as that of the Trojan war. Even if unfounded, it must still have had some adequate occasion and motive, and it is difficult to imagine what this could have been, unless it arose out of the Greek colonies in Asia; and in this case its universal reception in Greece itself is not easily explained. The leaders of the earliest among these colonies which were planted in the neighborhood of Troy, claimed Agamemnon as their ancestor; but if this had suggested the story of his victories in Asia, this scene would probably have been fixed in the very region occupied by his descendants, not in an adjacent land. On the other hand, the course taken by this first (Æolian) migration falls in naturally with a previous tradition of a conquest achieved by Greeks in Asia. We therefore conceive it necessary to admit the reality of the Trojan war as a general fact; *but beyond this we scarcely venture to proceed a single step.* Its cause and its issue, the manner in which it was conducted and the parties engaged in it, are all involved in an obscurity which we cannot pretend to penetrate. We find it impossible to adopt the poetical story of Helen, partly on account of its inherent improbability, and partly because we are convinced that Helen is a merely mythological person. The common account of the origin of the war has indeed been defended on the ground that it is perfectly consistent with the manners of the age—as if a popular tale, whether true or false, could be at variance with them. The feature in the narrative which strikes us as in the highest degree improbable, setting the character of the parties out of the question, is the intercourse implied in it between Troy and Sparta. As to the heroine, it would be sufficient to raise a strong suspicion of her fabulous nature, to observe that she is classed by Herodotus with Io, and Europa, and Medea, all of them persons who on distinct grounds, must clearly be referred to the domain of mythology. This suspicion is confirmed by all the particulars of her legend, by her birth, by her relation to the divine twins, whose worship seems to have been one of the most ancient forms of religion in Peloponnesus, and especially in Laconia, and by the divine honors paid to her at Sparta and elsewhere. But a still stronger reason for doubting the reality of the motive assigned by Homer for the Trojan war is, that the same incident occurs in another circle of fictions, and that, in the abduction of Helen, Paris only repeats an exploit also attributed to Theseus. * * * * * If however we reject the traditional occasion of the Trojan war, we are driven to conjecture in

order to explain the real connection of the events; yet not so as to be wholly without traces to direct us. We have already observed that the Argonautic expedition was sometimes represented as connected with the first conflict between Greece and Troy. This was according to the legend which numbered Hercules among the Argonauts and supposed him, on the voyage, to have rendered a service to the Trojan king, Laomedon, who afterwards defrauded him of his recompense. The main fact, however, that Troy was taken and sacked by Hercules, is recognized by Homer; and thus we see it already provoking the enmity or tempting the cupidity of the Greeks, in the generation before the celebrated war, and it may easily be conceived that if its power and opulence revived after this blow, it might again excite the same feelings.”—Thirlwall, vol. I., pp. 151–153.

Here Homer's statement is received as authoritative; yet only four pages after we find that,

“However near the poet, if he is to be considered a single one, lived to the times of which he sings, it is clear that he did not suffer himself to be fettered by his knowledge of the facts. For aught we know, he may have been a contemporary of those who had fought under Achilles, but it is not the less true, that he describes his principal hero as the son of a sea-goddess. He and his hearers most probably looked upon epic song as a vehicle of history, and therefore it required a popular tradition for its basis. * * * But it is equally manifest that the kind of history for which he invoked the aid of the Muses to strengthen his memory, was not chiefly valued as a recital of real events, that it was one in which the marvellous appeared natural, and that form of the narrative most credible which tended most to exalt the glory of his heroes.” Vol. I. pp. 157–8.

Now let us hear Mr. Grote. After giving at length (say forty pages) as consistent a narrative of the Trojan siege as can be compiled out of the various poets, historians and logographers, he thus continues his speculations on it:—

“Thus endeth the Trojan war, together with its sequel, the dispersion of the heroes, victors as well as vanquished. The account here given of it has been unavoidably brief and imperfect; for in a work intended to follow consecutively the real history of the Greeks, no greater space can be allotted even to the most splendid gem of their legendary period. Indeed, it would be easy to fill a large volume with the separate incidents which have been introduced into the ‘Trojan cycle;’ the misfortune is, that they are for the most part so

contradictory, as to exclude the possibility of weaving them into one connected narrative. We are compelled to select one out of the number generally, without any solid ground of preference, and then to note the variations of the rest. No one who has not studied the original documents, can imagine the extent to which this discrepancy proceeds: it covers almost every portion and fragment of the tale. But though much may have been thus omitted, of what the reader might expect to find in an account of the Trojan war, its genuine character has been studiously preserved without either exaggeration or abatement. The real Trojan war is that which was recounted by Homer and the old epic poets, and continued by all the lyric and tragical composers; for the latter, though they took great liberties with the particular incidents, yet worked more or less faithfully on the Homeric scale. * * * *

And the incidents comprised in the Trojan cycle were familiarized, not only to the public mind, but also to the public eye, by innumerable representations both of the sculptor and the painter—those which were romantic and chivalrous, being better adapted for this purpose, and therefore more constantly employed, than any other. Of such events the genuine Trojan war of the old epic was for the most part composed. Though literally believed, reverentially cherished, and numbered among the gigantic phenomena of the past by the Grecian public, it is in the eyes of modern inquiry essentially a legend, and nothing more. *If we are asked whether it be not a legend embodying portions of historical matter, and raised upon a basis of truth—whether there may not really have occurred at the foot of the hill of Ilium a war purely human and political, without gods, without heroes, without Helen, without Amazons, without Ethiopians under the beautiful son of Eôs, without the wooden horse, without the characteristic and expressive features of the old epical war—like the mutilated trunk of Deïphobus in the under-world—if we are asked whether there was not really some such historical Trojan war as this, our answer must be, that as the possibility of it cannot be denied, so neither can the reality of it be affirmed. We possess nothing but the ancient epic itself, without any independent evidence: had it been an age of records indeed, the Homeric epic, in its exquisite and unsuspecting simplicity, would probably never have come into existence. Whoever, therefore, ventures to dissect Homer, Arctinus and Leschês, and to pick out certain portions as matters of fact, while he sets aside the rest as fiction, must do so in full reliance on his own powers of historical divination, without any means either of proving or verifying his conclusions.*—Vol. I., pp. 432-5.

Is Mr. Grote then a mere destructive, who applies the besom of skepticism to the heroic age, and sweeps it remorselessly

away? No; he restores the old legends in all their integrity to their proper place and function. They have no "objective reality either historical or philosophical;" but "their *subjective* value, looking at them purely as elements of Grecian thought and feeling," is very great. To the expansion of this principle, the remainder of the first volume is devoted.

To understand the true theory of these narratives, we must first consider the intellectual position of the people among whom they sprung up.

"These mythes or current stories, the spontaneous and earliest growth of the Grecian mind, constituted at the same time the entire intellectual stock of the age to which they belonged. They are the common root of all those different ramifications into which the mental activity of the Greeks subsequently diverged; they contain, as it were, the preface and germ of the positive history and philosophy, the dogmatic theology and the professed romance, which we shall hereafter trace, each in its separate development. They furnished aliment to the curiosity and solution to the vague doubts and aspirations of the age; they explained the origin of those customs and standing peculiarities with which men were familiar; they impressed moral lessons, awakened patriotic sympathies, and exhibited in detail the shadowy, but anxious, presentiments of the vulgar as to the agency of the gods; moreover, they satisfied that craving for adventure and appetite for the marvellous, which has, in modern times, become the province of fiction proper.

"It is difficult, we may say impossible, for a man of matured age to carry back his mind to his conceptions, such as they stood when he was a child, growing naturally out of his imagination and feelings, working upon a scanty stock of materials, and borrowing from authorities whom he blindly followed, but imperfectly apprehended. A similar difficulty occurs when we attempt to place ourselves in the historical and quasi-philosophical point of view which the ancient mythes present to us. We can follow perfectly the imagination and feeling which dictated these tales; and we can admire and sympathize with them as animated, sublime and affecting poetry: but we are too much accustomed to matter of fact and philosophy of a positive kind, to be able to conceive a time when these beautiful fancies were construed literally, and accepted as serious reality. Nevertheless, it is obvious that Grecian mythes cannot be understood or appreciated, except with reference to the system of conceptions and belief of the ages in which they arose. We must suppose a public not reading and

writing, but seeing, hearing and telling, destitute of all records, and careless, as well as ignorant of positive history with its indispensable tests, yet, at the same time, curious and full of eagerness for new or impressive incidents; strangers even to the rudiments of positive philosophy, and to the idea of invariable sequences of nature, either in the physical or moral world, yet requiring some connecting theory to interpret and regularize the phenomena before them. Such a theory was supplied by the spontaneous inspirations of an early fancy, which supposed the habitual agency of beings intelligent and voluntary like themselves, but superior in extent of power, and different in peculiarity of attributes." Pp. 460-462.

In those days, then, imagination and sympathy supplied the place of geography and physical science. But many causes, and first of all, "the expansive force of Grecian intellect itself," caused different constructions to be put upon these products of early fancy. Mr. Grote goes through the treatment of the mythes by the earlier philosophers and the dramatic poets, and the *attempts* of the historians to make history of them; Herodotus' adoption of the more plausible Egyptian version of the story of Helen; Thucydides' exposition of the Trojan war as a great political enterprise, an exposition which "would, doubtless, have been historical truth, if any independent evidence could have been found to sustain it," but which, in the absence of such evidence, must be viewed as "a mere extract and distillation from the incredibilities of the poets;" and so on down to Euemerus, that disenchanter of the ancient romance, whose name has passed into a familiar word with scholars; and Palæphatus, whose results "exhibit the maximum which the semi-historical theory can ever present: by aid of conjecture, we get out of the impossible and arrive at matters intrinsically plausible but totally uncertified." He then sketches the allegorical theory, and thus decides on the respective merits of the two:—

"If we contrast these two schemes of interpretation, both of them gratuitous, we shall find that the semi-historical theory is, on the whole, the least fruitful and the most delusive of the two. For though allegorical interpretation occasionally lands us in great absurdities, there are certain cases in which it presents intrinsic evidence of being genuine and correct, i. e. in-

cluded in the original purport of the story. No one can doubt that the tale of Atë and the Litzæ, in the ninth book of the Iliad, carries with it an intentional moral; and others might be named conveying a similar certainty. But the semi-historical interpretation, while it frequently produces absurd transformations of the original tale, is never, even in its most successful applications, accompanied with any certainty that we have reached the positive truth. After leaving out from the mythical narrative all that is miraculous or high-colored or extravagant, we arrive at a series of credible incidents—incidents which *may, perhaps*, have really occurred, and against which no *intrinsic* presumption can be raised. This is exactly the character of a well-written modern novel, the whole story of which is such as may well have occurred in real life; it is plausible fiction, and nothing beyond. To raise plausible fiction up to the superior dignity of truth, some positive testimony or positive ground of inference must be shown; even the highest measure of intrinsic probability is not alone sufficient. A man who tells us that on the day of the battle of Plataea rain fell on the spot of ground where the city of New-York now stands, will neither deserve nor obtain credit, because he can have had no means of positive knowledge; though the statement is not in the slightest degree improbable. On the other hand, statements in themselves very improbable may well deserve belief, provided they be supported by sufficient positive evidence: thus the canal dug by the order of Xerxes across the promontory of Athos, and the sailing of the Persian fleet through it, is a fact which I believe, because it is well attested, notwithstanding its remarkable improbability, which so far misled Juvenal as to induce him to single out the narrative as a glaring example of Grecian mendacity. Again, many critics have observed that the general tale of the Trojan war (apart from the superhuman agencies) is not more improbable than that of the Crusades, which every one admits to be a historical fact. But (even if we grant this position, which is only true to a small extent) it is not sufficient to show an analogy between the two cases in respect to negative presumptions alone; the analogy ought to be shown to hold between them in respect to positive certificate also. The Crusades are a curious phenomenon in history, but we accept them nevertheless as an unquestionable fact, because the antecedent improbability is surmounted by adequate contemporary testimony. . . . In applying the semi-historical theory to Grecian mythical narrative, it has been often forgotten that a certain strength of testimony or positive grounds of belief must first be tendered before we can be called upon to discuss the antecedent probability or improbability of the incidents alleged. The belief of the Greeks themselves, without the smallest aid of special or contemporary wit-

ness, has been tacitly assumed as sufficient to support the case, provided only sufficient deduction be made from the mythical narrative to remove all antecedent improbabilities; it has been assumed that the faith of the people must have rested originally upon some particular historical event, involving the identical persons, things and places which the original mythes exhibit, or at least the most prominent among them. But when we examine the psychagogic influences predominant in the society among whom this belief originally grew up, we shall see that their belief is of little or no evidentiary value, and that the growth and diffusion of it may be satisfactorily explained without supposing any special basis of matter of fact. *The popular faith, so far as it counts for anything, testifies in favor of the entire and literal mythes, which are now universally rejected as incredible. We have thus the very minimum of positive proof and the maximum of negative presumption; we may diminish the latter by conjectural omissions and interpolations, but we cannot by any artifice increase the former: the narrative ceases to be incredible, but it still remains uncertified—a mere common-place possibility. Nor is fiction always or essentially extravagant and incredible; it is often not only plausible and coherent, but even more like truth (if a paradoxical phrase may be allowed) than truth itself; in the absence of any extrinsic test, we cannot reckon upon any intrinsic mark to discriminate the two.* Pp. 570-573.

"To assume a generic difference between the older and the newer strata of tradition—to treat the former as morsels of history and the latter as appendages of fiction—is an hypothesis gratuitous at the least, not to say inadmissible; for the further we travel back into the past, the more do we recede from the clear day of positive history, and the deeper do we plunge into the unsteady twilight and gorgeous clouds of fancy and feeling. It was one of the agreeable dreams of the Grecian epic, that the man who travelled far enough northward beyond the Rhipæan mountains, would in time reach the delicious country and genial climate of the virtuous Hyperboreans, the votaries and favorites of Apollo, who dwell in the extreme north beyond the chilling blasts of Boreas: the hope that we may, by carrying our researches up the stream of time, exhaust the limits of fiction, and land ultimately upon some points of solid truth, appears to me no less illusory than this northward journey in quest of the Hyperborean elysium." Pp. 575-76.

The discussion is summed up in four conclusions to this effect:—

1. The Greek legends are "a special product of the imagination and feelings, radically distinct from both history and philosophy," and not reducible to either.

Some few of them are indeed allegorical, and some have doubtless a substratum or element of fact; but how much is fact and how much more "mythe" we cannot, in the absence of collateral evidence, determine.

2. The personages of the mythical world are a series of gods and men mixed together, and no such series can serve as materials for chronological calculation.

3. The legends originated in an age which had no records, no science and no criticism, but great faith, great imagination, and great avidity for new narrative; "penetrable by poets and prophets in the same proportion that it was indifferent to positive evidence."

4. The Greek mind having become historical, critical and philosophical, detected the inconsistencies and incongruities of the mythes, but was restrained from discarding them entirely by the national reverence for antiquity. So, "whilst the literal mythe still continued to float among the poets and the people, critical men interpreted, altered, decomposed and added, until they found something which satisfied their minds as a supposed real basis. They manufactured some dogmas of supposed original philosophy, and a long series of fancied history and chronology, retaining the mythical names and generations even when they were obliged to discard or recast the mythical events. The interpreted mythe was thus promoted into a reality, while the literal mythe was degraded into a fiction." Pp. 598-601.

Our extracts have been carefully selected, with a view to give the reader a good idea of Mr. Grote's method of dealing with the heroic period of Greek history. And, we ask, is not his treatment of these mythical personages more conservative and respectful than Euemerizing or allegorizing them away? According to his view, Hector, and Andromache, and Oedipus and Antigone exist, as Othello, and Desdemona, and Jeannie Deans, and Lucy Ashton exist. Is not such an existence good enough for them?

In the concluding chapter of this volume, Mr. Grote felicitously illustrates his positions by comparing the mythes of ancient Greece with those of modern Europe. In the former country the mythopœic vein continued in the same course, only with

abated current and influence; in the latter "its ancient bed was blocked up, and it was turned into new and divided channels" by the introduction of Christianity. The old German and Scandinavian kings used to trace their pedigrees to Odin. "After the worship attached to Odin had been extinguished, the genealogical line was lengthened up to Japhet or Noah; and Odin, no longer accounted worthy to stand at the top, was degraded into one of the simple human members of it. * * * * *This transposition of the genealogical root is the more worthy of notice, as it illustrates the general character of these genealogies, and shows that they sprung not from any erroneous historical data, but from the turn of the religious feeling; also that their true value is derived from their being taken entire, as connecting the existing race of men with a divine original.*"

We have ourselves seen the pedigree of an English country gentleman (one of the "protectionists" in parliament) which went, through a Saxon king, straight up to Thor and Odin. To be sure, the member of the family who showed it to us modestly admitted that the descent *previous to the Heptarchy* was not perfectly authenticated.

We pass on to the voluminous and puerile legends of the saints, and the more poetical romances of chivalry. "What the legends of Troy, of Thebes, of the Calydonian boar, of Ædipus, Theseus, &c., were to an early Greek, the tales of Arthur, of Charlemagne, of the Niebelungen, were to an Englishman, or Frenchman, or German of the twelfth or thirteenth century. They were neither recognized fiction nor authenticated history; they were history as it is felt and welcomed by minds unaccustomed to investigate evidence and unconscious of the necessity of doing so. That the Chronicle of Turpin, a mere compilation of poetical legends respecting Charlemagne, was accepted as genuine history, and even pronounced to be such by papal authority, is well known; and the authors of the romances announce themselves, not less than those of the old Grecian epic, as being about to recount real matter of fact. It is certain that Charlemagne is a great historical name, and it is possible, though not certain, that the name of Arthur may be historical also; but the Charlemagne of history and the Charlemagne of romance

have little except the name in common; nor could we ever determine, except by independent evidence, (which in this case we happen to possess,) whether Charlemagne was a real or fictitious person."

Thus in the famous story of Roland and Roncesvalles, which Mr. Grote might have specified particularly, (and we are somewhat surprised he did not,) suppose we had nothing but the Turpin Chronicle to guide us, how likely should we be, by "making shots" at the probabilities of the case, to eliminate the real facts of Charlemagne's invasion of Spain, and the surprise of his rear-guard by the Pyrenean mountaineers? But we may bring down these quasi-historical tales to a period much later than even Mr. Grote has attempted. The story of the French frigate *Le Vengeur*, which went down with her colors flying and her men shouting *Vive la Republique!* is well known; and it has also been proved in black and white that the story is a sheer fabrication—that the ship did go down indeed, but not before she had surrendered, and that her captain and many of her crew were saved by the victorious adversary. Now, had only the French-republican version of this affair remained, it might well have imposed on posterity. Here then are two popular stories, in which the main issue of the narrative is directly contrary to the known fact—bearing the strongest testimony to the correctness of Mr. Grote's principle. For it must be remembered that he denies, not the existence of a basis of fact to some of the Greek legends, but the possibility of our determining what that fact is. For all that we know to the contrary, Dio Chrysostom's version of the Trojan war may be the true one, and the Greeks may have been the beaten party. For all we know to the contrary, the real Thersites may have had as much resemblance to the Thersites of Homer, as the Fastolfe of history has to the Falstaff of Shakspeare.

All our readers may not be aware that the English historians so late as the seventeenth century began the annals of their country with a mythical personage, *Brute the Trojan*, and carried it down to the Roman invasion through a long line of kings.

"In a dispute which took place during the

reign of Edward I., (A. D. 1301,) between England and Scotland, the descent of the kings of England from Brute the Trojan was solemnly embodied in a document put forth to sustain the crown of England, as an argument bearing on the case then in discussion; and it passed without attack from the opposing party.*

Milton's opinion, cited by Mr. Grote, is curious and apposite:—*

"But now of Brutus and his line, with the whole progeny of kings to the entrance of Julius Cæsar, we cannot be so easily discharged; descents of ancestry long continued, laws and exploits not plainly seeming to be borrowed or devised, which on the common belief have wrought no small impression; *defended by many, utterly denied by few.* For what, though Brutus and the whole Trojan pretence were yielded up, seeing they who first devised to bring us some noble ancestor, were content with Brutus the Consul, the better invention, though not willing to forego the name, taught them to remove it higher into a more fabulous age, and by the same remove lighting on the Trojan tales, in affectation to make the Briton of one original with the Roman, pitched there: *Yet those old and inborn kings, never any to have been real persons, or done in their lives, at least, some part of what so long hath been remembered, cannot be thought without too strict incredulity.* For these, and those causes above mentioned, that which hath received approbation from so many, I have chosen not to omit. Certain or uncertain, be that upon the credit of those whom I must follow; *so far as keeps aloof from impossible and absurd, attested by ancient writers from books more ancient, I refuse not, as the due and proper subject of story.*" History of England, apud Grote, pp. 641, 642.

Yet the historians of this day begin the history of England with Julius Cæsar, and on strictly analogous principles our Greek historian has concluded that

"Two courses, and two only, are open; either to pass over the mythes altogether, which is the way in which modern historians treat the old British fables, or else to give an account of them as mythes; to recognize and respect their specific nature, and to abstain from confounding them with ordinary and certifiable history. There are good reasons for pursuing this second method, in reference to the Grecian mythes; and when so considered, they constitute an important chapter in the history of the Grecian mind, and, indeed, in that of the human race generally."

We have now done with the first volume, but Mr. Grote has not yet finished clearing his ground. In the beginning of his second, he attacks the heroic chronology of Fynes Clinton's *Fasti Hellenici*, which he rejects *in toto*, on various accounts, but chiefly for a reason already alluded to, that the introduction of confessedly fabulous personages in a series utterly destroys its value as a basis for chronological computations.

"In the estimate of the ancient chronologers, three succeeding persons of the same lineage—grandfather, father and son—counted for a century; and this may pass in a rough way, so long as you are thoroughly satisfied that they are all real persons; but if in the succession of persons A, B, C, you strike out B as a fiction, the necessary continuity of data disappears."*

He then proceeds to treat of the state of society and manners exhibited in Grecian legend, by poets who, "while professedly describing an uncertified past, involuntarily borrow their combinations from the surrounding present." Here, too, we observe in him a marked difference from his predecessors. The monarchist historians Gillies and Mitford, were sedulous to eulogize the heroic age, at the expense of those succeeding, because it was the age of kingly government. It is hardly necessary to say that Thirlwall has not fallen into this error; but Grote has gone further, and prominently brought out various points of moral improvement in the historical age, as compared with the heroic. He particularly specifies three, the providence of the law with respect to the person and property of orphans, the treatment of fallen enemies, and the legal punishment of homicide. In alluding to the fortification of towns, he observes:—

"This decided superiority of the means of defence over those of attack in rude ages, has been one of the grand promotive causes, both of the growth of civic life and of the general march of human improvement. It has enabled the progressive portions of mankind first to maintain their acquisitions against the predatory instinct of the ruder and poorer, and to surmount the difficulties of incipient organization; and ultimately, when their organization

* The italics here are Mr. Grote's.

* Grote, vol. ii. p. 64.

has been matured, both to acquire predominance, and to uphold it until their own disciplined habits have in part passed to their enemies. This important truth is illustrated not less by the history of ancient Greece, than by that of modern Europe during the middle ages.*

In regard to the state of the arts, Grote and Thirlwall are at variance on an important question. The latter says, "That the art of writing already existed, though probably in a very rude state, before his [Homer's] age, it is scarcely possible to doubt."† The former positively asserts that "neither coined money, nor the art of writing, nor painting, nor sculpture, nor imaginative architecture, belong to the Homeric and Hesiodic times." And then in a note, "The *σῆματα λυγρὰ* mentioned in *Iliad* vi. 168, if they prove anything, are rather an evidence against than for the existence of alphabetical writing at the time when the *Iliad* was composed."‡ On this famous and much disputed passage, Thirlwall acutely observes, that it "has been the subject of controversy, perhaps, more earnest than the case deserved. It has been disputed whether the tablet contained alphabetical characters or mere pictures. The former seems to be the simplest and easiest interpretation of the poet's words: but if admitted, it only proves, what could hardly be questioned even without this evidence, [?] that the poet was not so ignorant of the art as never to have heard of its existence. * * * And on the other hand, if the tablet contained only a picture or a series of imitative pictures, it would be evident that where the want of alphabetical writing was so felt, and had begun to be so supplied by drawing, the step by which the Greeks adopted the Phœnician characters must have been very soon taken, and it might be imagined that the poet was only describing a ruder state of the art which had acquired a new form in his time."§

* Vol. ii. p. 149.

† Thirlwall, p. 247.

‡ Grote, Vol. II., p. 156. Mitford accurately quotes Homer's words *γράμματα λυγρὰ*, and then goes into a long discussion about *γράμμα* meaning a picture which he might have been spared the trouble of by merely looking into his *Iliad*.

§ Thirlwall, p. 242.

And his last suggestion on this point is certainly ingenious and plausible:—

"According to every hypothesis the origin of the Homeric poetry is wrapt in mystery; as must be the case with the beginning of a new period when that which precedes it is very obscure. And it would certainly be no unparalleled or surprising coincidence if the production of a great work, which formed the most momentous epoch in the history of Greek literature, should have concurred with either the first introduction, or a new application of the most important of all inventions."

This question of writing brings us at once to the Homeric controversy. On this Thirlwall says but little: what he does say, strongly favors the personality of Homer and the unity of the Homeric poems. At one thing we are much surprised: he rejects the existence of the *rhapsodists* as a gratuitous and improbable supposition. In support of the customary hypothesis, Mr. Grote adduces some conclusive instances, particularly the assertion of Xenophon, (*Sympos.* iii. 5,) that there were educated gentlemen in his time, at Athens, who could repeat both poems by heart; for Xenophon, we know, was a very straightforward and matter-of-fact man, not lightly to be suspected of inaccuracy or exaggeration. Throughout the whole investigation, Mr. G. has shown great discrimination in keeping distinct various questions which have been mixed up with and run into each other—the personality of the poet, the manner in which his poems were preserved, their separate or identical authorship, the time when they assumed their present form, &c. After alluding to the numerous discrepancies of statement respecting the epoch and birth-place of Homer, he is inclined to adopt as the most plausible theory, that he was the *eponymous hero* of the poetical fraternity of Homerids in the Ionic Island of Chios. The date of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, he places in the century before the first Olympiad. That the poems were preserved by the professional bards without any assistance from manuscripts, he considers proved, by the fact that blindness was not a disqualification for the profession. (*Hymn. ad Apoll.* 172.) The Wolfian theory that Pisistratus first

* Thirlwall, p. 247.

made two complete poems out of what were before fragmentary ballads, he rejects as "not only unsupported by sufficient testimony, but also opposed to other testimony, as well as to a strong force of internal probability." It "ascribes to Peisistratus a character not only materially different from what is indicated by Cicero and Pausanias, [Wolf's chief authorities,] who represented him not as having put together atoms originally distinct, but as the renovator of an ancient order subsequently lost—but also in itself unintelligible and inconsistent with Grecian habit and feeling."

"To sustain the inference that Peisistratus was the first architect of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, it ought at least to be shown that no other long and continuous poems existed during the earlier centuries. But the contrary of this is known to be the fact. The *Æthiopis* of Arktinus, which contained 9100 verses, dates from a period more than two centuries earlier than Peisistratus; several others of the lost cyclic epics, some among them of considerable length, appear during the century succeeding Arktinus; and it is important to notice that three or four at least of these poems passed under the name of Homer. There is no greater intrinsic difficulty in supposing long epics to have begun with the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* than with the *Æthiopis*; the ascendancy of Homer and the subordinate position of Arktinus in the history of early Grecian poetry, tend to prove the former in preference to the latter." Vol. II., pp. 203-9.

But the chief argument is derived from the whole tenor of the poems themselves.

"There is nothing either in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* which savors of *modernism*, applying that term to the age of Peisistratus; nothing which brings to our view the alterations brought about by two centuries in the Greek language, the coined money, the habits of writing and reading, the despotisms and republican governments, the close military array, the improved construction of ships, the Amphictyonic convocations, *** &c., familiar to the latter epoch, which Onomacritus and the other literary friends of Peisistratus could hardly have failed to introduce, had they then for the first time undertaken the task of piecing together many self-existent epics into one large aggregate. Everything in the two great Homeric poems, both in substance and in language, belongs to an age two or three centuries earlier than Peisistratus." Vol. II., pp. 213-14.

At length we arrive at the great ques-

tion—the unity of authorship. Mr. Grote, after lamenting the ferocious dogmatism which has too generally characterized this controversy, and confessed the difficulty, with our present limited means of knowledge, of forming a satisfactory conclusion one's self, much more of convincing others, thus continues:—

"Nevertheless no classical scholar can be easy without *some* opinion respecting the authorship of these immortal poems; and the more defective the evidence we possess, the more essential is it that all that evidence should be marshalled in the clearest order, and its bearing upon the points in controversy distinctly understood beforehand. Both these conditions seem to have been often neglected throughout the long-continued Homeric discussion. To illustrate the first point: Since two poems are comprehended in the problem to be solved, the natural process would be, first to study the easier of the two, and then to apply the conclusions hence deduced as a means of explaining the other. Now the *Odyssey*, looking at its aggregate character, is incomparably more easy to explain than the *Iliad*. Yet most Homeric critics apply the microscope at once, and in the first instance, to the *Iliad*. To illustrate the second point: What evidence is sufficient to negative the supposition that the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* is a poem—originally and intentionally one? Not simply particular gaps and contradictions, though they be even gross and numerous; but the preponderance of these proofs of mere unprepared coalescence over the other proofs of designed adaptation scattered throughout the whole poem. For the poet (or the co-operating poets, if more than one) may have intended to compose a harmonious whole, but may have realized their intention incompletely and left partial faults; or perhaps the contradictory lines may have crept in through a corrupt text. A survey of the whole poem is necessary to determine the question, and this necessity, too, has not always been attended to." Vol. II., pp. 219, 220.

The *Odyssey* (to which Mr. Grote, contrary to the usual opinion, but we think on good grounds, does *not* assign a later date than that of the *Iliad*) he views as bearing throughout unequivocal proofs of unity of design. With respect to the *Iliad* his opinion is different, and the theory which he propounds is certainly original and ingenious. That poem presents to him the appearance of "a house built upon a plan comparatively narrow, and subsequently enlarged by successive additions." *It was originally an Achilleis*, comprising the

first and eighth books with the books from the eleventh to the twenty-second inclusive. The last two books are a sort of appendix merely, but those from the second to the seventh, together with the tenth, "are of a wider and more comprehensive character, and convert the poem into an Iliad." The ninth book is a later interpolation, there being many passages in the eleventh and following books, which show that apology and atonement had *not* been offered to Achilles by Agamemnon. This is explained at length, and also the continuity of structure observable in the books marked off as the original Achilleis, and the discrepancies introduced by the remaining books. Having characterized this theory as original and ingenious, we must be excused from expressing any further opinion upon it. Our own opinions about Homer have been always matter of

faith rather than reason; we are too much interested in his romance ever to read him very critically; and as to the Teutonic Homeroclasts, we never could force ourselves to go continuously through one of them. On our slight acquaintance with them (and we refer more particularly to Wolf and Lachmann) they appear to us so prosaic and un-ideal and Poco Curantish, that, however great their erudition, we do not admit their vocation to criticise poetry at all. With a man who puts the Iliad on the same footing with the Spanish ballads, we can find no common ground.

This brings us to the close of the first part of Mr. Grote's work; about half way through his second volume, and rather more than half way through Thirlwall's first. We shall follow our historians into historical Greece in our next number.

THE DEVIL-FISH.

A MORE singular creature than the devil-fish is not to be found in the American waters. From all that we have been enabled to learn, he is peculiar to the coast of Africa, and in this country to the coasts of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. He is of no value as an article of food, but as a sporting fish is highly prized by the more daring of southern gentlemen; and as he is commonly known as the vampire of the ocean, it may readily be imagined that he is not distinguished for his amiability or the beauty of his personal appearance. His body is large and unsightly, the transverse much exceeding his longitudinal diameter; the thickness of his body varies from three to four feet, and it is only about one-eighth longer than his tail, the entire length usually measuring between sixteen and twenty feet. His mouth is subterminal, and abundantly supplied with small teeth; his eyes are prominent, and skin rough and leathery; he is supplied with a pair of flexible flaps or

wings with which he navigates his native element with great velocity; and his snout is *ornamented* by a couple of horns or feelers, which are upwards of two feet in length. With regard to color, his back is an olive black and his belly a muddy white. He is distinguished for his activity, feeds upon small fish, and is in season (for sporting purposes) during the summer months. The intelligence of this monster is also quite as curious as his appearance, for it is recorded of him that he will sometimes seize the anchor of a small vessel, and hurry it hither and thither over the liquid plain at a fearful rate, to the great consternation of the poor sailors. The physical construction of the devil-fish differs materially from that of the whale or porpoise; for it does not, like them, rise to the surface of the water for the purpose of breathing the air of heaven.

That the devil-fish may be taken with a large cord and a mammoth hook seems to be an established fact, and that it requires

a bold-hearted man to grapple with him at all, is equally certain; but the ordinary implements employed to capture him are the cord and harpoon. Of the few sportsmen in our country who have studied the character of the devil-fish, and enjoyed the truly heroic pastime of capturing him, we have never heard of any one who could tell a more interesting story than the Hon. William Elliott, of Beaufort, S. C. The fame of this gentleman having reached our ears, soon after we had conceived the idea of writing and compiling a book on the Game Fish of America, we obtained a letter of introduction, and solicited at his hands a record of his experience. He promptly complied with our request, and did so in a manner which convinced us that he was not only a rare sportsman, but an accomplished gentleman. As we have never personally enjoyed the satisfaction of capturing a devil-fish, we shall avail ourselves of Mr. Elliott's very interesting narrative, regretting, however, that we shall be compelled, for want of room, to select from the matter which we have received, those passages which will be more likely to interest the general reader.

It is the habit of this fish, says Mr. Elliott, to ply its arms rapidly before its mouth while it swims, and to clasp with the utmost closeness and obstinacy whatever body it has once inclosed. In this way the boats of fishermen have often been dragged from their moorings, and upset, by the devil-fish having laid hold of the grapple. It was in obeying this peculiarity of their nature, that a shoal of these fish, as they swept by in front of my grandfather's residence, would sometimes, at flood-tide, approach so near to the shore as to come in contact with the water-fence; the firm posts of which they would clasp, and struggle to uprear, till they lashed the water into foam with their powerful wings. This bold invasion of his landmarks my grandfather was determined to resent. He launched his eight-oared barge, prepared his tackle, notified his neighbors of his plan, and waited patiently for the next appearance of his enemies. It was not many days before they re-appeared. He then manned his boat, and soon glided, with muffled oars, into the midst of the shoal. "May," said my grandfather to his favorite African slave, who acted as his har-

pooner, "look out for the leader, and strike a sure blow." "Let me 'lone for dat, massa," said May, as, staff in hand, he planted his foot firmly on the bow of the barge. He stood there but a second, when, grasping his staff in both hands, he sprang into the air, and descended directly on the back of the largest devil-fish, giving the whole weight of his body to the force of the stroke! The weapon sunk deep into the body of the fish, and before he had tightened the rope, "May" had already swam to the boat, and been dragged on board by his fellow blackies, who were delighted at his exploit.

The fish now dashed off furiously, with the barge in tow. The bugle sounded the concerted signal. The neighboring planters manned their boats to intercept the barge, so that a small fleet of boats was soon drawn swiftly along with the tide. To conclude my story, the fish was wearied out, drawn to the top of the water, speared to death, and when landed on the beach, measured twenty feet across the back.

Another, and quite a funny story, for which we are indebted to Mr. Elliott, is as follows. The hero was a planter named Jones, who, like a thousand others, was constantly cherishing the illusion, that he was destined to discover the theory of perpetual motion. It so happened, on a certain occasion, that this individual, while floating on the water near Beaufort, S. C., in a small skiff, discovered a devil-fish sunning himself after the manner of the tribe. Jones, says Mr. Elliott, was a sportsman to the back-bone: he cast a glance at the smallness of his boat, but it was a glance only; his eye rested on his bright harpoon, which lay invitingly at his side. He sprang forward, secured his line to the head of the boat, and darted his harpoon at the sportive monster. A violent fall, at full length, into the bottom of the boat, as it shot forward almost from beneath his feet, was the first indication he received that his aim had been good. It was not until some minutes had elapsed, that he had the power to crawl from his recumbent posture, and occupy his seat at the stern, when he soon settled himself and enjoyed the luxury of his situation. The wind fanned his face, his hair streamed off at right angles from his head, and the

water foamed furiously about the stern, as the boat, impelled by more than Triton power, darted through the water with the speed of an arrow. And now he approached his home, and rejoiced to see that several of his friends were assembled on the bluff to welcome his return. But what was their amazement, to behold and recognize Jones, seated upright in the boat, which seemed to fly through the waters without the aid of oars or sail, or any apparent impulsion. Amazement was their first emotion—joy their second; and they shouted forth in triumph, as the thought suddenly flashed upon them, "*Jones has discovered perpetual motion!*" He shouted to them for assistance, but his voice, tremulous with excitement, never reached their ears. He waved his hat and shouted again; hats waved in return, and a triumphant shout responded from his friends, but no boat came to his rescue. "These violent motions," thought he, "must have an end, and even devil-fish must tire. Friction at least, that which has so often foiled me, now stands my friend." The fish did pause at last, but not until the boat had been hurried quite out of the harbor, and was floating on the wide Atlantic. It was then that our sportsman left his position at the stern, where his weight was necessary to preserve the equipoise, and cut off with his penknife the line which bound him to his formidable companion. The oars had been lost overboard, but his sail remained to waft him home. But it was late at night when he arrived, exhausted by excitement and fatigue, and explained to his anxious friends the mystery of his unintelligible, but fortunately for him, *not perpetual motion*.

The chase of the devil-fish, continues Mr. Elliott, may now be said to be an established diversion among the planters in the vicinity of Port Royal Sound. They make Bay Point their place of rendezvous, and, well provided with lances and harpoons, sally forth in search of them, at high water, when they enter the inlet to feed upon the shrimps and small fish that abound along the shores. On the ebb tide they return again to the sea, so that the time for seeking them is confined to a few hours in the day. Their presence upon the feeding ground is indicated by a slight projection above the water of their wings. Their movements are peculiar and bird-like.

Sometimes, though not often, you may approach him in shallow water; but the best opportunity for harpooning him, is offered by waiting quietly near the spot where he has disappeared, until, having ceased to feed, he strikes out for the deep water, and having reached it, begins a series of somersets, that give the sportsman a capital chance to strike him. You first see the feelers thrown out of the water, then the white stomach, and lastly, the long strange-looking tail. These evolutions are frequently repeated, and his presence is shown to the observant sportsman, by the boiling of the water from below as from a deep cauldron. It must not be supposed, that there is no risk in the pursuit and capture of this formidable game. The spice of danger mingling with this sport, seems to increase its relish. He who wields the harpoon, should have a quick eye, a steady arm, and a cool head; for if he loses his presence of mind and suffers himself to be tangled in the rope, during the furious runs of the fish, he may lose his life.

Another of Mr. Elliott's well-told stories runneth as follows:—On the morning of the 25th of August, three boats might be descried, moving briskly from the Bay Point, shove across Broad River, (S. C.) two of them furnished with tackle, and manned by a party of high spirits, eager for the rapture of this new perilous pastime. A number of amateurs had taken passage in the third boat, which was to perform the duty of a tender. A school of our game having been discovered, a few brisk strokes brought us in the midst of the play-ground of the devil-fish, over a bank two or three fathoms deep. * * * Here, then, we have captured one devil-fish. He lies on the back of Hilton Head Island, at the foot of the Queen's Oak. We congratulate each other on our success, and then betake ourselves to an examination of what is curious or striking in his conformation. We note with surprise his protruding eyes, his projecting horns, his capacious mouth, and his complicated machinery for respiration. We note, too, that, like the great ones of the earth, he is attended by a band of parasites, which, unlike their prototypes, remain attached to their patrons *after they are stranded*. The pilot fish which followed him into shoal

water, adhered so closely after he was aground, that several suffered themselves to be taken by the hand.

Having satisfied our own curiosity, our next thought was to satisfy that of our friends, by towing the prize home. Transferring to our boat the two amateurs who occupied the tender, we supplied her with our anchors in addition to her own, to secure her against being drifted to sea; and saw her fairly off, impelled by sail and oar, with the devil-fish in tow.

We had scarcely got everything ready for another race, when a school of fish were seen sporting in the channel abreast of us! "Have at them!" said our companions in the second boat, as their oarsmen sprang to their oars. We follow them with our eyes: the harpoon is thrown, the boat darts forward, and a black and unsightly object of immense bulk vaults into the air at the head of the boat, then plunges into the depths below, and drags the boat rapidly in its wake. There was no loitering with us, and we soon came within hail. "What cheer, comrades? do you need our help?" "Oh! by no means! we can manage him!" "Very well, then, we look out for ourselves;" and we dashed at a fish that was showing himself at intervals astern of the other boat. Again my foot is on the forecastle—again the harpoon is poised—and before five minutes have elapsed, the barb is planted in him, and we are drawn over the placid waters in nearly the same course with our companions.

To the mere lover of the picturesque, the scene which now presented itself must have been full of interest; but to every one possessed of the true spirit of a sportsman, it must have been exciting as it was novel! The winds were hushed, and the wide expanse of water on which we floated was smooth as a mirror. The tender, with her devil-fish in tow, was before us. The flood tide was drifting her up the river, and out of her desired course. See! she has let go her anchors, hauled her fish close up under her stern, and the boatmen are beating off with their oars the sharks, that, having scented the blood, as it flowed from many a ghastly wound, can scarcely be deterred by blows from gorging themselves on the immense but lifeless mass! Further from shore glides the "Sea

Gull:" the first energies of the monster fish that impels her have been tamed down, and she tacks across the channel, like a barge beating to windward! Jests, merriment and laughter are rife on board of her; and the mirthful echoes are borne to us over the still waters. Behind her is our own boat—whilome the "Cotton Plant," but baptized anew, after the capture of two hours since, the "Devil-Fish;" and her crew, with less noise, but not with less zest, are enjoying the luxury of the scene. *Three boats, each with a devil-fish!*

The fish, meantime, which we had struck, was moving sluggishly through the water. He had never drawn out half the rope, and seemed as if he did not feel or disdain the harpoon which was fastened in him; when suddenly he darted off at right angles from his former course. "Hillo there! give him more rope! How furiously he goes! Surely the sharks have scented him, too, for he rushes on like a stricken buffalo chased by a gang of prairie wolves! Rope, give him more rope! Head the boat round! helm down—pull, starboard oar!" All in vain. The forty fathoms are out,—she broaches to broadside,—something must give way, or we capsize! The boat groans in every timber,—the gunwale already kisses the wave, when, sh sweep! the harpoon fairly bounds out of the fish and flies into the air, as if shot from some submarine swivel! The boat rocks fearfully from side to side, soon settles on an even keel, and the risk and sport are over at the same instant.

One or two hours passed, and our friends had not yet captured the devil-fish. They were in truth quite at his mercy, for he was towing them about the bay wherever his fancy led. Nothing either delayed or diverted his progress. Having no banks now in his way, it was obvious that his speed was becoming greater every moment. Very little of the day, moreover, remained. Far down towards the sea, the white sails of our companion might be seen rolling and bending before the wind, as she went helplessly on towards the breakers. Yet we were several miles up the river!! Could we overtake them? was it not too late? However, not a moment was to be lost. Every hand grasped an oar, and every sinew strained to the enervating task. The

devil-fish after all was to be slain by us!!! We reached the spot, and a sign with the hand directed us some distance beyond, where we saw indistinctly the wings of the devil-fish shooting alternately out to the height of a foot or more. We were soon over him, but owing to the rocking of the boat we could not reach his body for some time. "Strike, sir, for the black side of his wing;" but the order was not wanted, for the harpoon was already deep in him. The devil-fish now went to the bottom, but soon re-appeared, and it was not long before we had him within six feet of the boat, when we pierced him with our lance until he was dead. A boat came to our assistance from the shore, and with the two we had already, it was thought we might tow our prize ashore. The sails were all set and we all springing to our oars, but the fish was unmanageable, and had it not been for the wind which blew against the tide we should have swept to sea, or have been compelled to cut the fish loose to save ourselves. Darkness in the mean time had set

in, and we were yet almost stationary. Our friends on shore set up lights for us, but these only had a tendency to bewilder, as they were so much scattered. The stars came out; but nothing seemed to break the general darkness excepting the agitation of the oars in the water, and the rolling of the devil-fish, as he now and then emerged on a bed of fire to the surface; and as he mounted the wave with outstretched wings, he appeared to our excited minds like the fabled vampire of the ocean, terrible in the extreme. At nine o'clock we ran aground upon Egg Bank; we could not get the fish over the bank, and reluctantly concluded to abandon him, having first pulled him into about three feet of water. There he lay, extending twenty feet by the wings, and the waves rippling in pearly heaps around his black form, which loomed above the water. We cut out our harpoon, pushed our boats through a neighboring swash, and in a few moments found ourselves surrounded by the welcoming eyes of beauty.

J. D. Whelpley
ATHENIAN BANQUETS.

THE FIRST BANQUET, IN WHICH IS A PHILOSOPHICAL DISCOURSE OF LOVE.

WHEN Pericles was Archon of Athens, there lived in that city a woman named Diotima, a Lesbian, who had a gift of prophecy. Many came from all the cities of Greece, to consult her on the success of their enterprises; but particularly those who had love suits of doubtful issue.

It happened on a feast day, when the citizens of Diotima's ward were merry together at the public table, a young man named Cymon, the son of Melas, began to tell a story of a certain love suit, to which Diotima had predicted a good issue, and which fell out as she foretold. The citizens were very attentive to the young man's story, and when he had made an end, they applauded him so that he blushed, and cried out impatiently, that not he, but Diotima should be applauded. The president of the feast, who lay next to the

young man at table, presently whispered something in his ear; and receiving such an answer as he wished, spoke to the guests as follows:

"As I am chosen by you, my friends, to be master of this banquet, and can use my pleasure in every particular, I shall command this young man to take a pitcher of wine and a portion of viands to the prophetess, (whom he seems to admire so much,) by way of a recompense to him, for the pleasure he has given us by his story. What say you to this, Cymon? Will it be a sufficient reward, if we make you the bearer of our present?"

The young man assented very cordially: and while the rest were discoursing, he slipped from the table, and bidding a slave follow with the wine and viands, went instantly to the house of the prophetess;

though the evening was already far advanced. When they reached the house, he took the presents from the slave and sent him away, meaning to give them with his own hands, that the wise woman might the more favor him in a matter of his own, which he meant to advise with her about. While he waited there, calling once or twice, and knocking at the door, a person muffled in a cloak came up the street, and opening the door, bade him enter if he had business with Diotima, for that she would be there speedily. The young man took up the presents and followed the stranger through a court, into which the door opened, and thence into a great banquet room, where his conductor left him. Two torches burning in candlesticks over the door, made a murky light in the place. The floor and ceiling were of wood, rudely carved and painted with symbolic figures. On the walls were figures, very richly colored, representing the battles of the Gods and Titans, and a variety of other actions, all emblematical. At one end of the wall, about a small table set for feasting, stood three couches for as many guests. The couches were beautifully ornamented in the Tyrian fashion, with cushions of Tyrian cloth. On the table stood wine vases and cups of chased silver, such as came, at that period, from Italy and Egypt. At the other end of the hall were many vases of flowers, casting a delicious scent; and on a small altar, opposite the door, offerings of fresh flowers and incense were laid before an ivory group of the Graces, which stood in a niche of the wall.

When the young man had waited some time, a slave entered and lighted a bronze cresset that hung from the ceiling over the table, and which cast an odor in burning as of aloes and frankincense. Then came the prophetess herself, in a white robe, and crowned with flowers. Two others entered after her, one the stranger who had admitted the young man, and the other an uncouth figure, with ragged locks and a satirical physiognomy. These too were crowned, according to custom, and took each a couch on either side of the table; Diotima reclining on the middle one, which was highest. At the sight of this woman, Cymon was struck with amazement; for

in all his interviews, he had never seen her without a black veil. She seemed a century, it might be, in years, but full of life, with a countenance more angelic than human. Her skin was of a marble paleness, furrowed with delicate lines. Her eyes cast a supernatural light, and about her lips, that trembled as if with the birth of speech, there lay an expression of pain tempered with amiable gravity, which assured an instant respect in the beholder.

When the three had taken their places, they perceived Cymon standing very much embarrassed at the lower end of the hall; but at the instant, as he was coming forward to apologize, two slaves entered with another couch, which they placed by the table, and respectfully invited him to take his place upon it, the prophetess signifying the same with a cordial motion of the hand. The young man then explained himself.

"I bring you," said he, "excellent Diotima, a present of some wine and conserves from the citizens of this ward. The master of the feast commanded me, and I came."

"If you came willingly," said the prophetess, "we make you welcome; but if unwillingly, then permit us in some manner to signify our good will. Will you feast with us?"

Cymon, in a confused manner, assented, and took the couch offered him, having with difficulty washed his hands in a basin which the two slaves held for him; at which the satirical guest laughed.

"I perceive, friend," said he, "you are either a musician or a drunkard, by the fiddling of your hands. But be comforted; we shall find you plenty of occupation in either capacity."

"You are very obliging," retorted the other; "but you mistake the cause of my trepidation. I took you for a Scythian or a Satyr by the cut of your face, but now you appear to be only some rude fellow."

"Well returned," said the other guest, laughing. "Our friend here has gotten what he gave; as on other occasions."

"He is unlucky, then," replied Cymon, "if he always gets what he gives. It is a poor jester that has never one triumph."

"I understand our friend differently," said Diotima, in a mild manner. "He de-

sires our good will, and would not feel happy to triumph over any of our distresses. He will not fail to make you love him. He is a fortunate lover, whose friends and mistresses favor him in a surprising manner."

"How," said Cymon, laughing—"him? Pray, who is one of his mistresses, reverend prophetess?"

"The Graces," answered she, "are signally kind to him."

Thereat the young man and the other guest laughed very heartily.

"He is like," said the former, "to have full exercise of his quality, for here are three of us against him."

"You mistake me," said Diotima, smiling. "I meant seriously to commend the good disposition and good fortune of our friend. It is true that he has the Graces at his bidding."

"The deities will think you belie them, good Diotima," said Cymon, who had now perfectly recovered himself, "if you name him as one of their favorites." Then turning to the ivory goddesses, he exclaimed, "I appeal to you, companions of the heavenly Venus, whether this fellow is indeed on the list of your favorites?" while he spoke, between jest and earnest, raising a cup of wine to his lips, and fixing his eyes upon the figures.

"If the anger of our guest against me," said Meton, "is abated, (and I confess the rudeness,) I desire you will tell him for my sake in what sense you think I am favored by the Graces; for he imagines you are satirizing me, as I did him—though, indeed, I meant only to infuse a little courage by arousing bold anger in him; and now you see he is all at once witty and companionable."

"I thank you, good Satyr, for the favor," said the young man; "and now, Diotima, pray explain this mystery. I am impatient to hear you speak on that matter."

"If Lysis," said she, turning to the other guest, "is of your mind, I will say what I mean."

"Do so," said Lysis, "by-and-by; but now I would rather hear from your own lips, what you have promised the jester and myself—the story of your own life."

"Have patience with me, young sir,"

said the prophetess, addressing Cymon, "while I keep a promise with Lysis. When you have heard my story, we will talk of the other matter."

Diotima then called for water, and having washed her hands, she reclined on her left arm, and gesticulating slowly and gracefully with the right, continued the story, while the three guests drank and feasted themselves in silence.

"The Lesbians, who are my countrymen, claim to be the rivals of the Athenians in all matters of taste and refinement, though they confess their superiority in war, and yield them an unwilling obedience. My father exceeded all the other citizens in his cordial hatred of Athens and her democracy, and being equally rich and powerful, was regarded, while he lived, as the leader of the patriotic party. For in Lesbos to be a patriot is to favor aristocracy; but here it is otherwise. My father's taste and opinions made his house a resort of cultivated persons of both sexes, and of all who professed any liberal art or science. Every day we were entertained with music and melodious verse; the most eloquent of the rhapsodists made us familiar with Homer, and the wittiest comedians entertained us with satires on the vulgar. Our nights were passed in banqueting, our mornings in the bath. We sat at evening under the shade of plane trees by cool rivulets, entertained with love tales, or with the sports and conversation of our friends. My early life slid away like a dream. I remember nothing remarkable until my fifteenth year; when I was made suddenly to feel the roughness of fortune, by a decree of the Demos, which banished my father from the Island for life. Taking none with him but myself, whom he tenderly loved, he sailed to Egypt in a vessel loaded with olives, with which, added to a remnant of his property, he meant to establish himself in Egypt, where there is a great colony of the Greeks. Let me assure you, my friends, I was not then what you now see me, a wrinkled old woman, but indeed, not a maid in Hellas might be ashamed of being likened to me: the marble Venus of Lesbos is a copy of my face and form, which the greatest of our artists preferred before all others. My beauty is celebrated in verse that will not perish, and I remem-

ber to have heard, that even Simonides wrote a song upon me, for love's sake only; though my father did not fail to reward him handsomely for every verse."

"My father was in dread lest my beauty should bring some mischief upon him during the voyage, and bade me keep a veil over my face; but one day when there was a great calm, (we were just then on the Rhodian shore,) I laid aside my veil for the sake of coolness, and commanded the female slave who attended me, to draw the curtain that concealed us from the rowers. They lay asleep on the benches—all but one, a young Athenian, who observed the movement of the curtain, and fixed his eyes upon my face. I resumed my veil, not without some apprehensions of the consequences of this imprudence, which were justified by the event; for, on the second day after, the crew rose upon my father and thrust him into the sea. The young Athenian, after this feat, came somewhat rudely into my recess, and informed me that he was master of the galley, that my father had fallen overboard in the night, but that I need not suffer any apprehension on that account, as he meant to be my protector. Imagine my grief and consternation. I threw myself at his feet, and begged he would not injure my honor, or sell me into slavery, but would rather make me his wife, for that now I should have no other protector. The young man's soul was filled with compassion. He raised me from the ground, and with a tender embrace swore that he would be my friend and husband, and that he would die in my defence. I accordingly became his wife, and suffered no inconvenience but sorrow for the death of my father, which afflicted me dreadfully for a long time.

"I soon began to have confidence in my husband, and even loved him a little. He very soon explained that he had designed, with others of the crew, of whom three or four were free Athenians, and the rest slaves, to sell me for a slave in Egypt, expecting a great price by reason of my beauty; that in consideration of his service as inventor and chief executor of the plot, the ship, with its slaves and cargo, was to be his; but that he presently effected an exchange, and partly by threats, and partly by promises of I know not what

advantages, he had got me for his own property. And as the others knew nothing of me but through his report, he had misled them with a false account of my person, representing that as by no means the prodigy he had at first conceived it.

"This last confession nettled me not a little, and through all my sorrows I perceived an uneasiness of a very different kind. For the first time in my life, my personal advantages had been underrated. This leaven worked so powerfully, I resolved at last to right myself by a public disclosure; and one morning as we were coming by the western mouth of the Nile, where the Greeks are accustomed to enter Egypt, I let my veil drop as if by accident, while standing upon the stern in sight of my husband's companions. I perceived that they were astonished at my beauty, and that very night my husband was killed and thrown overboard. My horror and remorse may be conceived when I discovered the consequences of my weakness; but there was nothing left me but to bear it in silence. I was sold soon after to a rich Egyptian, who took me to his house, and finding my person agreeable, gave me every advantage and comfort that could be desired. The houses of Egypt resemble those of Athens, but are far more elegant and convenient. Indeed, the manners of the Egyptians surpass ours in most particulars, and I must regard them as a people far in advance of us in everything appertaining to luxury. We are their superiors in war, and might be their governors, did we but know it; and for the arts, nothing can be worse than their taste in these; but they know better than any other people the way to enjoy and make life comfortable.

"I soon became familiar with the language and manners of my master, and my proficiency was such he made a point of conversing with me himself, displaying a vast deal of learning, and singular notions in regard to religion; for I soon found that his opinions of the gods were not like those of my father, but much more mystical and refined. Manes (for that was my master's name) had been a priest of Ammon, in the desert, and had there learned the greater mysteries. The Pharaoh respected his learning and abilities so much as to grant him a pension with an office of

trust about the court; but because he too much favored the Greeks, the council denied him a judgeship, for which he had solicited, as it would have given him too frequent opportunities of showing his regard for our nation. Nevertheless my good master was a man of virtue above the Egyptian standard, and was faithful not only to his religion, but to the moral intimations of his own breast.

"After two years' residence with him, when I had perfectly acquired the language, and might, but for my beauty, have passed for an Egyptain, he procured me at vast cost an initiation as priestess. The wife of a priest in Egypt, is priestess herself, by virtue of her family and marriage; but if an Egyptian takes a woman of Greece to be his wife, he must procure her this privilege by enormous bribes, because of a law which forbids any but a man or woman of the *pure* land to be initiated. But in Egypt money will do everything.

"At this time Pythagoras was in Egypt, and had become a priest through favor of my husband and others of the Greek faction, who meant to break down the old prejudices. Seeing the military spirit of their nation extinct, and the Pharaohs dependant on foreigners for the defence of his territory, they wished to mingle the two nations, declaring that as they were of Egyptian origin, the Greeks should be admitted of the military order, and treated as the brothers of the Egyptians. But these projects and opinions came all to nought.

"Pythagoras came often to our house in Heliopolis to converse with my husband. I remember well his tall, spare figure, and delicate complexion. His appearance and expression were unlike anything I have ever seen, for they combined the expression of an enthusiast with the manners of an aristocrat.

"We lived splendidly at Heliopolis. My husband's palace adjoined the great temple, where the worship of Ammon and of the Sun is daily solemnized. From the windows of the balcony and from the roof, we overlooked the great avenue leading to the temple, along which processions moved on each one of the many feast days of the Egyptians. One half the time we spent in banqueting and celebrations, the remainder

in study and the rites of the Sun. My husband instructed me in all the mysteries. I read secretly the books of thrice great Hermes, which treat of polity, medicine, and indeed of all that appertains to this life; I composed poems in the sacred character, and soon had the reputation of the most learned, as well as of the handsomest woman in Egypt. My evening parties, suppers and festivals, were attended by all the nobility and their wives. Young nobles drove in their chariots every morning to my doors. Ambitious mothers sent their daughters to hear my conversations, and great wits were not ashamed to learn my verses, and repeat my good sayings.

"Let me describe to you one of my parties, that you may know how much better the women fare in Egypt, than with you Greeks. Wishing to make a young enthusiast, the daughter of a priest, acquainted with the wonderful Pythagoras, I sent him an invitation by a slave, on a scroll of gilt papyrus. At evening he came in a little bronze chariot, drawn by a spirited horse which he drove with his own hand. Alighting at the door of the court, he gave the reins to a servant, and passing through the court under a canopy of cloth, spangled to represent the heavens, under a shower of perfumes, he advanced to the great staircase, which is opposite the street door. Here my husband met him, clad in a dress of the purest linen of Egypt, and they two came together into the chamber where my friends were assembled.

"Need I describe the formal grace, the learned courtesy of the reception, when my husband, with a serene gravity, conducted his famous guest to a chair not inferior to Pharaoh's, and placing himself on his right hand, commanded me to sit upon the left? Then how the women and young nobles, who had risen at his entrance, came forward singly and were introduced, the women by myself, and the men by my husband; and how gracefully and soberly Pythagoras received them, rising and doing courtesy to each with a polite inclination of the head?"

"I beseech you, fair Diotima," said Cymon, interrupting her, "relate to us all the particulars of this reception, and the conversation of Pythagoras with your

young friend, if happily she accomplished her desire of hearing him converse. For I have a suspicion of something extraordinary in such a dialogue, though it happened on so courtly an occasion."

"Please, good friend," said Lysis, "Diotima shall tell us what she pleases. Thou art very impertinent to make such a request."

"He thinks there is some love matter in it," said the other; "for I plainly observe a kind of lustre in his eyes."

"It is the wine, good Meton," observed the young man, blushing. "And now, dear Diotima, I will not again interrupt you."

"The room of reception," said the prophetess, continuing her story, "was of vast size, supported by rows of columns of white marble, stained with emblematic figures. The floor was covered with a thick cloth of wool, worked in figures of sphinxes and water lilies, in blue and gold. The roof had many openings, between the beams of gilt cedar, which rested on the columns; through which came a light subdued by passing through colored slabs of transparent stone. The columns were garlanded with water-lilies, which gave a rich perfume, and from opposite openings in the pictured walls, might be heard at intervals the voice of sweet singers, and the soft music of harps and flutes, echoing and accompanying each other. When the guests were seated, a collation was served by a band of black slaves, clothed each in white tunic, to heighten the darkness of their skin."

"Pray tell me," said Mycon, "whether these were Ethiopians."

"No," said the prophetess, "they were from a country of forests beyond the great desert. The Ethiopians resemble the Egyptians. But these blacks hardly resemble men, so uncouth are they. When the black slaves had taken away the collation, which we ate from little plates of glass, the blacks entertained us with songs and dances after their manner, with which the guests, and especially Pythagoras, were wonderfully delighted, and evinced their pleasure by repeated bursts of merriment."

Here the jester Meton made a motion with his hand, and said:

"I confess, good Diotima, this descrip-

tion of yours might continue to entertain a company of young people, though you went on with it until morning. But I am prodigiously stupid at the hearing of all kinds of histories, unless some demon turns them all into jests for me. But this story of yours is far too dull for jesting, and I therefore weary of it. Pray, say nothing more about these garlands and courtesies—let us have a little of the talk that passed. I fancy Pythagoras made a rare ass of himself."

"Hear the fellow!" exclaimed Cymon. "But if *you* are to suffer by him, good Diotima, I am content to suffer with you. Nevertheless, I long to hear something of this conversation. Pray, what was the topic of it?"

As Cymon said this, he took up a vase of wine very suddenly, and put it to his face to hide his confusion, for he was terribly in love with a fair niece of Diotima's who was in the house, and whom he hoped to catch a sight of that night. Nothing would serve him but to talk of love, for he watched an opportunity to let Diotima into his secret, and at the same time to discover the generosity of his sentiments. But Diotima had detected and approved his passion for her niece. But on this occasion he became subject to a certain proverb; for, tipping the vase too far, he poured the wine over his bosom and over the pillow of the couch, on which he leaned with his left elbow. Thereat the others laughed again, and he, covered with confusion, would have run from the room, had not Lysis laid hands upon him.

"Come," said he, "young sir, you shall share the couch with me, since your own is taken by Bacchus."

"Ay," said the jester, "his courage, that I gave him, he lost to the Graces, and now, that his couch is taken by Bacchus, he has nothing left but his youth and his innocence."

Cymon, greatly nettled at this speech, which was spoken in a ridiculously sad voice, began to conceive a suspicion of Meton, and would have violently hurled the vase at his head, had he not been staid by a look from Diotima, who, when he had taken his place upon the couch with Lysis, continued her story as follows:—

"I shall not hesitate, my friends, to relate a part of the conversation of Pythago-

ras with myself, my husband, and the young priestess of Eros; because, not only of Cymon's desire, and yours, good Meton, but because of my first promise to Lysis, that I would relate the history of my life. From the date of this interview I began to live differently, turning all my thoughts upon spiritual matters, that I might attain that prophetic power which it is conceded that I now possess. But before this, even to the thirtieth year of my life, my thoughts had been limited to my pleasures and reputation. Until then I loved glory for the pleasure it brings; now, I loved it no less, but began worthily to pursue it. For I would have you know that the passion of glory, like love, differs in the pure and the impure, not as to the end, but as to the mode of attaining it. For as an honorable lover gains his end by generous and unreserved affection, and the dishonorable by the contrary, thinking only of his own pleasure,"—Here Diotima glanced at Cymon, who crimsoned with delight and shame—"so, the true lover of glory seeks the universal love of men, by cultivating in himself true and loveable qualities, while the falsely ambitious entices men with a show, and feasts upon stolen praises."

"Let us compare him," said Lysis, "to a cunning fisherman, who with a bit of glittering metal draws the fish to his hook."

"And the other," rejoined Cymon, "is like a good shepherd whom the sheep love for the good food he gives them."

"I will compare him," said the jester, "to a jar of sweetened vinegar, which a rascally slave brings you for wine of Cos, when you are so drunk you know no difference of tastes."

"Good," responded Mycon; "and half mankind are drunk all their lives, and know not the taste of true honor."

"Pythagoras," continued the prophetess, "after many kind words and pleasant compliments, drew us gradually to the topic, as I had forewarned him to do, and presently engaged us all in a delightful manner; hearing the word of each, and giving the stupidest remark an elegant turn to the advantage of the person who made it. We were soon quite intoxicated with the beauty of his discourse. The young nobles forgot themselves and their fair companions, and all crowded about us,

standing or pushing their seats as near as civility would let them. I took care that a soft strain of music should continue while we talked, which rolled tenderly through the alcoves and took off the harshness of our voices."

"Gods," exclaimed Meton, "I shall begin presently to shed tears, good Diotima, to think I was not there."

But the others bid him be silent, and Diotima continued:

"Pythagoras would not direct his conversation to the young priestess of Eros, more than to the others, for fear of putting her to shame; but shaped all he said with wonderful ingenuity to her thoughts, while he seemed to be answering the question of another, or relating some anecdote to please the whole. I cannot pretend to any recollection of his words, and must repeat his sentiments in my own. He related to us the fable of Eros, and of his birth-out of the darkness, and then said that this fable signified the birth of love in the soul; for that the first darkness meant only the selfish instinct of man, out of which love for the parent who cherishes him, springs like a smiling infant full of light and warmth."

"There is hope in this infant," said the jester: "I perceive it will grow a great baby."

At this, Lysis could not help laughing, but Cymon showed signs of violent anger.

"He spoke of Typho," continued the prophetess, "as one with darkness and selfish isolation. That there is a continual war between this evil principle and the first love, the Eros or Horus; for that Typho, dark and cruel, draws all things down to death and isolation; but that love expands and unites, producing a wonderful music or harmony for souls, which is the language, or song, of the gods."

"Love appears first in matter warring with the evil Principle, or with darkness and the fixed. It perpetuates the affinities of all things, and is the cause of the oneness of the world. The planets revolve about the sun according to its law; for as the love of the child causes it to revolve in a manner about the parent, and the love of the wife causes her to move harmoniously in the sphere of her superior, so move the heavenly lovers, the planets

with their sun. Hence the people of the East call the sun the husband of the planets, because they move about him, bound by his love. If the power of the love of two heavenly bodies is equal in each, then are they sun and planets, each to the other, and move in one circle about their common centre; and this is the most beautiful of all heavenly motions. But it usually happens that an inferior is bound to a superior; and then she moves about him as inferior, receiving from him both light and warmth. But all love is mutual even among the stars, and the lover originates it in her he loves, and she in him in her turn. But he is moved according to her power; if equal, equally; if unequal, unequally.

"Then the young priestess, Dione, the daughter of Polias, addressing herself to me, spoke as follows:

"Pythagoras tells us a new thing, that the most beautiful of all the heavenly motions, is that of an equal about an equal; and I am persuaded the women of Egypt will not agree with him in this; for the oath of marriage makes them superior to their husbands in domestic affairs, nor are they backward in asserting a superiority in all other things. But it seems more beautiful to me, that the husband should be the superior in all important matters, as is the custom among the barbarians and the Greeks.' 'How,' said I, hastily, 'do you see the better kind of women asserting a superiority, or even an equality? or is it only a few discontented weaver's wives who do this, of the kind that are forward to speak at the sacrifices, and in the market? I have seen one of these lead home her infant in one hand and her husband in the other, as the greater infant of the two.'

Then began a great contest among the women, as to which was the better condition, that the wife should rule the husband, or the husband the wife, as our law has it. But Dione, with Pythagoras, Manes and myself, remained silent until there should be room for a reasonable word. After the uproar had a little subsided, Manes spoke.

"I begin to see,' said he, 'my wise friends, that you will never decide this question in theory, but that each of you must discover what is true in practice.'

"Then, as his custom was, he began to relate a fable in the eastern manner."

"Let us hear this fable," said Lysis; "I like an apologue above all things."

Then, when the jester and the young man had signified the same desire, the prophetess spake as follows:

"In Mandara, before Amun had created men, there lived a nation of apes who had speech. The bodies of these apes were inhabited by certain demons, who used them for their own purpose. Barata, a wise spirit, who inhabited the body of a crow, conceived a hatred against the apes because they mocked his chattering, and ridiculed his grave and cunning ways. He determined to destroy them, and set about it in the following manner: Assuming the figure of a very aged ape, he came and stood by a spring where the females came to drink. He stood leaning on his staff, looking into the water, and retaining this position, without change, for a year, acquired the reputation of extreme sanctity; for it is necessary that the fickle should venerate the fixed. At the end of a year, the females began to bring offerings; and the water of the spring was esteemed holy. At the end of a second year, Barata keeping his position, great multitudes flocked to worship him, and throw offerings of fruit into the water, which floated away and were eaten by the crows and other birds friendly to Barata, and who knew his design. At the end of the third year, Barata moved his head as though to speak, and the multitude of females fled away in terror or dropped down in a swoon, so astonished were they to see a motion in him. When they were a little recovered, Barata waved his hand and addressed them as follows: 'Listen to me, ye females who desire sacred knowledge.' When he had said this, a number came forward and approached near him, and some would have embraced his feet. Then he continued, 'Listen to me, ye who desire the prosperity of the just.' When Barata had said this, one only came forward of the multitude that covered, as it stood, a plain broader than Shinar. But when, for the third time, he added, 'Listen to me, you who would reap honor where you have sown idleness,' the whole demoniacal body rushed eagerly to be near him, and in their

haste trampled the single just one to death.

"When my husband came to this part of the story," said the prophetess, "I perceived a movement as of indignation in the listeners, though it was so slight none seemed to observe it. Then, in a grave voice, he continued :

"When Barata saw the multitude attentive, and eagerly expecting what he should say to them, he spoke as follows :

"I know not what I shall say to win your regard, which I desire above all things. A god inspires me to think him blessed whom you love. What can I more desire than your love, and how can I more deserve it than by making you blessed? But my wisdom is able to do this. Is not all virtue admirable? But what avails virtue unadmired?' Then the multitude murmured, signifying that they cared nothing for virtue unadmired. 'Nay, then,' continued Barata, 'we are nothing without honor. To be honored is to be blessed. I seek to make you blessed by making you honored. If you desire to know by what means, signify as much.' Then the whole multitude screamed an assent, and Barata continued : 'To be honored is to be an equal or a superior. For what honor has an inferior? Ye are miserable inferiors.' 'We know it,' exclaimed many; but some groaned, and would have stoned the sage had they been allowed by the rest. 'To be superior is to have ease, and pleasure, and honor. To be inferior is inconsistent with happiness. But you were made for happiness.' 'We were,' screamed the multitude. 'Go, then,' he continued, 'bid your husbands grant you happiness; refuse any longer to defeat the ends of your being; invent a thousand ways to show your equality, and if possible your superiority; and you will not fail to become the rulers of those whom you serve.' So saying, Barata quit the shape he had assumed, and taking that of a griffon, flew away over their heads. Then the multitude of females agreed among themselves to observe the words of Barata, and to conceal them from the males. But failing to accomplish their aim with these, they began to educate their male offspring in a feminine manner, to have them at their service, while the females were permitted to enjoy their ease.

Then letters were invented by these demons, and the males being unused to warlike occupation, addicted themselves to sedentary pursuits. And their numbers gradually diminished, for they became a prey to wild beasts and birds, the friends of Barata; and in two centuries their race was extinct, and the crows inhabited their forests."

When Diotima had made an end of the fable, Lysis said, hesitatingly :

"The story, good Diotima, is displeasing to me in many respects, nor do I fully perceive the application of it; though Manes clearly intends to speak of a contest between the sexes which did not begin yesterday, nor will end, as I think, while men and women exist. The conclusion is like a bad verse at the end of a good poem, which the poet is afraid to finish as he began. But now let us hear more of Pythagoras and the wise daughter of Polias. I fancy she might say a good thing or so."

"We were all disappointed as you were," continued Diotima, "with the conclusion of the fable, as well as with the moral of it, and expected to be made amends by what Pythagoras should say further to the young priestess. But seeing that some began to be weary, I proposed games, and among others a game of penalties, that I might compel Dione to repeat verses, which she did with so peculiar a grace, that we were perfectly delighted and snatched away from ourselves. Then, being director of our sports, I commanded Pythagoras to make an oration in praise of Love, which he did, though very unwillingly; and I saw that he turned his eyes away from Dione, who sat blushing and hiding her mouth with her lotus.* Pythagoras looked a little angry and disturbed when I commanded him to make an oration in praise of Love; but when he perceived the guests expectant, and a silence made, he began, hesitatingly, as follows :

"We are all lovers and beloved—child and parent, brother and brother, husband and wife, friend and friend. But in love there are degrees. We love or hate every living thing when we behold it, because it

* Water lily, carried in the hand by Egyptian ladies at entertainments.—Wilkinson, *Man. and Cust. of the Egyptians*.

gives pain or pleasure to the eye, and promises pain or pleasure to the soul. The blind love the hand that touches them kindly, and the voice that affects them gently. Pleasure, therefore, is the ground of love, and if we desire to be loved, we must be able to please. By the pleasure we receive our love is measured; but as the dull ear receives no pleasure from the rarest music, the dull heart is insusceptible to the tender pleasures of love. Observe how the touch of the musician's finger draws a sweet tone from the harp; so will the touch of a loving hand draw out a bliss in the soul.

"The whole action of a true votary of Eros, will be to convey happiness to others, while he seeks the same for himself. But if the votary finds it in vain to do this, appealing to a dull heart, he will cease, and have no more desire to give or to receive his proper pleasure.

"The friend desires only to please his friend, seeking no reward but that of knowing that he gives pleasure in the manner intended. For if he means only to convey a pleasure of sense, he is satisfied when he succeeds in this. But if he desires also to convey a pleasure to the heart, or to the spirit, he will not be satisfied unless this desire is accomplished.

"The first kind of love is base in its degree, regarding only the pleasure of the lover, and not that of the person loved. The second is personal and of the heart, and unites friends of all name—husband and wife, parent and child, friend and friend. This is the affection that must share the pleasure that it gives with the person pleased; but it is limited to such as are able to return good for good, and pleasure for pleasure.

"The third and last kind is indifferent who the person pleased may be; but regards all mankind, existing, present, and to be hereafter. This is the love of glory. Its desire is to impress all with a sense of the worth of the universal lover—the lover of glory; and it does this by laying open to all eyes, its own admirable qualities.

"In the school of sensuous and affectionate pleasure, this Immortal Love takes its first lessons of pleasing, but its own pleasure is only in a persuasion that it is regarded by all men as an universal source or cause of pleasure. Learn, then, O friends, to know

when it is that you mistake the sensuous desire of self-pleasure for that true friendship, which can receive only while it gives. And learn to separate your friendship from your love of glory, which, in less or greater circle, includes all your world."

Here Diotima paused in her narrative, and the jester would have made one of his sharp speeches, but Cymon, shaking the cup as though to hurl it, put him to silence.

"Pythagoras took an advantage of you, good prophetess," said Lysis, "and fairly revenged himself. You looked for entertainment, and he treated you to a prosy lecture with a moral at the tail of it."

"Ay," rejoined the jester, defending his head with his arm, with a wink at Cymon, "this sage might have said a wise thing or so, had he not been in love. But, alas! the passion makes fools of us."

Cymon, upon this, could not contain his vexation.

"Dear Diotima," said he, "command this joker to keep silence, since you will not let me break his head for him."

But she, waving her hand to the young man, bade him put down the cup which he seemed ready to throw, for that she set a great value on the jester's head for the value of what was in it.

"It is a vinegar-cruet," retorted Cymon, "with the face of a satyr carved on it."

"And thy cranium," rejoined Meton, "shall be compared to a milk pitcher with a straight handle; but the milk is a little turned."

At this sally, Diotima smiled a little, but at the same time looked kindly at Cymon, as if to see how he would bear it. But Lysis, taking up the silver cup out of which he had been drinking, showed Cymon two masks carved on either side of it, one the face of Admetus's shepherd, and the other, of a Pan with pipes.

"There are two sides," said he, "young sir, to every perfect figure; and he is the fool who insists there is but one."

Then Cymon blushed and hung down his head, and the prophetess continued her story as follows:

"When Pythagoras had made an end of his brief oration, of which I have related only the substance to you, having no ability to give it that elegance which it took from him, the guests were silent, as not daring

either to applaud or condemn. But the young priestess, plucking up a spirit, spoke as follows :

“ ‘ You spoke, grave sir, of a *love* of glory, as though it were like friendship, or even the same with true love itself, but more universal and refined. Is it necessary to think, then, that the ambitious, who are lovers of glory, are in truth a kind of passionate lovers, and affect fame as if it were a mistress ? ’ ”

“ Dione spoke these words with hesitation and a great deal of blushing, so that we were all ashamed for her, and wished to help out her wise speech ; which had so happy an effect upon our spirits, somewhat sunk by Pythagoras’s great manner of speaking, (for his voice was like harmonious thunder,) we seemed all to join in her question, and every one looked kindly upon her. Then the Greek spoke again in these words :

“ ‘ The lovers of true glory are visited by a comforting spirit, which is pure and holy. It fills them with magnanimity, and grace, and honor. It exalts them to great endeavor for the sake of men : they despise all else for the happiness of men. But the happiness which they desire to give is not solitary, like that of a self-reliant soul, but harmonious, as when a company of friends listen together to sweet music, by which they are made one, and feel as one. This, therefore, is a kind of love : the passion of glory is a kind of love. For the mark of love is, that it desires a harmony or union of pleasure and grief ; converting pleasure into bliss, and sorrow into tender sadness. And this it is that teaches the poet to harmonize his sorrows and his pleasures, that others may mingle in them, as in love with himself ; for the poet is a lover of glory. And this it is that inspires the speaker with rich power, and gives a pleasure to his voice ; for he desires to be mingled in the great sea of divine ideas with the souls of those that hear him. And this it is that urges the hero to the gate of death, defying terror and terrible rage ; for he wishes to be mingled in courage with the souls of all the brave, both present, and that have been, and to come. This, then, is a love that we call love of glory, magnanimity, humanity, and by other harmonious appellations ; but we might name it the inspir-

ing or comforting spirit, since it is that which inspires all good deeds for the love of man. It makes men lovers of their country and their name, descending on whole companies like a fire from heaven, making all despise death for the love of all.’ ”

“ While he said these things,” continued the prophetess, “ I was in a manner seized upon by the spirit of silence, and the others with me remained mute. But Dione wept passionately, and was not able to hide her tears. But it was the power of his voice and of his eye which moved us, for it seemed as if the sea had spoken to the hills.

“ After we had waited a little time in this silence, I rose and invited my guests into the garden. We went out into cool air, under a heaven glowing with stars. The jewel of Athor had sunk behind the western mountains, but Athor herself, the gloomy Night, rested on the hills. Ascending by a great stair to the summit of the sepulchre at the end of the garden, we stood overlooking the city that lay silent like a place of tombs. The Nile was at the full of his rise, and covered all Egypt like a sea. We beheld afar off the glimmer of lights in the island cities, or saw them moving on the waters. Dione leaned on the arm of our guest, and began to ask him many things regarding the heavenly spheres. Then we drew near him, expecting to hear a wonderful discourse of astronomy ; nor were we disappointed, for he spake of the all-glorious sun as of the lord of the near worlds, and of the stars as of other suns ruling other worlds. He told us of the sacred circles of the planets and their harmony ; of the music of their motion, which is a geometric melody of the mind. But of these you have often heard. Then opening the book of the centuries, he set forth the order of creation, and spoke of man the crowning work of God, declaring that for him all these were made ; that in him the Deity, hidden from his own sight, emerges as from a sea, casting up a wave which is his form.

“ Need I tell you, my friends, how this discourse affected us ? Dione caught the fall of his slow voice as a thirsty soul with open mouth catches large drops of rain over the desert. I confess I listened with

my whole body, for never before had science seemed beautiful to me, until this man mingled it with divine dreams.

"While we stood discoursing and listening, day began to appear. We descended the great stairs, and came in, slow and scattering, to the house, the guests taking their leave of me as they passed; for I and Dione lingered behind with Manes and Pythagoras. When all were gone but the sage and the young priestess, we invited them to retire, which they accepting, were shown each by a train of slaves into sumptuous apartments, not unworthy to be the chambers of princes. But these were princes indeed, for even the Pharaoh feared Pythagoras; and for Dione, she shone a pure star among the pure."

When Diotima had made an end, Lysis thanked her for the description of the banquet of Pythagoras, but seemed astonished at the boldness of the Egyptian women. "I desire," said he, "good Diotima, that no such sage or prophet may appear in Athens, intoxicating young girls with discourses of this kind."

"And pray," said the prophetess, "what is it that you fear for them, my prudent friend?"

"That they learn to love banquets and conversations, and go a hunting after fine phrases, which nature forbids to any but the poets."

"A very slight consequence you mention," said Cymon, "my kind Lysis. What harm may follow a little affectation?"

"When you are older, good youth, you will find that affectation in speech and manners is not the innocent thing it seems to be."

"How so?" inquired the jester in a grave voice.

"I have long noticed," answered Lysis, "that such as use an unnatural cant phrase, in speech or writing, make bad friends, or rather no friends at all. They are an adaptive kind of persons, surprisingly ready to shape themselves to the disposition of any one whom they wish to please; but are for the most part full of cankerous animosity and contempt."

"But how is it possible," rejoined Cymon, "for the conversation of a wise and unaffected person like Pythagoras, a man, if I may so speak, intoxicated with

divinity, to breed this hateful littleness and conceit in any soul?"

"I do not say that he breeds it there," answered Lysis; "but only that he gives occasion for it. When the master sings, the dog barks."

"It is this barking that offends me," said the jester, with the same apparent gravity. "I am accustomed to compare the voices of these people," continued he, affecting a deep seriousness, "to the echoes of speeches which return only the emphasized syllables."

"A stiff comparison," said Lysis, laughing at the gravity of the other; but he continued undisturbedly. "And the faces that speak them, I compare to tragic masks, through which the words of a good poet are pertly delivered. The persons themselves I resemble to an unscoured kneading trough, into which the good housewife carelessly put her dough, but it presently began to corrupt. For the words of the sages themselves, they are like the rain which falls equally into filthy sewers and golden pitchers. And for the effects of their words, I observe the kennels swell most after a summer shower."

Cymon and Lysis applauded this speech heartily, and the prophetess seemed not displeased with it.

"I will add one more," she said, smiling, "to your similitudes. I will compare the words of the wise to the rain that unfolds tender buds; and say that poisonous nightshade feels it as genially as the grass and grain."

"And now, my friends," said Lysis, "let Diotima continue her history; for I see the morning entering."

"For my part," said the young man, "I desire to hear more of this young Egyptian priestess, who seems to be in love with the very wise Pythagoras. Tell us in a few words, dear Diotima, what befell the amiable Dione."

"At another time," answered the prophetess, "I will relate her story, as I had it from hearsay."

"Go on, then, dear prophetess," said Lysis, "with your own story, and let us hear the loves of Dione at another time."

"The morning is well begun," answered she, "and though I desire your company, good friends, I will even break off here,

and, if it pleases you, relate the after-fortune of my life at another time."

"Especially your spiritual history," said the young man.

"As my friends will," answered she; "but why should I be so much of a talker, when here is one to whom the Graces are favorable, and who is better able to please you than I am?"

She said these words in so pleasant and playful a tone, shining with her lustrous eyes upon the rude Meton, he was abashed, and turned his head away. But Cymon now began to show symptoms of discontent; for he had hoped ere this to have found a private opportunity with the prophetess, meaning to disclose his love for her niece; but she, penetrating his thoughts, paid no heed to him, but only joined with Lysis, who was urging the jester to his part in a story, vowing, in jest, that if he did not, he, Lysis, would begin a very prosy one himself. Cymon declared he would rather sleep under Lysis than lie awake under Meton. But the jester, who secretly desired to talk, began presently as follows:

"Since you, good Diotima, wish to hear me, and you, grave Lysis, are of the same mind, I may use my endeavors notwithstanding the youth, whom I pity for his condition," (here Cymon gave a groan,) "which is exactly that of the fox who could not get his head into the narrow-necked jug into which the crane put his dinner."

"Stop, good sir," said the prophetess, beginning to laugh at the sight of Cymon's sad countenance. "This is no story, but a very cruel amusement."

"Before Meton begins his story," said Lysis, "I insist that he tell us in what particulars our friend here resembles the ox."

"Because," said the jester, "it is his fate to be unable to enjoy anything deep or witty, (which is the case with all lovers.) I, who resemble the crane, could sip nothing out of his flat dish; and now, he as little of my witticisms, that have a depth and a pith for a deep sense to get at, (though I say it.) I will tell you a story of an old woman that lived in the Piræus not long ago, and what a cunning way she took to get a living."

"Let the story, good joker, be a short

and pithy one, like the farce after the tragedy," said Lysis, "that we may all go home in a good humor."

But the jester, making no reply, continued as follows:

"This old woman sold cresses for a small profit; but she had a little yellow dog, that brought her more money than all her simples, though she kept the best parcels in the market."

When the jester had got thus far with his story, he stopped and lay quite silent, sipping a little wine with a dull expression. The others waited a while, thinking he would go on, but Cymon grew impatient.

"Well," said he, "and what of the dog?"

"This dog," said the jester, "had a familiar demon, who befriended the old woman."

"But is it true?" said the young man.

"As true," answered the other, "as the calendar."

"Pray go on," said Cymon, seeing that the jester did not proceed.

When Meton heard this request, he squeezed up the corners of his eyes with a grin, and proceeded:

"You must know, my young friend, that there are two kinds of demons, the good and the bad; and that every man has one of each appointed him at birth."

"I know it," said the other; "but how for the women? Have they a demon?"

"O yes, several," replied the jester, "but with this difference—that the woman's demon, be it good or evil, is not allowed to manifest itself to her directly, but must appear in some other shape; whereas the man's demon may enter into him directly, and become spiritually visible to himself, without external appearance."

"I never heard that before," said Cymon, with a look of surprise.

"Your not having heard it makes nothing against it," said the jester; "but it is certain that this dog had a demon who was a friendly genius to his mistress."

"Was the dog a female?" said the young man, musingly.

Thereupon Lysis and the jester burst into a laugh, but the prophetess discovered no emotion of any kind.

"I wished to know," said the young

man, "whether the demons of males might inhabit female animals."

"Pray what conjurations have you in hand?" said Lysis, continuing to laugh. But seeing Diotima look offended, he motioned the jester to continue his story; but Cymon would not be put off, and appealed with his question to the prophetess. She assured him mildly,

"Those who profess to know the nature of the good and evil demons, declare they are of no sex, and can inhabit a male or a female body at pleasure."

Meton objected.

"I feel certain to have seen women," said he, "possessed by the male demons, some good and some evil."

But Diotima would not suffer him to proceed.

"I restrict you," said she, "to the finishing of this story, for it is broad morning, and I hear banqueters going home from the ward feast."

Just at this moment there was a noise of voices in the street, some singing, oth-

ers shouting, as if intoxicated; and while we listened, some began to beat at the gate; and presently it was opened and a number of young men with garlands on their heads, came into the court calling for Diotima. She immediately rose, and going to the door, they saluted her and threw their garlands at her feet, and presented gifts of wine and other delicacies; and one threw a rich robe over her shoulders, and kneeling down kissed her hand as if she had been a princess. She received their gifts, and having dismissed them courteously, returned to the banquet room, where her guests were waiting in some wonder as to the result. When they saw her returning with the purple robe upon her shoulders, having the air of a princess, they were struck with astonishment. But she only dismissed them, after appointing another day to finish her story, and bidding Cymon attend her in another apartment. Then having saluted her, they left the house.

THE NEW MACHIAVEL.

THE establishment of a people in the enjoyment of liberty and competency is allowed by all writers to be the noblest work in which a man of great spirit can be engaged; but as the opportunity of composing constitutions and building up institutions of freedom is rare, and happens only once in a century or more, it well becomes the ambitious spirits of those ages which offer none of these fortunate occasions to look about them, lest, for mere want of occupation, they fall into contempt, and play the miserable part of eulogists, and defenders of antiquated systems. Their only chance for distinction lies in being the first to pull down what their fathers established. Military conquerors of the despotic order have rare opportunities of immortalizing themselves in this fashion.

The arts which they pursue are well known, and have not yet gone out of use. But of that order of conquerors who busy themselves chiefly about the foundations of their own States, the world is not half so well informed; not because their work is any less difficult and praiseworthy than that of the warlike order, but that it requires a subtlety and refinement of genius which historians either do not always appreciate, or will not be at the pains to set before the world in a proper light.

A great politician, lately retired from office, and who employs the leisure of his old age in reading, and meditation upon his own experience, proposes to write a volume for the use of statesmen, and for politicians, by which he shall guide them to a more systematic and effectual de-

sstruction of their institutions, than they ever could accomplish under the merely natural impulse of ambition and the love of change.

We happen to be very intimate with the designer of this treatise, which its author means to entitle "*The New Machiavel* ; or a Treatise on the Art of Destroying a Nation from within." The first part will be a profound essay on the nature and uses of Opinion, and of the various arts of creating it. Of this portion a friend quite competent to the task, has promised us a popular review. The author evidently regards it as the most important portion of his work, for at the very page we find this sentence, "*The Constitution and Laws of a people rest upon three columns: these are, Prejudice, Interest and Opinion.*" It is unnecessary to remind the reader that whatever rests upon three legs, if *one* be knocked away, will fall to the ground. Our author believes that the Prejudices of a people, which are quite distinct from their speculative Opinions, are a main support of their government, and he proposes to devote a separate treatise to the art of undermining inherited prejudices.

The third part is of the Interests of a Nation—in what they consist, and how they are most judiciously and easily brought to the ground. As the practical experience of our author lies chiefly in that field, he having been the cause of undermining and annihilating larger and more valuable Interests, than have ever before been ruined by any private adventurer, without detriment to himself, may be regarded as perfectly good authority upon this topic at least.

One principal defect, however, has been noticed by the judicious who have seen these treatises, and that is that the venerable writer, while he tells us how to bring down the edifice of state in a tasteful and magnificent style, so as to make a very fine ruin of it, neglects to show us how to "*stand from under*;" and while we read "*of trains and plots and machinations dire*," our enthusiasm is checked by the reflection that some of these grand engineers might possibly be hoist with their own petards, or buried under a falling column. These, it may be, are but the reflections of nervous and over-fearful persons. To give some faint idea of the work, we subjoin a few extracts from the plan.

"To destroy the interests of a nation the most effectual methods are obviously those which will sink the largest amount of labor and capital, or which will turn the labor and capital of the people into the least productive channels. This cannot be done immediately, or in one generation, and the most that we of this time can do is to begin the work.

"Having by a judicious working upon opinion, induced the people to elect an Executive sufficiently ignorant, obstinate, and ambitious, you have then to provide a suitable cabinet for guiding and instigating. You are to keep all real information out of reach and hearing of your Executive, and fill his ear with continual flatteries, so that his opinion of his own judgment, where it is necessary that he have any, be swelled to the largest. He will then be in a good condition to use, for carrying out your grand scheme.

"Having now got your Executive ready, and in good order for the work, you must begin by setting him against something, with which he shall be heartily angry. Anger and pride together, will make him persevere. This may be either some great public institution, as a legislative body, a moneyed corporation, a college, a church, or a neighboring State. If you can engage him in '*a little war*,' be content: *little wars* always continue long, and cost more in the end than *great wars*, which agrees with your main design.

"It may be shown that wars of conquest are the best in the world for your purposes: for—

"1. They are the greatest destroyers of property, by sinking productive capital in the maintenance of unproductive bodies of men, armies, navies, office-holders, and the vast crowd of idlers that live upon their means while waiting for offices; which is a great consideration.

"2. By a national debt, increasing the number of speculators, stock-jobbers, and the like.

"3. By the sudden augmentation of the army and navy, a vast number of laborers, mechanics, dealers and contractors, previously engaged in commercial or other economical pursuits for the increase of national wealth, are now engaged in the production of a surplus, which is to be consumed without render or profit to the nation.

"The surplus capital of the nation, which would otherwise have been used for the cultivation of farms, the building of cities, the establishment of manufactories, and the opening of new channels of internal and external commerce, is now directed upon the production of clothes, food, munitions of war, forts, navies, &c., which, instead of being a profitable investment for the surplus of the national wealth, are in fact a perpetual sink and drain, swallowing up in taxes for their after maintenance and support, those earnings of poor men, which would otherwise have just lifted them a little above poverty.

"This last effect is of the greatest importance to your scheme. We know very well, and you must not fail to persuade the people, that a war stimulates the industry of a nation, gives employment to a vast number of persons, and employs a great amount of capital. It is not this first effect, however, but the secondary consequences of war, which should occupy your attention—namely, that all this industry and wealth is employed, so to speak, in digging a pit to throw in the people's money.

"Having got your war well agoing, and the public debts running mountain high, you will now observe a three-fold effect on the nation: *first*, a general stagnation of business, following on the close of the war; *secondly*, a large increase of crime and poverty, through the return of myriads of adventurers; *lastly*, but which will appear more slowly, the enlargement of the class of paupers, and the depression

of the working classes generally, through the necessary effects of taxation.

"If the nation enjoyed a free trade before the war, you will now find it necessary to raise your tariffs as high as possible; an operation which will injure some nations and benefit others; but by a skillful adjustment of duties you may succeed in killing off some valuable manufactures and stimulating others that will be of little or no value. Your main reliance, however, will be on taxation. The debt having been incurred, it must be paid; but you will bend all your efforts toward increasing the number of the poor, who are always your very dear friends; and what good man is there that does not wish to increase the number of his friends? To this end you will begin by taxing the necessaries of life, food, fuel, clothes, &c., taking care to persuade the people that the loss will fall upon the traders and producers, who will take good care on their part to sustain little or none of it. The man who saved forty dollars a year will now save but twenty, and he who enjoyed twenty will have nothing to spare; he who lived decently and saved nothing will now live meanly and have nothing, and those who lived meanly and laid up no earnings, will fall into poverty, debt and dependence. Thus by your vast army and navy you have not only conquered the enemy and earned a great name for yourself, but you have conquered and subjected a vast body of refractory citizens, poor people, who will not fail to swell the ranks of the *Reform* party, which is always *yours*."

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE late financial crisis has been the subject of long debate in the British Parliament. The matter was brought forward by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 30th Nov., and committees of investigation have been appointed by both Houses. From the debate it appears the ministers are of opinion that, although the pressure may have been ultimately aggravated by the Currency Act of 1844, yet its real cause was an unprecedented drain on the available capital of the country, partly for the purchase of corn and partly for permanent investment in railroads, which began in the summer of 1846, and acting on an unduly extended state of credit, brought on the revulsion. In 1837 there was a season of great commercial depression, which destroyed the houses whose credit was too much extended. In 1839 occurred a severe drain of gold for purchases of corn, but trade being in a healthy state the commerce of the country was not very materially affected. In October, 1847, the circulation in the hands of the public, including bank post bills, was £19,577,000, being £3,000,000 more than at the same period in 1839; and the private securities lodged with the bank were £21,260,000, also showing an increase of £8,000,000 above Oct., 1839; from which it appears that the pressure was not from the mere want of notes or bank accommodation. In the summer of 1846, the Bank of England had on hand a very large amount of bullion and a large reserved fund; and they, in consequence, reduced the rate of interest to three per cent. There was also at that time an accumulation of deposits of railroad money in the hands of the London bankers, which enabled them to afford facilities to commerce, and made the money market easy. At that time there existed an unlimited expansion of credit. The harvest of 1846 failed and the potato crop also, which caused a great drain of gold from the country for the purchase of corn; and in this period the increased demand of capital for railroads had begun to take place; and the consumption of manufactured articles diminished, in consequence of the high price of food. In January the Bank raised the rate of interest, first to 3½, and afterwards to 4 per cent. The drain of capital for railroads and food increased; and the rate of interest in the money market (not at the Bank) became higher. One of the most important railroad companies announced they were prepared to pay 5 per cent. for money on loan; the Bank fixed the same rate of discount, and

then came the panic. The Bank is severely blamed for having imprudently parted with their gold, and having afterwards too suddenly restricted their discounts, by which latter operation a great state of alarm was created. On the 30th July the notes in circulation amounted to £18,892,000; on the 5th August the Bank raised the rate of discount to 5½ per cent., and about that time the great commercial failures began; but these failures, with few exceptions, were then confined to houses in the corn trade. Between May and September the price of corn had fallen no less than 50 per cent.; the average price in May being 102s. per quarter, and in September about 48s. The cost of corn imported, from June, 1846, to Jan., 1847, was £5,139,000; from January to July, 1847, £14,184,000; and the amount from July to October, 1847, was as great as that of the preceding six months, viz., £14,240,000; making altogether an aggregate of about £33,000,000. This was the cost of imports and freight, exclusive of profits made in Great Britain. The demand of capital for railways increased in a like manner. The amount expended on railways in 1841, 1842 and 1843, was about £4,500,000 per annum. In 1844 it rose to £6,000,000, and in 1845 to £14,000,000; in the first half year of 1846 to £9,800,000, and in the last half year of 1846 to £20,600,000; in the first half year of 1847 to £25,755,000; and, if the works had proceeded at the same ratio, they would have required in the last half year of 1847 no less than £38,000,000. Deducting from this about 5 per cent., for Parliamentary expenses and land, which was not a sinking capital, the sum expended on railways would amount altogether to between £80,000,000 and £90,000,000. *The large abstraction thus caused from the capital formerly at the disposal of ordinary commercial enterprise, and the amount also converted into fixed capital, were the leading causes of the pressure.*

Want of confidence in the public mind, also caused a large hoarding of gold and notes, which were thus withdrawn from circulation. Two of the great discount houses in London stopped payment, the others feared to act in such a state of affairs; and thus the discounting business of the country was, in a great measure, thrown upon the Bank of England. "At this time," (October,) says the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "the Government saw parties of all descriptions, who said to us, 'We do not want notes; we only want you to

give us confidence.' We asked, 'What will give you confidence?' They replied, 'If we only know that we can get notes, that will be enough. We do not want the notes. You can charge any rate of interest you please. Charge 10 or 12 per cent.; we do not mean to take the notes, we only want to know that we can have them.'" Under these circumstances the Government, on the 25th October, gave the recommendation to the Bank of England referred to in our number of December last, when large amounts which had been kept in the hands of capitalists were again deposited with the London bankers, the amounts drawn from the Bank of England were very materially lessened, and public confidence restored.

On the 29th November, a bill for the suppression of crime in Ireland was introduced into the House of Commons by Sir George Grey, who stated that, so far from the disturbances being general throughout Ireland, in the greater part of that country crime has diminished, and life and property are as safe as in any other portion of the kingdom; and that the crimes against which the bill is directed are held in detestation and abhorrence by far the greater portion of that country. The bill is of a mild character, and had the support of a great portion of the Irish members; it passed a first reading with a majority of 206, only 18 votes being given against it, and on the 13th of December it finally passed the House of Commons by a vote of 173 to 14. A motion for repeal of the union was brought forward by Mr. Feargus O'Connor, on the 7th December, which was negatived by a vote of 255 to 23. Bills have also been introduced for removal of all Roman Catholic and Jewish disabilities, which are expected to pass the Commons; but the passage of the latter through the House of Lords is doubtful. About the 6th of December the coast of Great Britain was visited with terrific gales, and the destruction of shipping and boats has been most extensive. An American ship, the "Robert G. Shaw," was burned to the water's edge, off Weymouth, having been struck by lightning, December 6th. The present suspension of Sir Robert Peel's act for the amendment of the Corn Laws expires on the 1st March next. The President of the Board of Trade, in reply to an inquiry on the subject, stated that it was not the intention of the Government to propose a further suspension; in which case the import duties on wheat will be regulated by the following scale:—When the average price for six successive weeks is under 48s. per quarter, the duty will be 10s. per quarter. At every advance of 1s. per qr. in price the duty will fall 1s., until the price reaches 53s., at which price, and upwards, the duty will be 4s. per quarter. The average price for the six weeks ending 11th December was 52s. per quarter, at which rate the duty would be 5s. Accounts to the 1st January,

state that commercial affairs have not improved to the extent which the increased facilities for discount might have been supposed to warrant. In the manufacturing districts there is more employment, more hands are employed, and the short time system is being curtailed; but the produce markets continue depressed. In sugar and cotton there is a decline, and the general consumption is much affected by the state of the public health. The fluctuations in the funds have been less considerable than for a long time previously. On the 1st January consols for the account were 85½. The Bank of England has replenished its coffers to the extent of £11,991,376, in both departments, and the position of that establishment is considered safe and satisfactory. The Bank rate of discount was 6 per cent. on the 18th Dec., and was reduced on the 23d to 5 per cent.

The *influenza* prevails very generally throughout Great Britain. The number of deaths has consequently increased to an immense extent. In the week ending November 20th the number in London was 1086; and in the three following weeks, 1677, 2454 and 2416: the latter showing an increase over the average of the same season in other years of 1370, or 130 per cent. Mr. Robert Liston, the celebrated surgeon, died at London, on the 7th December, from a disease of the throat. An account for the year ending 10th October last shows the income of the United Kingdom from taxes, &c., to be £52,579,501, 2s. 1d., and the expenditure to exceed that sum by £327,608, 8s.

The governments of France and England have been in communication, relative to the blockade, by the former, of the river Plata; and on the 13th of November it was stated by Lord Palmerston that he had no doubt, on the arrival of instructions there, a speedy cessation of hostilities would take place. The *grippe* (*influenza*) is extremely prevalent in many parts of France: 10,000 persons are said to be laid up with it at Lille; at Toulouse, 15,000 out of 55,000 are suffering from that malady; and at Marseilles half the population (of 160,000 souls,) are said to be confined to bed from the same cause. Precautions are being taken in France to prevent the introduction of the cholera. The reform banquets still continue, and are frequented by persons of distinguished character and station. Arrangements have been made by which, after the 1st of January, two mails will be daily dispatched between London and Paris—a day mail and a night mail from each capital. Specimens of cotton grown in Algeria have been sent by the Minister of Commerce to the principal manufacturing towns, with a view to ascertain its quality. The reports have been so favorable that the French government is likely to adopt measures to promote the growth of cotton in Algeria upon an extensive scale. Since 1830, Algeria has cost France half a million of soldiers.

The civil war in Switzerland is terminated by the complete overthrow of the *Sonderbund*. After the capture of Fribourg, the Federal army advanced against Lucerne, and after some sharp fighting on the 22d and 23d of November, in which their superiority in artillery gave them great advantage, this stronghold of the *Sonderbund* was reduced, and the war virtually concluded. The number of the Federal troops engaged in the war was about 94,000, while their opponents did not muster above one third of that number. The Jesuits are entirely expelled from Switzerland, and their establishments and property forfeited. The cantons of the *Sonderbund* are to pay collectively and separately all the expenses of the war, to make good all damages done by their troops, and to pay the expenses of the occupation of the Federal forces. The total cost of the war on the side of the Federal government is estimated at 3,163,000*f.* and it is supposed the cost of occupation will be nearly two millions more. The result has created a great sensation in Austria, to which kingdom a considerable portion of the Jesuits have retired. The proposed intervention of the great European powers was rendered abortive by the termination of hostilities. The canton of Neufchatel is in rather an anomalous position. From 1707 to 1805, it was a principality of the crown of Prussia. In the latter year it was ceded to France and granted by Napoleon to Berthier, as a fief of the French empire. In 1814 the king of Prussia resumed possession, and gave to Neufchatel a constitution, and it was, with his majesty's consent, admitted into the Helvetic confederation; without, however, any cession of the rights of the king of Prussia. In the late civil war, that canton, with the approbation of the king, decided on a strict neutrality, and his majesty declared, in precise terms, to the Diet that every violation of this neutrality by the Diet would be regarded as a breach of the peace against himself. The Diet insisted that Neufchatel, as a member of the confederacy, was bound to furnish its contingent for the war, and has declared that it reserves to itself full liberty of action against the defaulting state. Thus between its loyal and conservative predilections, and its Federal relations, Neufchatel is in a most awkward dilemma.

On the 15th of November the Pope on the throne, at the Quirinal, received the members of the consulta, and, to an address from their President, replied in the following terms:

"I thank you for your good intentions, and as regards the public welfare, I esteem them of value. It was for the public good that since my elevation to the Pontifical throne I have, in accordance with the councils inspired by God, accomplished all that I could; and am still ready, with the assistance of God, to do all for the future, without, however, retrenching in any degree the sovereignty of the Pontificate; and, inasmuch as

I received it full and entire from my predecessors, so shall I transmit this sacred deposit to my successors. I have three millions of subjects as witnesses, and I have hitherto accomplished much to unite my subjects with me, and to ascertain and provide for their necessities. It was particularly to ascertain those wants and to provide better for the exigencies of the public service, that I have assembled a permanent council. It was to hear your opinions, when necessary, and to aid me in my sovereign resolutions, in which I shall consult my conscience, and confer on them with the ministers and the Sacred College. Anybody who would take any other view of the functions you are called to fulfil, would materially err, as well as they that would see, in the Council of State I have created, the realization of their own Utopias, and the germ of an institution incompatible with the Pontifical sovereignty."

His holiness having pronounced these last words with some vivacity and some heat, stopped a moment, and then resuming in his usual mild manner, continued in the following terms:

"This warmth, and these words are not addressed to any of you whose social education, Christian and civil probity, as well as the loyalty of your sentiments and the rectitude of your intentions, have been known to me since the moment I proceeded to your election. Neither do those words apply to the majority of my subjects, for I am sure of their fidelity and their obedience. I know that the hearts of my subjects unite with mine in the love of order and of concord. But there exist, unfortunately, some persons (and though few, they still exist) who, having nothing to lose, love disturbance and revolt, and even abuse the concessions made to them. It is to those that my words are addressed, and let them well understand their signification. In the co-operation of the Deputies I see only the firm support of persons who, devoid of every personal interest, will labor with me, by their advice, for the public good, and who will not be arrested by the vain language of restless men devoid of judgment. You will aid me with your wisdom to discover that which is most useful for the security of the throne and the real happiness of my subjects."

The deputies were afterwards admitted to pay their homage to the Pope, and, having received his benediction, withdrew. They have expressed their intention of inquiring, among others, into the following subjects:

"As to an equal division of taxes; the diminution or suppression of all charges which fall on the poor classes, or which impede the development of national prosperity; the re-establishment of public credit; the destruction of monopoly, and the extension of commercial liberty; the introduction in the prisons of a regimen which may render the penalty not a punishment which degrades, but a measure which may promote the regeneration of the culprit; the extension throughout the provinces of the munici-

pal system, such as it is at Rome ; and lastly, the adoption of a system of education and public instruction, and of a just and moral policy."

There is no news of importance from Spain or Portugal, except that in the former the insurgents appear to have been almost entirely put down ; and, in the latter, the elections have greatly preponderated in favor of the Cabral party ; the ministerial candidates at Lisbon having all been withdrawn, and those at Oporto defeated.

The cholera has almost disappeared from Constantinople, and is now so slight there as to be little regarded. It still continues to spread in Russia, but has lost its force in Moscow. From the appearance of the disease up to the 22d of November, the number of persons attacked at the latter place was 2360, of whom 1097 died. It has made its appearance, but in a milder form, at Dunaburg, within forty miles of the Prussian frontier. The St. Petersburg Journal of the 18th of November, publishes an imperial ukase for contracting a loan of 14,600,000 silver roubles, for the works of the St. Petersburg and Moscow railroad. The Emperor of Russia has lately published a

ukase which involves a great question of international law, having for its object to suspend the exercise of the right of fishing along the coast of the Black Sea, from Anapa as far as Batoumi, in order to prevent assistance to the Caucasus. By this measure the Emperor appears to arrogate to himself an exclusive property in the Black Sea.

Appalling accounts of famine have been received from the Polish provinces of Austria. Out of 328,641 inhabitants not less than 60,820 have died.

Accounts from the East Indies show a state of unusual tranquillity, and in Bombay the greatest commercial confidence prevails. It is said that not a single house there has suspended payment.

In a council of state of the united kingdoms of Sweden and Norway, held on the 28th ult., the King ratified the treaty of commerce and navigation between China and those two kingdoms. The treaty was signed at Canton, the 20th of March last, by M. Lillienvalch, counsellor of commerce, on behalf of Sweden and Norway, and by the Imperial Commissioner Ki-Yng, on the part of China.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Don Quixote de la Mancha. Translated from the Spanish of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, by CHARLES JARVIS, Esq. Carefully revised and corrected, with Illustrations, by Tony Johannot. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. 1847.

This is a very respectable new edition of a book that can never grow old. The illustrations, however, which are either the copies or the worn-out originals of those given in a Paris edition some years since, are not much to our taste. Tony Johannot, the Leach of the French illustrators, is hardly equal to the task of providing scenery for Cervantes ; and to those who have seen the elegant engravings of Smirke, these sketchy wood-cuts will possess little attraction.

The translation is by Jarvis, and it appears, and probably is, more exact than that of Smollet, though to those who were early accustomed to that version it cannot but seem less spirited and more artificial.

Of all the books in the world there is none except Shakespeare's plays so full of the vigor of youth as *Don Quixote*. De Foe had the

same minute observation and much of the same vigor, but in comparison with Cervantes he writes like an old battered voyager. In *Don Quixote* we find all that cool self-possession and confident reliance on the reader's credulity that appears in *Mrs. Veal's Ghost* and the *History of the Plague*, joined to the most hearty humor, the most unflinching vivacity, and indeed, all qualities that make an overflowing bodily and mental health. In respect of the bodily part, out of Cervantes, Shakespeare, John Bunyan, De Foe and Sir Walter Scott, all good stomachic writers, any reader of delicate perception would surely choose the former ; Shakespeare's digestion was so good that he appears never to think of dining ; Bunyan must have had a powerful organ for solid viands ; De Foe could relish the same dinners all the year round, with a few grapes of his own rearing ; Scott would have been tremendous at a venison pasty after a long ride ; but to read Cervantes is of itself a cure for dyspepsia. The bodily vigor is so apparent throughout his pages that it is impossible to read without insensibly getting an appetite.

But the mental vigor, the liveliness of fancy,

the air of mirth that pervades the whole, the range of observation, a dozen lives all over Spain crowded into one, and so alive that it appears the writer has much ado to keep himself within proper bounds—these are qualities in which he must rank far below Shakespeare, yet still at the head of all other prose writers. No one has manifested himself to the world with more of the spirit of youth and apparent ignorance of care and sorrow.

Yet Cervantes could not have been a heartless gay man of mere animal life. The preface to his first volume and the prologue to the second bear the tone of reflection. Indeed, some of his episodes show that he had as keen a perception of the pathetic as of the comic, and could have written a serious novel had he chosen to do so. Charles Lamb calls him "the most consummate artist in the book way the world has ever produced." This was the secret of his success; he had infinite nerve; his hand was so steady nothing could shake it. When he had conceived what, if it were not now an old story, we should all consider the most whimsical fiction that ever was thought of, and requiring the most delicate touches, he set himself to work it out with such marvellous ease, such glorious cool strength, as amount almost to the power of a great epic poet. He himself always maintains the most dignified gravity; only by an occasional twinkle of the eye does the reader see that his author, like an old story-teller, is enjoying the fun internally as much as he.

And all this was done by him in advancing age, after a life of adventures and misadventures enough to have bowed any less resolute spirit, and in humble circumstances. How like a true gentleman does he put down the man who had not only anticipated him by writing a second part to *Don Quixote*, but had gone out of his way to revile him. "What I cannot forbear resenting is, that he upbraids me with my age, and with having lost my hand, as if it were in my power to have hindered time from passing over my head, or as if my injury had been got in some drunken quarrel at a tavern, and not on the noblest occasion that past or present ages have seen, or future can ever hope to see."

The introduction to this edition contains a memoir of Cervantes, from which the following summary is worth extracting:—

"Born of a family, honorable but poor; receiving in the first instance a liberal education, but thrown into domestic servitude by calamity; page, valet de chambre, and afterwards soldier; crippled at the battle of Lepanto; distinguished at the capture of Tunis; taken by a Barbary corsair; captive for five years in the slave-depots of Algiers; ransomed by public charity, after every effort to effect his liberation by industry and courage had been made in vain; again a soldier in Portugal and the Azores; struck with

a woman noble and poor, like himself; recalled one moment to letters by love, and exiled from them the next by distress; recompensed for his services and talents by the magnificent appointment of clerk to a victualling board; accused of malversation with regard to the public money; thrown into prison by the king's ministers, released after proving his innocence; subsequently again imprisoned by mutinous peasants; become a poet by profession, and a general agent; transacting, to gain a livelihood, negotiations by commission, and writing dramas for the theatre; discovering, when more than fifty years of age, the true bent of his genius; ignorant what patron he could induce to accept of the dedication of his work; finding the public indifferent to a book at which they condescended to laugh, but did not appreciate, and could not comprehend; finding also jealous rivals, by whom he was ridiculed and defamed; pursued by want even to old age; forgotten by the many, unknown to all, and dying at last in solitude and poverty; such, during his life and at his death, was Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. It was not till after the lapse of two centuries that his admirers thought of seeking for his cradle and his tomb; that they adorned with a medallion in marble the last house in which he lived; that they raised a statue to his memory in the public square; and that, effacing the cognomen of some obscure but more fortunate individual, his countrymen inscribed at the corner of a little street in Madrid that great name, the celebrity of which resounds through the civilized world."

The Poetical Works of John Milton; with a Memoir, and Critical Remarks on his Genius and Writings, by JAMES MONTGOMERY; and one hundred and twenty Engravings from Drawings by WILLIAM HARVEY. In two volumes. Harper & Brothers.

With the exception of the engravings, which are common-place in design, and by no means delicately executed, this is one of the most elegant editions of Milton ever issued. The paper is excellent, and the type so beautifully fair that an hour's reading seems rather to refresh the eyesight. Bound in cloth, and with gilt edges, these two volumes make as desirable a gift book as the season has produced, and one which ought to be on every parlor table where there is not a Milton already.

We cannot have the fathers of our literature and poetry too much with us. Though the number that read and relish Milton be few, yet it is something to see him daily, and to feel the conservative influence of his presence: where he is there will continue still some esteem for learning, some reverence for sound thinking, some love of nobleness. Even where the only use made of him is to dust him every morning as he lies in gilt edges, with such companions as the *annuals* and the *Book of Beauty*, the daily sight of his form will be like the presence

of a strong siding champion, so that Comus, who is the father of much of the light reading of the hour, and his rabble of monsters, will not dare approach.

Mr. Montgomery's preface, though not very profound, shows a true love of the poet, and points out many of his excellencies very clearly. We are glad to learn that in his opinion the poem of Comus "may claim the eulogium which a critic of the purest taste, the late Dr. Aiken, has passed upon it. He says: 'The poem possesses great beauty of versification, varying from the gayest Anacreontics to the most majestic and sonorous heroics. On the whole, if an example were required of a work made up of the very essence of poetry, perhaps none of equal length in any language could be produced, answering this character in so high a degree as the *Masque of Comus*.'" This is truly admirable and satisfactory, and completely condenses and exhausts the whole subject.

There is an equally characteristic passage in Coleridge respecting Shakspeare and Milton, which, for the instruction of youthful admirers of what is commonly understood by *genius*, can never be too often quoted:

"What shall we say? even this; that Shakspeare, no mere child of nature; no *automaton* of genius; no passive vehicle of inspiration possessed by the spirit, not possessing it; first studied patiently, meditated deeply, understood minutely, till knowledge, become habitual and intuitive, wedded itself to his habitual feelings, and at length gave birth to that stupendous power, by which he stands alone, with no equal or second in his own class; to that power which seated him on one of the two glory-smitten summits of the poetic mountains, with Milton as his compeer, not rival. While the former darts himself forth, and passes into all the forms of human character and passion, the one Proteus of the fire and the flood; the other attracts all forms and things to himself, into the unity of his own ideal. All things and modes of action shape themselves anew in the being of Milton; while Shakspeare becomes all things, yet forever remaining himself. O, what great men hast thou not produced, England, my country! Truly indeed—

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
Which SHAKSPEARE spake; the faith and morals
hold,
Which MILTON held. In everything we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.
Wordsworth."

The Haunted Barque, and other Poems. By E. CURTISS HINE. Auburn: J. C. Derby & Co.; New York, Mark H. Newman & Co. 1848.

Many of the pieces in this very neat little volume have considerable poetic merit, and they

are all marked by good sense, absence of Tennysonian and Transcendental affectation, and by an easy, natural and generally correct versification. They cannot claim a high place for depth of thought, power of passion, or strength of imagination, but it is refreshing to meet with a new bard, so unexceptionable in tone and sentiment, and with so loving an eye for nature. The descriptive parts are generally the best. The rhyme,

"Drink, brothers! drink, brothers! let the goblet
go round,
Mankind ye have reddened with many a wound!"

is not good.

A Tour to the River Saguenay, in Lower Canada. By CHARLES LANMAN. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1848.

It ought to be an axiom with all travellers, whether South-Sea voyagers or summer tourists, that the first business of a describer of actual places and occurrences should be to give his readers perfect confidence in his accuracy and veracity. If they mix up fact and fiction, their writings can have neither the interest of tales, nor of true narratives; the acid and alkali neutralize each other, and the result passes off in a sudden gaseous effervescence.

This little book is a very pleasant collection of sketches, and will while away thirty or forty minutes of time for one who is easily pleased very agreeably. The author is good-humored and complacent. But why did he think it necessary to catch so many trout? Why need he have killed rattlesnakes? We have been in the hills of Catskill, have heard all Ethan Crawford's bear stories, yea, have "camped out" a week together, and put ourselves to great bodily inconvenience, in search of adventures, but with such total failure of success that we are hardened of heart, and will not believe that another can stumble upon them so readily. No one can believe what contradicts his own experience.

But boys are a perpetual wonder to the "old folks." It is many years since we visited many of the scenes Mr. Lanman describes, and it may be that trout, rattlesnakes, pike, &c., may be more plenty now than they used to be. At all events we ought to consider charitably the statements of a writer who has so much good feeling, and who, while he studies to amuse the public, certainly does not, like some of the class, deliberately set himself to make it worse.

Teaching, a Science: the Teacher an Artist. By REV. BAYNARD R. HALL, A.M., Principal of

the Classical and Mathematical Institute, Newburgh, and Author of "Something for Everybody," &c. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1848.

We have not had leisure to examine this work longer than is necessary to discover that it is written with force, ability and good sense—qualities so obvious in it that it takes but very little time to discover them.

The observations on the study of the classics are worthy of remark. With a clear appreciation of the adaptedness of the old mode of studying them to intellectual discipline, the author is still of opinion that "if not used as a discipline, the dead languages should be *wholly abandoned as a school study.*" Perhaps, as applied to a mode of running over them in private high schools, this may be true; indeed, if they are to be any more superficially taught than they usually are in our colleges, we should be disposed to assent to their abandonment as readily as he. Still any graduate who has been many years in active life, knows whether he would willingly be deprived of his "small Latin and less Greek," and whether they have not contributed more largely to his happiness than he was, in the ignorance of his boyhood, accustomed to expect. For there is a certain refined beauty in the style of the classic authors that is necessary to temper the dry Saxon strength; they are in writing what their contemporaries were in sculpture—our best models—which we should study, not to imitate, but to enlarge our knowledge and educate our taste. This, we apprehend, more than their intellectual discipline, is a reason why we should endeavor to know all we can of them, and why, if we cannot have full galleries, we should endeavor to possess such as we can obtain. Our legislators, we fancy, who should be familiar with Horace and Virgil, would be less liable to resort to the *argumentum baculinum*; they could not, with the love of grace and propriety which such reading instils, suffer themselves to fall into coarseness: the Augustan polish would have an effect upon their *manners*.

On this account and many others, it is to be regretted that the study of the classics is more and more neglected in our colleges, and that of dry physical science usurping its place.

The following paragraph deserves quoting for its suggestiveness:

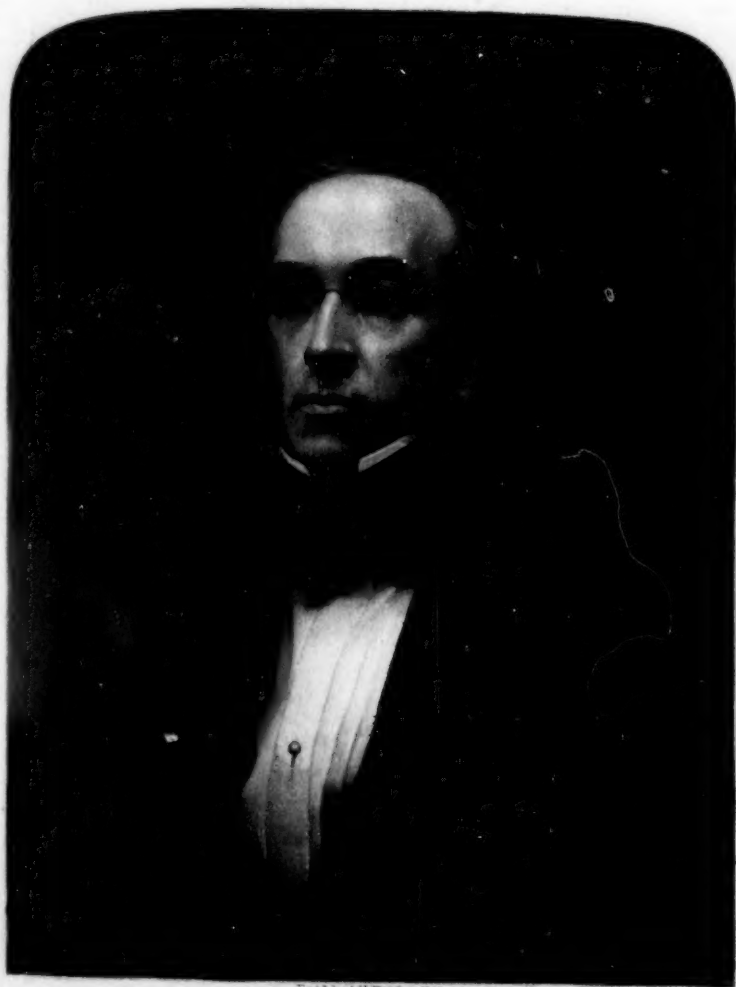
"The difficulty in the way of the necessary brevity arises, in part, from the wish to make a text-book for all sorts of schools at once. If primary schools, academies and colleges could be, either by compact or law, kept distinct, honest men could and would make suitable text-books. But the insane spirit of an ultra-democratical and abolition sentiment, is at war with distinctions. It demands inexorably a dead level. It would have lands, houses, education, religion, pleasure, all alike for the mass; and industry, skill, and perseverance, that would naturally place one above another, must be decried and insulted. It says nothing shall be special, private; everything shall be common, public. It allows a community but not an individual. It is as tyrannical, cruel and despotic as the most absolute and barbarous monarchy; it will bend the individual man to its will, or trample on all his sacred rights, sport with his tenderest feelings, yea! stamp with its iron heel upon a man's very heart! 'The people! the people! liberty! liberty!' is its watchword and cry; but it is the people as a mass, as an abstraction, as a soulless body conventional, and liberty to live and act as a crowd! Individuals and individual liberties it abhors and destroys!"

The Angler's Almanac for 1848. John J. Brown & Co.: New-York.

This is a good idea, and has been very well carried out by the proprietors of the Angler's Dépôt in Fulton street. The pamphlet before us contains a great variety of interesting and useful information, and is pleasingly illustrated with woodcuts representing the angler in the enjoyment of his favorite pastime. The work is also neatly printed, and in every respect reflects great credit upon the publishers as well as the editor.

ERRATA.

In the number for January, page 19, nineteenth line from bottom, for "such exceptions" read rule and exception: page 21, 12th line from top, first paragraph, for "first" read last: 5th from top of same, for "them" read three: 22d page, 2d line from bottom, for "repetition" read refutation.



Engd by A.H. Ritchie N.Y.

Robt. Winthrop.
Speaker.

REPRESENTATIVE FROM MASS.